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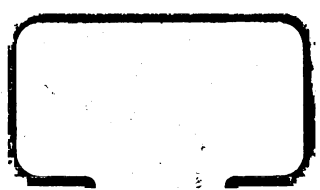
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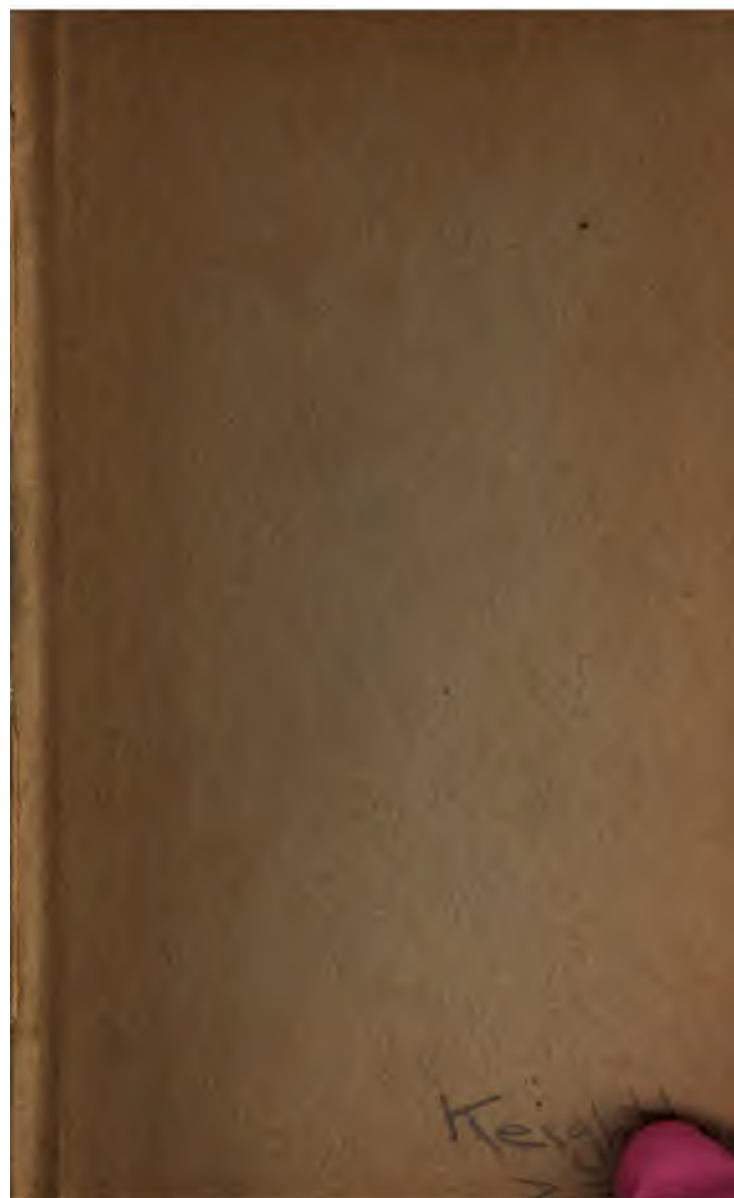
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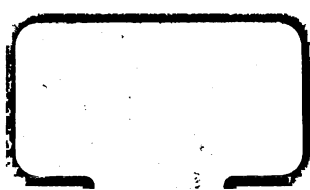
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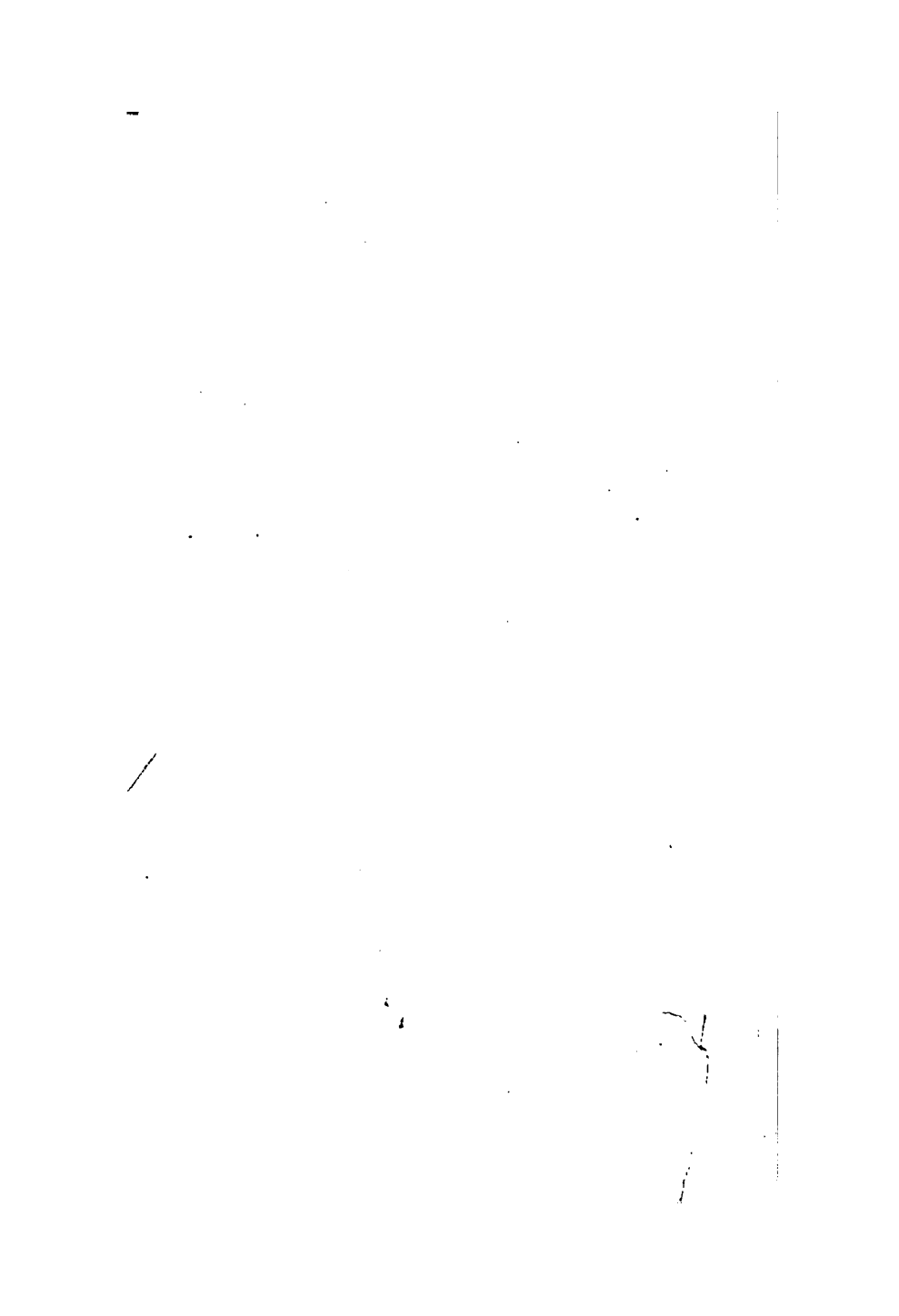






Handwritten signature or mark, possibly "K. J. ...".

17



(Keightley)
ZBC

THE
FAIRY MYTHOLOGY.



The Stone had now completely assumed the form of a Man.

Published Decr. 1892 by W.H. Ainsworth, London.

THE
FAIRY MYTHOLOGY;

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE
Romance and Superstition of various Countries.

BY
THOMAS KEIGHTLEY,
AUTHOR OF "OUTLINES OF HISTORY," ETC. ETC.

" Another sort there be, that will
Be talking of the Fairies still;
And never can they have their fill,
As they were wedded to them."

DRAYTON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. I.

LONDON:
WHITTAKER, TREACHER, AND CO.
AVE-MARIA-LANE.

1833.

C. W. All

*The Drawings on Wood and Copper-Plate Etchings designed
and executed by W. H. Brooke, F.S.A.*



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TO
THE RIGHT HONORABLE
LORD FRANCIS LEVESON GOWER,

IN TESTIMONY OF ESTEEM
FOR PRIVATE VIRTUE AND LITERARY
TASTE AND ACQUIREMENTS,

THESE VOLUMES
ARE INSCRIBED.

—

—

PREFACE.

THE present work derives its origin from the share I had in giving a 'local habitation and a name' to certain Fairy Legends of the South of Ireland. In its turn it has led to the production of the "Mythology of Greece and Italy," and to a volume "on the Resemblance and Transmission of Popular Fictions," which will appear one of these days, and I hope be thought an addition to our knowledge, and to our stores of entertainment.

I will not attempt to deceive the public, by calling this a new edition of the "Fairy Mythology." It is rather what has been ingeniously termed a *re-issue*; and this course has been adopted, because, in the opinion of those who understand these matters, the work only requires to be made better known to stand a fair chance of doing well in the world.

To those who are acquainted with the mysteries of trade, the causes are plain and simple why books sell and do not sell, not always according to merit: the uninitiated must be content to be told that such is the fact, for the explanation would occupy more

space than is at my command at present. Suffice it to say, that the not-selling causes have operated in the present case, and the guiltless work has been the sufferer. I will now shew why I deem it deserving of a better fate.

I never heard of any one who read it that was not pleased with it. It was translated into German as soon as it appeared, and was very favourably received. Göthe thought well of it: Dr. Jacob Grimm, perhaps the first authority on these matters in Europe, wrote me a letter commending it, and assuring me that even to *him* it offered something new; and I was one Christmas most agreeably surprised by the receipt of a letter from Vienna, from the celebrated orientalist Jos Von Hammer, informing me that it had been the companion of a journey he had lately made to his native province of Styria, and had afforded much pleasure and information to him and to some ladies of high rank and cultivated minds in that country. The initials at the end of the preface, he said, led him to suppose it was a work of mine. So far for the Continent. In this country, when I mention the name of Robert Southey as that of one who has more than once expressed his decided approbation of the performance, I am sure I shall have said quite enough to satisfy any one that the work is not devoid of merit.

For my own part, I will candidly confess that I

regard it as containing a great deal of curious matter, previously only to be found scattered through divers books, and in various languages, and think that while it offers entertainment to the general reader, it furnishes abundant subjects of reflection to the philosopher. I could run on to a great extent in praise of it;—but who would heed either a natural or a literary parent's praises of his own pet child?

However, it is now in the hands of an active influential House, able and willing to do it commercial justice; and if it does not thrive and prosper I shall, as is usual in such cases, console myself by imputing it to a sad want of taste in the public, for I will not believe that such men as those I have mentioned could err in matters of this kind.

In the introduction to my work on "Popular Fictions" will be found all that was of any value in my former preface. Here I need only repeat that it is the name Fairy which gives unity to my subject, and that hence the fairy-ladies of romance and tale will be found in union with the village-elves and similar beings. It may also not be amiss in these days of co-operation and literary unions, to repeat that I have had no aid whatever in the composition of this work, but that of the learned Moses Edrehi, which I have duly acknowledged, and that its merits and its faults are all my own—"Alone I did it, I."

Humanum est errare—and I am sorry to say, I

am not exempt from the common lot. I was at the time little versed in the mysteries of the printing art, and the work passed through the press at a most rapid pace. Hence sundry errors arose, most of which I have now given as *errata*. But I was guilty of some literary sins of far deeper die, which I will here confess, and endeavour to atone for.

Vol. I. page 7, line 7, I would for "as" write "if as is asserted," for I have *now* strong doubts of the correctness of that hypothesis.

By comparing pp. 11, 12, with pp. 239, 309, of Vol. II. the reader will see, and perhaps not without interest, the manner in which I *puzzled* out the true origin of the word Fairy.

The passages from the translations of the Latin poets in p. 17, with the exception of the last, illustrate rather the identification of the classic nymphs with the elves and fairies, than the employment of the word Fairy.

Page 38, *note*, *Antar* was written at Bagdad, but it is descriptive of the manners of the heathen Arabs.

Under the head of "Middle Age Romance," "L'Histoire de Maugis d'Aygremonet et de Vivien son frère," had I known it at the time, should have been noticed; as the Fairy Oriande, who found and reared Maugis, is an important character in it.

My greatest enormity is in p. 104, where I was actually so profane as to call the sea-god Ægir, the

Neptune of our fathers—a man!! I know no cause but ignorance for my falling into this heresy, to which no one is less prone.

In the note at p. 107, it should be “Ghosts, Dwarfs, and Dark Alfs.” I was, however, not to blame here.

Vol. ii. p. 4, *tarn* comes more probably from the old German *ternen*, to hide.

I forgot to mention at p. 6, that the derivation of Oberon belongs to Dr. Grimm.

In p. 86, line 22, I took the word Rain *boundary* for a proper name; read, “Where from the lofty rocks the boundary runs Down to the plain.”

Had it come to my knowledge, I would have given William of Newbury’s story of the Green Children who appeared near St. Albans, among the early notices of Fairies, under the head England.

I believe I am the first who has explained why Shakspeare called the Fairy-queen Titania. In the note at p. 127, omit the word *frequently*, as I have found but *two* places in which Ovid calls Diana so. These are, Met. III. 173, and Fasti IV. 943.

The greater part of the section on Greece will be found in a more correct form in my “Mythology of Greece and Italy,” pp. 207-210.

Among the Italian romances I should have mentioned the Amadigi di Francia, of Bernardo Tasso,

as there are fairies in it, and it serves to illustrate my hypothesis respecting these ladies.

In p. 206, "A French translation," should be "A French work, purporting to be a translation," as it is plainly a forgery. I, however, think that the legends I have given from it are genuine traditions.

La Guzla, which is quoted at p. 322, is a forgery of the well-known Mr. Mérimée. I had my suspicions at the time, but forgot to hint them.

I cannot recollect any other error of importance. Were the work to be reprinted—a thing not to be expected in these days—I could doubtless improve it, especially in style, as though the homeliness of phrase adopted in the translation of Danish, German, and other tales and legends, was a matter of choice, there are some inaccuracies of expression which I might and should have avoided.

Once more I bid the Fairies a long farewell. They have afforded me, and I trust will afford many others, much innocent amusement. My work on "Popular Fictions" has concluded my labours in this part of the literary field, and

"To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new."

T. K.

Petersham, Surrey,
Dec. 1832.

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ERRATA.

- Page 84, line 14, and 23, *for* *ae* *read* *ac*.
— 87, — 10, *for* *picketh*, *read* *pricketh*.
— 88, — 7, *for* *graunt*, *read* *giaunt*.
— 92, — 11, *for* *which*, *read* *whom*.
— 97, — 11, *for* *Calidone*, *read* *Calidore*.
— 111, — 16, *for* *Elvus*, *read* *Elves*.
— 135, — 6, *for* *joyous*, *read* *gay* and *joyous*.
— 158, — 18, *for* *Einan*, *read* *Einarr*.
— 187, — 14, *for* *dacing*, *read* *dancing*.
— 193, — 14, *for* *was his*, *read* *was on his*.
— 243, — 5, *for* *I 'll*, *read* *will I*.
— 333, — 27, *for* *might*, *read* *night*.

THE
FAIRY MYTHOLOGY.
INTRODUCTION.



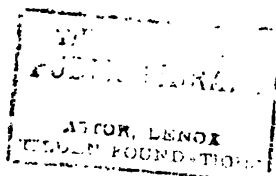
Near to this wood there lay a pleasant mead,
Where fairies often did their measures tread,
Which in the meadows made such circlets green,
As if with garlands it had crowned been.

* * * * *

Within one of these rounds was to be seen
A hillock rise, where oft the Fairy-Queen
At twilight sate.



BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.



THE
FAIRY MYTHOLOGY.

INTRODUCTION.

ORIGIN OF THE BELIEF IN FAIRIES.

ACCORDING to a well known law of our nature, effects suggest causes ; and another law, perhaps equally general, impels us to ascribe to the actual and efficient cause the attribute of intelligence. The mind of the deepest philosopher is thus acted upon equally with that of the peasant or the savage ; the only difference lies in the nature of the intelligent cause at which they respectively stop. The one pursues the chain of cause and effect, and traces out its various links till he arrives at the great intelligent cause of all, however he may designate him ; the other, when unusual phenomena excite his attention, ascribes their production to the immediate agency of some of the inferior beings recognised by his legendary creed.

The action of this latter principle must forcibly

4 ORIGIN OF THE BELIEF IN FAIRIES.

strike the minds of those who disdain not to bestow a portion of their attention on the popular legends and traditions of different countries. Every extraordinary appearance is found to have its extraordinary cause assigned; a cause always connected with the history or religion, ancient or modern, of the country, and not unfrequently varying with a change of faith*.

The noises and eruptions of *Ætna* and *Stromboli* were, in ancient times, ascribed to *Typhon* or *Vulcan*, and at this day the popular belief connects them with the infernal regions. The noises resembling the clanking of chains, hammering of iron, and blowing of bellows, once to be heard in the island of *Barrie*, were made by the fiends whom *Merlin* had set to work to frame the wall of brass designed to surround *Caermarthen*†.

* The mark on *Adam's Peak* in *Ceylon* is, by the *Buddhalists*, ascribed to *Buddha*; by the *Mohammedans*, to *Adam*. It reminds one of the story of the lady and the vicar, viewing the moon through a telescope; they saw in it, as they thought, two figures inclined towards each other: "*Methinks*," says the lady, "they are two fond lovers, meeting to pour forth their vows by earth-light." "*Not at all*," says the vicar, taking his turn at the glass; "they are the steeples of two neighbouring churches."

† *Faerie Queene*, b. iii. c. iii. st. 8, 9, 10, 11. We fear, however, there is only the poet's authority for this belief. *Mr. Todd* merely quotes *Warton*, who says *Spenser* borrowed it from *Giraldus Cambrensis*, who picked it up among the

The marks which natural causes have impressed on the solid and unyielding granite rock were produced, according to the popular creed, by the contact of the hero, the saint, or the god: masses of stone, resembling domestic implements in form, were the toys, or the corresponding implements of the heroes and giants of old. Grecian imagination ascribed to the galaxy or milky way an origin in the teeming breast of the queen of heaven: marks appeared in the petals of flowers on the occasion of a youth's or a hero's untimely death. The rose derived its present hue from the blood of Venus, as she hurried barefoot through the woods and lawns; while the professors of Islam, less fancifully, refer the origin of this flower to the moisture that exsuded from the sacred person of their prophet. Under a purer form of religion, the cruciform stripes which mark the back and shoulders of the patient ass first appeared, according to the popular tradition, when the Son of God condescended to enter the Holy City, mounted on that animal; and a fish only to be found in the

romantic traditions propagated by the Welsh bards. The reader will be, perhaps, surprised to hear that Giraldus says nothing of the demons. He mentions the noises, and endeavours to explain them by natural causes. Hollingshed indeed (l. i. c. 24.) says, "whereof the superstitious sort do gather many toys."

6 ORIGIN OF THE BELIEF IN FAIRIES.

sea* still bears the impress of the finger and thumb of the apostle, who drew him out of the waters of Lake Tiberias to take the tribute money that lay in his mouth. The repetition of the voice among the hills is in Norway and Sweden ascribed to the Dwarfs mocking the human speaker, while the more elegant fancy of Greece gave birth to Echo, a nymph who pined for love, and who still fondly repeats the accents that she hears. The magic scenery occasionally presented on the waters of the Straits of Messina is produced by the power of the Fata Morgana; the gossamers that float through the haze of an autumnal morning are woven by the ingenious dwarfs; the verdant circlets in the mead are traced beneath the light steps of the dancing elves; and St. Cuthbert forges and fashions the beads that bear his name, and that lie scattered along the shore of Lindisfarne†.

In accordance with these laws, we find in every country a popular belief in different classes of beings distinct from men, and from the higher orders of divinities. These beings are believed to inhabit, in the caverns of earth, or the depths of

* The haddock.

† For a well chosen collection of examples, see the very learned and philosophical preface of the Editor of the last edition of Warton's History of English Poetry, p. 28 *et seq.* It is to be regretted that the editor was unable to catch the unaffected ease and graceful elegance of his author.

the waters, a region of their own. They generally excel mankind in power and in knowledge, and like them are subject to the inevitable laws of death, though after a more prolonged period of existence.

How these classes were first called into existence it is not easy to say; but as all the ancient systems of heathen religion were devised by philosophers for the instruction of rude tribes by appeals to their senses*, we may suppose that the minds that peopled the skies with their thousands and tens of thousands of divinities gave birth also to the inhabitants of the field and flood, and that the numerous tales of their exploits and adventures are the production of poetic fiction or rude invention. It may farther be observed, that not unfrequently a change of religious faith has invested with dark and malignant attributes beings once the objects of love, confidence, and veneration†.

It is not our intention in the following pages to treat of the awful or lovely deities of Olympus,

* See Creuzer's *Symbolik und Mythologie der Alten Völker*.

† See the *Disputatiuncula de Fanin*, at the end of Olaus Verelius' edition of the *Hervarar Saga*. He endeavours to show that by Fanin (whence Fann, the Swedish name of the devil), the ancient Scandinavians understood the Supreme Being.

Valhalla, or Merú. Our subject is less aspiring; and we confine ourselves to those beings who are our fellow inhabitants of earth, whose manners we aim to describe, and whose deeds we propose to record. We write of FAIRIES, FAYS, ELVES, *aut alio quo nomine gaudent.*

ORIGIN OF THE WORD FAIRY.

Like every other word in extensive use, whose derivation is not historically certain, the word Fairy has obtained various and opposite etymons. Meyric Casaubon, and those who like him deduce every thing from a classic source, however unlikely, derive Fairy from Φήρες (pheres), which Hesychius interprets Centaurs*; or think that *fée*, whence Fairy, is the last syllable of *nympha*. Sir W. Ouseley derives it from the Hebrew פאר (pheër), beauty; Skinner, from the Anglo-Saxon *faran*, to fare, to go; others from Feres, companions, or think that Fairy-folk is *quasi* Fair-folk. Finally, it has been queried if it be not Celtic†.

* Φήρ, as has been justly observed (Preface to Warton), is the Ionic form of Φήρ, and is nearly related to the German *thier*, beast, animal. The Scandinavian *dyr* has the same signification; and it is curious to observe the restricted sense the word has gotten in the English *deer*.

† Preface to Warton, p. 44; and Breton philologists

But no theory is so plausible, or is supported by such names, as that which deduces the English Fairy from the Persian Peri. It is said that the Paynim foe, whom the warriors of the Cross encountered in Palestine, spoke only Arabic; the alphabet of which language, it is well known, possesses no *p*, and therefore organically substitutes an *f* in such foreign words as contain the former letter; consequently Peri became in the mouth of an Arab, Feri, whence the crusaders and pilgrims, who carried back to Europe the marvellous tales of Asia, introduced into the west the Arabo-Persian word *Fairy*. It is farther added, that the Morgain or Morgana, so celebrated in old romance, is Merjan Peri, equally celebrated all over the East.

All that is wanting to this so very plausible theory is something like proof, and some slight agreement with the ordinary rules of etymology. Had Feerie, or Fairy, originally signified the individual in the French and English, the only languages in which the word occurs, we might feel disposed to acquiesce in it. But they do not: and even if they did, how should we deduce from them

furnish us with an etymon; not, indeed, of Fairy, but of Fada. Fada, fata, &c. says M. de Cambry (*Monumens Celtiques*), come from the Breton *mat* or *mad*, in construction *fat*, good; whence the English, *maid*.

the Italian Fata, and the Spanish Fada or Hada, (words which unquestionably stand for the same imaginary being), unless on the principle by which Menage deduces Lutin from Lemur—the first letter being the same in both? As to the fair Merjan Peri (D'Herbelot calls her Merjan Banou *), we fancy a little too much importance has been attached to her. Her name, as far as we can learn, only occurs in the Caherman Nameh, a Turkish romance, translated perhaps from the Persian.

All the foregoing etymologies, be it observed, are the conjectures of English scholars; for the English is the only language in which the name of the individual, Fairy, has the canine letter to afford any foundation for them.

The simplest solution of the problem in the present case, as in most others, seems to be the true one. The Parcæ of antiquity were also called Fatæ—(we meet on a coin of Dioclesian, *Fatis victricibus*)—and the connexion between the Parcæ

* D'Herbelot *titre* Mergian, says, C'est du nom de cette Fée que nos anciens romans ont formé celui de *Morgante la Déconnue*. He here confounds Morgana with Urganda, and he has been followed in his mistake. D'Herbelot also thinks it possible that *Féerie* may come from *Peri*; but he regards the common derivation from *Fata* as much more probable. Cambrian etymologists say that Morgain is Mor-Gwynn, the White Maid.

and the Fairies of romance will be evident to any one who recollects how frequently the latter were attendant at the birth of heroes and princesses, foretelling their fortunes, or bestowing their good or evil gifts upon them. Or, if this should not please, the wife of Faunus, a rural deity, was named Fatua, as we are informed by Macrobius and Lactantius; and the nymphs, Donatus says, were from her called Fatuæ*: and Ariosto tells us, that

Queste ch' or Fate e dagli Antichi foro
Già dette Ninfe e Dee con più bel nome.

Canto I. de' cinque aggiunti al Furioso.

Which of these is the true etymon we do not undertake to decide. The first connects itself with the Faery-ladies of romance; the other with the popular Elves, the tenants of the forests and groves. As it was to the former the word Fée or Fairy was originally applied, we prefer the first. It may be thus briefly traced. Fata was the original word significant of some sort of superior being, which word the Italians have retained; the Provençals and Spaniards made it Fada, and thence Hada. From Fata was formed a verb Fatare, to enchant, whence the French verb Faer, and

* Macrobius, Sat. l. 1. c. 12. Lactantius, l. 1. c. 22. Donatus ad Eun. Terentii, sc. 8.

its participle *Faé*; and so, *Les chevaliers faés*, and *Les dames faées* of the romances; for as from *Prato Prateria* came *Prae* (*pré*) *Praerie* (*prairie*), so from *Fata* came *Faée* (*fée*) and *Faerie* (*féerie*), the former signifying the agent, the latter the act*.

It is curious how this derivation of the word expressive of the act, from that indicative of the agent, runs through most of the European languages. We have in French, from *Diable*, *diablerie*; in English, from *Witch*, *witchery*; from *Droll*, *drollery*; in German, from *Hexe* (a witch) *hexerei*; in Danish, from *Troll*, *trylleri*. So that all analogy will lead us to illusion, enchantment, as the primary sense of *FAERIE*†.

* It is highly probable that *faée* (and perhaps *fata* also) is properly a participle. The old French verb *faer* is the same as the Italian *fatara*, whose participle, contracted in the usual manner, is *futo*. *Fatare* is to *enchant*, i. e. to endow with qualities superior to the ordinary ones. *Le arme fatate* are enchanted arms—arms possessing qualities beyond the usual metallic ones. *La gatta che era futata*, says Strapparola of Puss in Boots, i. e. endowed with superfeline powers. *La chatte qui etoit fée*, is the old French translation.

Mout ont Jason entr' auls loé,
Bien dient tos qil est *Faé*.

MS. Roman de la Guerre de Troye.

i. e. enchanted. Ducange renders *Faé* here *præstigiator*. A passage shortly to be quoted from *Lancelot du Lac* will show the original signification of *fée*.

† Which corresponds to the Latin *Præstigiū*, and per-

We find the word Faerie to be employed in four different senses, which we shall now arrange and exemplify.

1. Illusion, enchantment.

Plusieurs parlent de Guenart,
Du Loup, de l'Asne, de Renart,
De *faeries* et de songes,
De phantosmes et de mensonges.
Gul. Giar. ap Ducange.

Where we must observe, that the four last substantives bear the same relation to each other as those in the two first verses do.

Mains that sit with so benigne a chere,
Hire to behold it semed *faerie*.
Chaucer, Marchante's Tale.

It (*the horse of brass*) was of *faerie*, as the peple semed,
Diverse folk diversely han demed.

Squier's Tale.

The Emperor said on high,
Certes it is a *faerie*,
Or elles a vanité.

Emaire.

With phantasme and *faerie*,
Thus she blerede his eye.
Libeaus Disconus.

The God of her has made an end,
And fro this worldes *faerie*
Hath taken her into companie.

Gower, Constance.

haps to the Sanskrit Maya, which, however, is used in a much higher sense.

Mr. Ritson professes not to understand the meaning of *faerie* in this last passage. Mr. Ritson should, as Sir Hugh Evans says, have "prayed his pible petter;" where, among other things that might have been of service to him, he would have learned that "man walketh in a *vain* shew," that "all is *vanity*," and that "the fashion of this world passeth away;" and then he would have found no difficulty in comprehending the pious language of "moral Gower" in his allusion to the transitory and deceptive vanities of the world.

2. From the sense of illusion simply, the transition was easy to that of the land of illusions, the abode of the Faés, who produced them; and Faerie next came, to signify the country of the Fays. Analogy also was here aiding; for as a Nonnerie was a place inhabited by Nonnes, a Jewerie a place inhabited by Jews, so a Faerie was naturally a place inhabited by Fays. Its termination, too, corresponded with a usual one in the names of countries: Tartarie, for instance, and "the regne of Feminie."

Here beside an elfish knight
Hath taken my lord in fight,
And hath him led with him away
Into the *Faerie*, sir, parmafay.

Sir Guy.

La puissance qu'il avoit sur toutes *faeries* du monde.
Huon de Bordeaux.

En effect, s'il me falloit retourner en *faerie*, je ne sçauroye
ou prendre mon chemin. *Ogier le Dannoy.*

That Gawain with his olde curtesie,
Though he were come agen out of *faerie*.
Squier's Tale.

He (Arthur) is a king y-crowned in *Faerie*,
With sceptre and pall, and his regalty
Shall resort, as lord and sovereigne,
Out of *Faerie*, and reign in Bretaine,
And repair again the ould round table.

Lydgate, Fall of Princes. B. viii. c. 24.

3. From the country the appellation passed to
the inhabitants in their collective capacity, and
the *Faerie* now signified the people of Fairy-land*.

Of the fourth kind of Spritis called the Phairie.

K. James, Demonologie, l. 3.

Full often time he, Pluto, and his quene
Proserpina, and alle hir *faerie*,
Disporten hem, and maken melodie
About that well.

Marchante's Tale.

This is perhaps the proper sense of the word
in all the remaining places in Chaucer where it
occurs †.

* Here too there is *perhaps* an analogy with *cavalry*, *infantry*, *squiere*, and similar collective terms.

† Mr. Tyrwhitt recognises its employment only in the two
first senses. It has lately been asserted that Chaucer *always*
employs the word *Faerie* in the sense of illusion. Let the
reader try if this third sense will not best suit most passages
where it occurs in his works.

4. Lastly, the word came to signify the individual denizen of Fairy-land, and was equally applied to the full-sized fairy knights and ladies of romance, and to the pygmy elves who haunt the woods and dells. At what precise period it got this its last, and subsequently most usual sense, we are unable to say positively; but it was probably posterior to Chaucer, in whom it never occurs, and certainly anterior to Spenser, to whom, however, it seems chiefly indebted for its future general currency *. It was employed during the sixteenth century for the Fays of romance, and also, especially by translators, for the Elves, as corresponding to the Latin Nympha.

They believed that king Arthur was not dead, but carried awaie by the *Fairies* into some pleasant place, where he should remaine for a time, and then returne againe and reign in as great authority as ever.

Hollingshed, B. v. c. 14. Printed 1577.

* The *Faerie Queene* was published some years before the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Warton (*Observations on the Faerie Queene*) observes: "It appears from Marston's *Satires*, printed 1598, that the *Faerie Queene* occasioned many publications in which Fairies were the principal actors.

Go buy some ballad of the FAERY KING.

Ad Lectorem.

Out steps some Faery with quick motion,
And tells him wonders of some flowerie vale—
Awakes, straight rubs his eyes, and prints his tale.

B. III. Sat. 6."

**Hæc nemora indigenæ fauni nymphæque tenebant,
Gensque virum truncis et duro robore nata.**

Virgil, Æneis, l. 8.

'The woods (quoth he) sometime both fauns and nymphs,
and gods of ground,
And *Fairy-queens** did keep, and under them a nation rough.

Phacr. 1562.

With nymphis and faunis apoun every side,
Qwhilk *Farefolkis* or than *Elfs* clepen we.

Gavin Douglas.

Inter Hamadryadas celeberrimas Nonacrinas

Naïas una fuit. *Ovid. Metam.* l. 1. 690.

Of all the nymphs of Nonacris and Fayrie ferre and neare,
 • • • this ladye had no peere.

Golding, 1567.

Pan ibi dum teneris jactat sua carmina nymphis.

Ibid. l. 11. 153.

Then Pan among the *Fairie-elves*†, that daunced round
together. *Golding.*

Golding.

Semicaper Pan

Nunc tenet, at quondam tenuerunt tempore nymphæ.

Ibid. L. 14. 515.

The half-goat Pan that hour
Possessed it, but heretofore it was the *Faries'* bower.

Golding.

Thus we have endeavoured to trace out the origin, and mark the progress of the word Fairy, through its varying significations, and trust that the subject will now appear placed in a clear and intelligible light.

* In what sense did Phaer use *queens*?

† Hence perhaps Milton's "faery elves."

After the appearance of the "Faerie Queene," all distinctions were confounded, the name and attributes of the real Fays or Fairies of romance were completely transferred to the little beings who, according to the popular belief, made "the green sour ringlets whereof the ewe not bites." The change thus operated by the poets established itself firmly among the people; a strong proof, if this idea be correct, of the power of the poetry of a nation in altering the phraseology of even the lowest classes * of its society.

Shakspeare must be regarded as a principal agent in this revolution; yet even he uses Fairy once in the proper sense of Fay; a sense it seems to have nearly lost, till it was again brought into use by the translators of the French *Contes des Fées* in the last century.

To this great Fairy I'll commend thy acts.

Antony and Cleopatra, Act iv. sc. 8.

And Milton speaks

Of Faery damsels met in forests wide
By knights of Logres or of Lyones,
Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellinore.

Yet he elsewhere mentions the

Faery elves,
Whose midnight revels by a forest side
Or fountain some belated peasant sees.

* The *Fata Morgana* of the Straits of Messina is an example; for the name of *Morgana*, whencesoever derived, was brought into Italy by the poets.

Finally, Randolph, in his *Amyntas*, employs it, for perhaps the last time, in its second sense, Fairy-land :

I do think
There will be of Jocastus' brood in Fairy.
Act i. sc. 3.

We must not here omit to mention that the Germans, along with the French romances, early adopted the name of the *Fées*. They called them *Feen* and *Feinen* *. In the *Tristram of Gottfried von Strazburg* we are told, that Duke *Gylan* had a syren-like little dog,

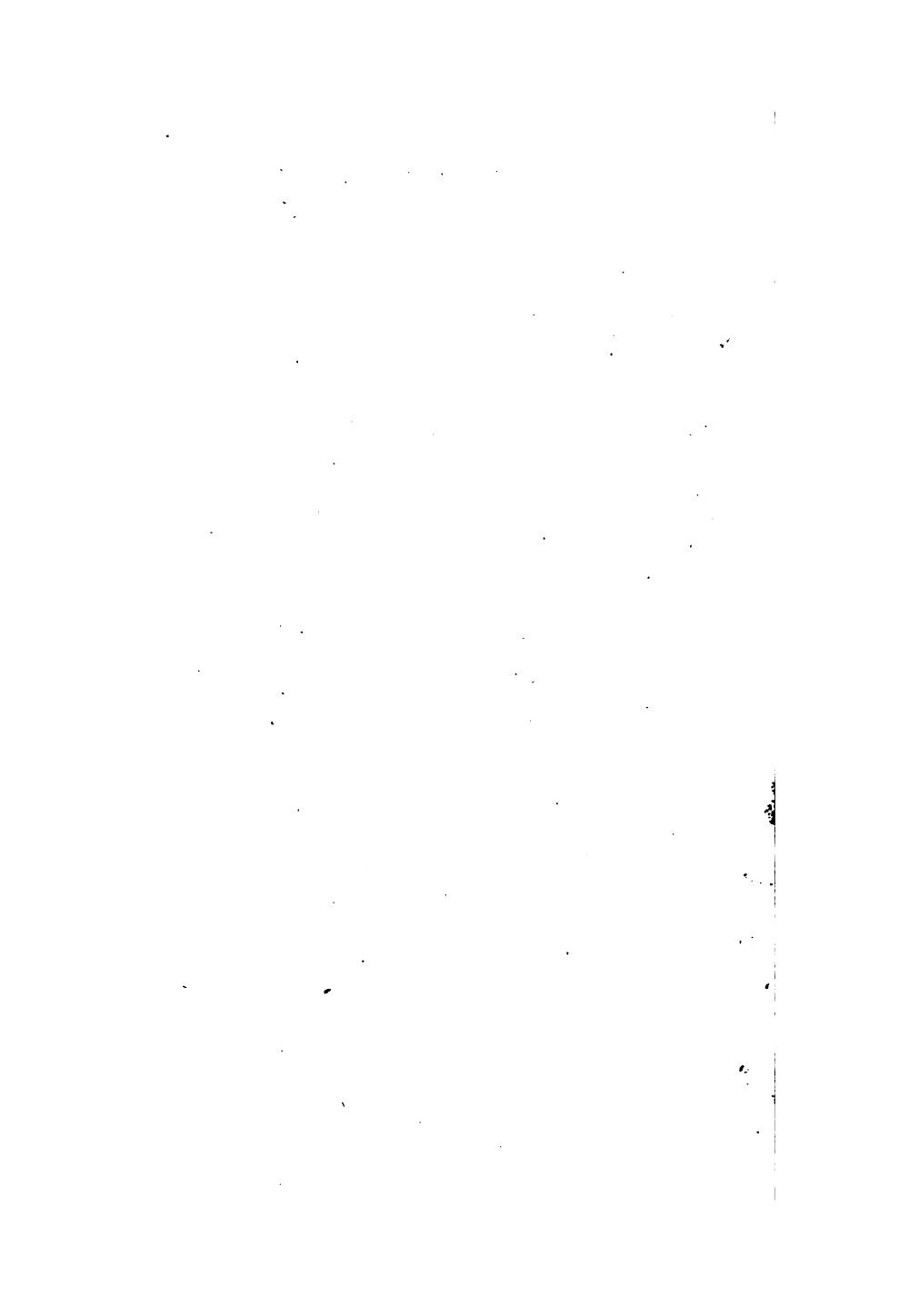
Dez wart dem Herzoge gesandt
Uz Avalun der *Feinen* land
Von einer Gottinne †. V. 15673—5.

In the old German romance of *Isotte* and *Blanscheflur*, the hunter who sees *Isotte* asleep says, I doubt

Dez sie menschlich sei
Sie ist schöner denn eine *Feine*.
Von Fleische noch von Beine
Kunte nit geworden
So schönes auf der erden ‡.

* Dobenek, des deutschen Mittelalters und Volksglauben. Berlin, 1816.

† 'Twas sent unto the duke, pardè,
From Avalun, the *Fays'* countrie,
By a gentle goddess.
‡ If she human be,
She is fairer than a *Fay*.



THE
FAIRY MYTHOLOGY.
EASTERN ROMANCE.



مانند تو ادمي در افان
ممکن نبود پري ندیدم

SADEE.

All human beings must in beauty yield
To you ; a PERI I have ne'er beheld.

him are the six Amshaspands, the twenty-eight Izeds, and the countless myriads of Ferohers. In the opposite kingdom of darkness Aherman is supreme, and his throne is encompassed by the six Arch-Deeys, and the numerous hosts of inferior Deeys. Between these rival powers ceaseless warfare prevails; but at the end, the prince of darkness will be subdued, and peace and happiness prevail beneath the righteous sway of Ormuzd.

From this sublime system of religion probably arose the Peri, or Fairy system of Persia; and thus what was once taught by sages, and believed by monarchs, has shared the fate of every thing human, and has sunk from its pristine rank to become the material and the machinery of poets and romancers. The wars waged by the fanatical successors of the Prophet in which literature was confounded with idolatry, have deprived us of the means of judging of this system in its perfect form; and in what has been written respecting the Peris and their country since Persia has received the law of Mohammed,

making the heavens and their celestial inhabitants, the Ferohers, which are the angels and the unembodied souls of all intelligent beings. All nature is filled with Ferohers, or guardian angels, who watch over its various departments, and are occupied in performing their various tasks for the benefit of mankind.—*Erskine on the Sacred Books and Religion of the Persia, in the Transactions of the Literary Society of Bombay, vol. ii. p. 318.*

the admixture of the tenets and ideas of Islam is evidently perceptible. If, however, Orientalists be right in their interpretation of the name of Artaxerxes' queen, Parisatis, as Pari-zadeh (Peri-born*), the Peri must be coeval with the religion of Zoroaster.

Before Adam was created, say the modern Persians, the world was inhabited by the Deevs and Peris, formed of the element of fire. Over them reigned a succession of seventy-two Solimans, the last of whom, Jan-ben-Jan†, offended heaven, and the angel Hares‡ was sent down to chastise him. Jan-ben-Jan refused to submit, a war ensued, and the monarch of earth was overthrown. Hares now reigned in his stead; but even his soul yielded to the intoxicating effects of the cup of power. It was then that the Almighty created Adam of the dust of the earth, and commanded the world to worship him. The fire-formed Hares "s'dained submission" to a creature of clay; he rebelled, and was joined in his revolt by the Deevs. The Peris, however, obeyed the

* پري زاده

† جان بن جان Spirit son of Spirit. *Arabic.*

‡ هارس A guardian. After his revolt he was called
ابليس Iblis.

mandate of heaven, and became henceforth the friends of man. Hares and his chief followers were sentenced to a long period of punishment in the infernal regions: the less guilty Deevs were allowed to range the earth to prove the obedience of man, and quell the pride that might arise within his heart when dwelling at ease and in security.

The abode of all these beings was placed in the mountain of Kaf*. This mountain was believed to surround the earth like a ring; for the earth was justly regarded as globular, and was fancied to rest on a sapphire of immense size, the reflection from which gave its azure hue to the sky, and whose motions caused earthquakes and the convulsions of nature.

Jinnestan † was the common appellation of the whole of this ideal region. Its respective empires were divided into many kingdoms, containing numerous provinces and cities. Thus in the Peri realms we meet the luxuriant province of Shadukam ‡ (pleasure and delight), with its magnificent capital Juherabad (jewel-city), whose two kings

* قاف Caucasus and its branches.

† جنستان from جن a Jinn or Demon; and ستان Persian or rather Sanskrit, a Place.

‡ اهرمن آباد and عنبر آباد جواهر آباد, شد و کام

solicited the aid of Caherman against the Deevs*, and also the stately Amberabad (amber-city), and others equally splendid. The metropolis of the Deev empire is named Ahermanabad (Aherman's city); and imagination has lavished its stores in the description of the enchanted castle, palace, and gallery of the Deev monarch, Arzshenk.

The Deevs and Peris wage incessant war with each other. Like mankind, they are subject to death, but after a much longer period of existence: and, though far superior to man in power, they partake of his sentiments and passions.

We are told that when the Deevs in their wars make prisoners of the Peris, they shut them up in iron cages, and hang them from the tops of the highest trees, exposed to every gaze and to every chilling blast. Here their companions visit them, and bring them the choicest odours to feed on; for the ethereal Peri lives on perfume, which has moreover the property of repelling the cruel Deevs, whose malignant nature is impatient of fragrance†.

When the Peris are unable to withstand their foes, they solicit the aid of some mortal hero.

* The Caherman Nameh is a romance in Turkish. Caherman was the father of Sam, the grandfather of the celebrated Roostam.

† It is in the Caherman Nameh that this circumstance occurs.

Enchanted arms and talismans enable him to cope with the gigantic Deevs, and he is conveyed to Jinnestan on the back of some strange and wonderful animal. His adventures in that country usually furnish a wide field for poetry and romance to expatiate in.

The most celebrated adventurer in Jinnestan was Tahmuras, surnamed Deev-bend (Deev-binder*), one of the ancient kings of Persia. The Peris sent him a splendid embassy, and the Deevs, who dreaded him, despatched another. Tahmuras, in doubt how to act, consults the wonderful bird Simurgh †, who speaks all languages, and whose knowledge embraces futurity. She advises him to aid the Peris; warns him of the dangers he

* دیوبند The Tahmuras Nameh is also in Turkish. It and the Caherman Nameh are probably translations from the Persian.

† سیمرغ It signifies "thirty birds," and is thought to be the roc of the Arabs. In the Shah Nameh she gives one of her feathers to her protégé Zal, which he is to throw into the fire whenever he is in need, and she will come to his aid. The poet Sadec, to express the bounty of the Almighty, says,

چنان پهن خوان کرم گسترد
که سیمرغ در قاف قسمت خورد

His liberal board he spreadeth out so wide,
On Kaf the Simurgh is with food supplied.

has to encounter, and discloses his proper line of action. She farther offers to convey him to Jinnestan, and plucks some feathers from her breast, with which the Persian monarch adorns his helmet.

Mounted on the Simurgh, and bracing on his arm the potent buckler of Jan-ben-Jan, Tahmuras crosses the abyss impassable to unaided mortality. The vizier Imlan, who had headed the Deev embassy, deserting his original friends, had gone over to Tahmuras, and through the magic arts of the Deev, and his own daring valour, the Persian hero defeats the Deev-king Arzshenk. He next vanquishes a Deev still more fierce, named Demrush, who dwelt in a gloomy cavern, surrounded with piles of wealth plundered from the neighbouring realms of Persia and India. Here Tahmuras finds a fair captive, the Peri Merjan*, whom Demrush had carried off, and whom her brothers, Dal Peri and Milan Shah Peri, had long sought in vain. He chains the Deev in the centre of the mountain, and at the suit of Merjan hastens to attack another powerful Deev named Houdkonz; but here, alas! fortune deserts him, and, maugre his talismans and enchanted arms, the gallant Tahmuras falls beneath his foe.

* *مرجان* a pearl. Life, soul also, according to Wilkins.

Many years afterwards, as related in the Shah Nameh *, the great Roostam engages the Deev Arzshenk, who had escaped from the chains of Tahmuras, and, after a fierce combat, slays him. Arzshenk is there described with a body partly human, and the head of a bull. The latter, Roostam strikes off at a blow.

In the same poem, Gershab, the last king of the Pishdadean dynasty, wounds the Deev Munheras with an arrow in the mouth. Munheras is afterwards killed by Sohrab, the son of Roostam. In the first combat he has the head of a hog; in the second he is two-headed, one head resembling that of a bull, the other that of a wild boar.

The Peri has been styled "the fairest creation of poetical imagination." No description can equal the beauty of the female Peri †, and the highest compliment a Persian poet can pay a lady is to liken her to one of these lovely aerial beings ‡. Thus Sadee, in the lines prefixed to this section,

* Ferdosee's great heroic poem.

† It must be recollected that the Peris are of both sexes: we have just spoken of Peri *kings*, and of the *brothers* of Merjan.

‡ We find the poets every where comparing female beauty to that of superior beings. The Greeks and Romans compared a lovely woman to Venus, Diana, or the nymphs; the Persians to a Peri: the ancient Scandinavians would say she

declares that only the beauty of a Peri can be compared with that of the fair one he addresses ; and more lately, Aboo Taleeb Khan says to Lady Elgin, as he is translated by M. von Hammer *,

The sun, the moon, the Peris, and mankind,
Compared with you, do far remain behind ;
For sun and moon have never form so mild,
The Peris have but roam in deserts wild.

Sir W. Ouseley is at a loss what to compare them to. They do not, he thinks, resemble the Angels, the Cherubim and Seraphim of the Hebrews, the Dæmons of the Platonists, or the Genii of the Romans ; neither do they accord with the Houri of the Arabs. Still less do they agree with the Fairies of Shakspeare ; for, though fond of fragrance, and living on that sweet essential food, we never find them employed in

Killing cankers in the musk-rose buds,
or obliged

To serve the fairy queen
To dew her orbs upon the green.

was Fridr sem Alfkone, fair as an Alf-woman. In the Lay of Gugener it is said,

Dedenz unt la Dame trovée
Ki de biauté resanbloit *Fée*.

* Mines de l'Orient, vol. iii. p. 40. To make his version completely English, M. von Hammer uses the word Fairies ; we have ventured to change it.

Neither is their stature ever represented so diminutive as to make key-holes pervious to their flight, or the bells of flowers their habitations. But Milton's sublime idea of a "faery vision," he thinks, corresponds more nearly with what the Persian poets have conceived of the Peris.

Their port was more than human, as they stood ;
 I took it for a faery vision
 Of some gay creatures of the element
 That in the colours of the rainbow live
 And play i' the plighted clouds. I was awestruck,
 And as I pass'd I worshipped. *Comus.*

"I can venture to affirm," concludes Sir William gallantly, "that he will entertain a pretty just idea of a Persian Peri, who shall fix his eyes on the charms of a beloved and beautiful mistress."

If poetic imagination exhausted itself in portraying the beauty of the Peris, it was no less strenuous in heaping attributes of deformity on the Deevs. They may well vie in ugliness with the devils of our forefathers. "At Lahore, in the Mogul's palace," says William Finch, "are pictures of Dews, or Diyes, intermixed in most ugly shapes, with long horns, staring eyes, shaggy hair, great fangs; ugly paws, long tails, with such horrible difformity and deformity, that I wonder the poor women are not frightened therewith *."

* In Purchas' Pilgrims, vol. i, quoted by Sir W. Ouseley.

The word Deev, or Diw, (دیو) in Zend *Deeco*, signifies Spirit, and is inclusive of both classes. Both in the old and new Persian it is used in a bad or ambiguous sense, whereas the Sanscrit and the Indian languages in general employ the kindred terms Deva and Deveta in a good sense. They are significant of the members of the realms of good spirits, and of the Divine Being himself, and when used of men, designate the Ruler, the Hero*. This will remind us of the Greek Δις Θεός and Δεός, and of the Latin Deus, Divus, divinus.

Peri (پری), in Zend *Pereh* and *Perekeh*, Mr. Wahl interprets *winged*, and Sir W. Ouseley derives it from the Hebrew פאר (pheër), beauty. We would venture to hint, with the diffidence becoming those who have but barely applied their lips to the jewelled cup of Oriental literature†, that as

* The North Americans call the Supreme Being Kasha Maneto, Great Spirit. "Kasha" (great), says Mr. Keating, "is never joined to any other word, but is appropriated to the Supreme Being. They sometimes, however, apply it to a good man, to give more force to the expression by connecting his good qualities with those they ascribe to the Great Spirit."

Narrative of Expedition to the St. Peter's, &c.

† *Linguae Hebraicæ vix primis degustavi labris* is the modest language of Melancthon.

the Deevs are so evidently the subjects of Aherman, so the Peris may have been originally the same with the Ferohers, who were the subjects of Ormuzd, and owe to them the derivation of their name*.

Such is the Peri system of the Mohammedan Persians, in which the influence of Islam is clearly perceptible, the very names of their fabled country and its kings being Arabic. Had we it as it was before the Arabs forced their law on Persia, we should doubtless find it more consistent in all its parts, more light, fanciful, and ethereal.

* It is not undeserving of notice, that the Persian language possesses many compounds of the word Peri. *Pari-rōkhsār* (پری رخسار) is Peri-cheeked; *Pari-paykar* (پری پیکر) is Peri-faced, &c. It is also employed in a bad sense. *Paridār* (پریدار) is a Magician, or one whose lips move convulsively, owing to his being possessed by evil spirits. The word Peri, it should be observed, is pronounced like *perry* or rather *parry*.

ARABIAN ROMANCE.

ان الرسول لسيف يستصا به
مهند من سيوف الله مسلول
CAAB BEN ZOHEIR.

The Prophet is a sword whence springeth light,
Indian, one of the swords of God, and bare.

THE Prophet is the centre round which every thing connected with Arabia revolves. The period preceding his birth is regarded and designated as the times of ignorance, and our knowledge of the ancient Arabian mythology comprises little more than he has been pleased to transmit to us. The Arabs, however, appear at no period of their history to have been a people addicted to fanciful invention. Their minds are acute and logical, and their poetry is that of the heart rather than of the fancy. They dwell with fondness on the joys and pains of love, and with enthusiasm describe the courage and daring deeds of warriors, or in moving strains pour forth the plaintive elegy ;

but for the description of gorgeous palaces and fragrant gardens, or for the wonders of magic, they are indebted chiefly to their Persian neighbours*.

What classes of beings the popular creed may have recognised before the establishment of Islam we have no means of ascertaining. The *Suspended Poems*, and *Antar*, give us no information; we only know that the tales of Persia were current among them, and were listened to with such avidity as to rouse the indignation of the prophet. We must therefore quit the tents of the Bedoween, and the valleys of "*Araby the Blest*," and accompany the caliphs to their magnificent capital on the *Tigris*, whence emanated all that has thrown such a halo of splendour around the genius and language of Arabia. It is in this seat of empire that we must look to meet the origin of the marvels of Arabian literature.

Transplanted to a rich and fertile soil, the sons of the desert speedily abandoned their former simple mode of life: and the court of Bagdad equalled or surpassed in magnificence any thing that the East has ever witnessed. Genius, whatever its direction, was encouraged and rewarded,

* Compare *Antar* and the *Suspended Poems* (translated by Sir W. Jones) with the Arabic works written at Bagdad and elsewhere.

and the musician and the story-teller shared with the astronomer and historian the favour of the munificent caliphs. The tales which had amused the leisure of the Shapoors and Yesejirds were not disdained by the Haroons and Almansoors. The expert narrators altered them so as to accord with the new faith. And it was thus that the delightful *Thousand and One Nights** were gradually produced and modified.

In the supernatural part of these tales the influence of Mohammedanism is strikingly apparent. We every where meet the Prophet, and the Hebrew Solomon is the monarch before whom men and genii bow, and who punishes the rebellions of the latter by imprisonment in brazen vessels, sealed with the signet of power, and consigned to the depths of the sea.

The Genii †, properly Jinns ‡, have a strong resemblance to the Persian Deews, but the Arabs

* The frame in which these tales are inserted was not formed till the middle of the 16th century, but the tales themselves are evidently of far greater antiquity. It is not meant here to assert that they are all of Persian origin; the contrary is indubitable.

† Genius and Jinn, like Fairy and Peri, is a curious coincidence. The Arabian Jinn bears no resemblance whatever to the Roman Genius.

‡ جنون Jenoon, from جن جنون, Spirit.

have no word in their language expressive of the Peri, and the Fairies that we meet in the *Thousand and One Nights* appear to be the female Jinns, and not a distinct class; a proof, by the way, that the system is borrowed. The rebellious Jinns are always represented as inferior in power to the obedient Jinns and Fairies. Both classes have the sensual propensities of the deities of Olympus, but the pious Fairies usually join themselves in the bond of matrimony with the mortals whom they honour with their love. We no longer recognise the etherial Peri, whose food is odour, in the amiable but almost human Fairy-bride of Prince Ahmed, who seems more akin to the Homeric Calypso, or to the Fairies who bestowed their love upon Lanval and Partenopex of Blois: How are we to account for this difference? Is it to be ascribed to the less spiritual character of Islam, or to an acquaintance with Grecian fable? Perhaps as Sindbad met a Polyphemus, Prince Ahmed gained the affections of a Calypso.

The Fairy of Arabian romance is, however, clearly akin to the Peri of Iran; but we hear not of Shadukam or Amberabad, and though Peri Banou has a splendid palace, yet the potent Maimoune shrinks not from inhabiting the interior of a dry well. That, however, there are extensive realms ruled over by kings of the Jinns, we learn

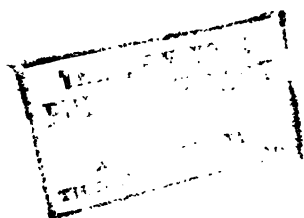
from the tales of "Jahanshah" and "Hassan of Bassora," in which last tale the Castle of Jewels reminds us of Juherabad. A farther peculiarity respecting the Arabian Fairies is, that they are subject to transformation into the form of serpents*.

In conclusion, the reader may not be displeased to see the two following passages from D'Herbelot, illustrative of the popular belief on this subject.

Ben Shohnah relates, that in the year 456 of the Hejira, in the reign of Caiem, the twenty-sixth caliph of the house of Abbas, a report was raised in Bagdad which immediately spread throughout the whole province of Irak, that some Turks being out hunting saw in the desert a black tent, beneath which there was a number of people of both sexes, who were beating their cheeks, and uttering loud cries, as is the custom in the East when any one is dead. Amidst their cries they heard these words—*The great king of the Jinns is dead, woe to this country!* and then there came out a great troop of women, followed by a number of other rabble, who proceeded to a neighbouring cemetery, still beating themselves in token of grief and mourning.

The celebrated historian Ebn Athir relates,

* Story of Zobeide. So Melusine, Manto (Orl. Fur. c. xliii. st. 98.) and other European Fairies. Did this idea come from the East?




MIDDLE AGE ROMANCE.

FEW will now endeavour to trace romantic and marvellous fiction to any individual source. An extensive survey of the regions of fancy and their productions will incline us rather to consider the mental powers of man as having an uniform operation under every sky, and under every form of political existence, and to acknowledge that identity of invention is not more to be wondered at than identity of action. It is strange how limited the powers of the imagination are. Without due consideration of the subject, it might be imagined that her stores of materials and powers of combination are boundless; yet reflection, however slight, will convince us that here also "there is nothing new," and charges of plagiarism will in the majority of cases be justly suspected to be devoid of foundation. The finest poetical expressions and similes of occidental literature meet us when we turn our attention to the East, and a striking analogy pervades the tales and fictions of every region. The reason is, the materials presented to the inventive faculties are scanty. The power

also be easily shown. The necessities of commerce and the pilgrimage to Mecca occasioned a constant intercourse between the Moors of Spain and their fellow sectaries of the East; and the Venetians, who were the owners of Candia, carried on an extensive trade with Syria and Egypt. It is worthy of notice, that the *Notti Piacevoli* of Strapparola were first published in Venice, and that Basile, the author of the *Pentamerone*, spent his youth in Candia, and was afterwards a long time at Venice. Lastly, pilgrims were notorious narrators of marvels, and each, as he visited the Holy Land, was anxious to store his memory with those riches, the diffusal of which procured him attention and hospitality at home.

We think, therefore, that European romance may be indebted, though not for the name, yet for some of the attributes and exploits of its Fairies to Asia. This is more especially the case with the romances composed or turned into prose in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries; for in the earlier ones the Fairy Mythology is much more sparingly introduced.

But besides the classic and oriental prototypes of its fairies, romance may have had an additional one in the original mythology of the Celtic tribes; of which a being very nearly allied to the Fay of romance appears to have formed a part. Such



were the *Damoiselles* who bestowed their favours upon *Lanval* and *Graelent*. This subject shall, however, be more fully considered under the head of *Brittany*.

Romances of chivalry, it is well known, may be divided into three principal classes; those of *Arthur* and his *Round Table*, of *Charlemagne* and his *Paladins*, and those of *Amadis* and *Palmerin*, and their descendants and kindred. In the first, with the exception of *Isaie le Triste*, which appears to be a work of the fifteenth century, the fairies appear but seldom; the second exhibits them in all their brilliancy and power; in the third, the name at least does not occur, but the enchantress *Urganda la Desconecida* rather surpasses in power *La Dame du Lac*.

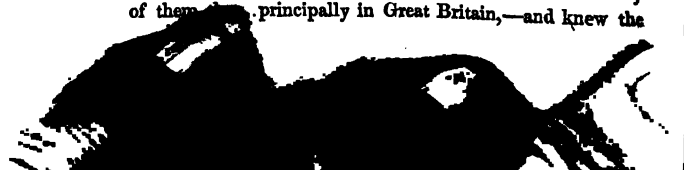
Among the incidents of the fine old romance just alluded to*, is narrated the death of king *Ban*, occasioned by grief at the sight of his castle taken and in flames through the treachery of his *seneschal*. His afflicted queen had left her newborn infant on the margin of a lake, while she went to soothe the last moments of the expiring monarch. On her return she finds her babe in

* *Lancelot* is regarded as probably the earliest prose romance of chivalry. It was first printed in 1494. The metrical romance called *Le Charrette*, of which *Lancelot* is the hero, was begun by *Crestien de Troyes*, who died in 1191, and finished by *Geoffrey de Ligny*.

the arms of a beautiful lady. She entreats her pathetically to restore the orphan babe ; but, without heeding her entreaties, or even uttering a single word, she moves to the edge of the lake, into which she plunges and disappears with the child. The lady was the celebrated Dame du Lac ; the child was Lancelot, afterwards styled du Lac. The name of the lady was Vivienne, and she had dwelt "en la marche de la petite Bretagne." Merlin the demon-born, the renowned enchanter, became enamoured of her, and taught her a portion of his art, and the ill return she made is well known in the annals of female treachery. In consequence of the knowledge thus acquired she became a Fairy ; for the author informs us that "la damoiselle qui Lancelot porta au lac estoit une *fée*, et en celui temps estoient appellées *fees* toutes celles qui sentremeloient de charmens et de charmes, et moult en estoit pour lors principalement en la Grand Bretagne, et savoient la force et la vertu des parolles, des pierres, et des herbes, parquoi elles estoient en jeunesse, et en beaulte, et en grandes richesses, comment elles divisoient *."

The lake was a *feerie*, an illusion raised by the

* The damsel who carried Lancelot to the lake was a Fay, and in those times all those women were called Fays who had to do with enchantments and charms,—and there were many of them,—principally in Great Britain,—and knew the



art which the devil had taught Merlin, and Merlin her. The romance says,

“ La dame qui le nourrissoit ne conversoit que en forest, et estoit au plain de ung tertre plus bas assez que celui ou le roy Ban estoit mort: en ce lieu ou il sembloit que le bois fust grant et parfont (*profond*) avoit la dame moult de belles maisons et moult riches; et au plain dessous y avoit une gente petite riviere moult plantureuse de poissons; et estoit ce lieu si cele et secret que bien difficile estoit a homme de le trouver, car la semblance du dit lac le couvroit si que il ne pouvoit estre apperceu*.” And farther, “ La damoiselle nestoit mie seulle, mais y avoit grande compaignie de chevaliers et de dames et damoiselles.”

When her young *protégé* had gone through his course of knightly education, she took him to king Arthur's court, and presented him there; and his subsequent history is well known.

power and the virtues of words, of stones, and of herba, by which they were kept in youth and in beauty, and in great riches, as they devised.

* The lady who reared him conversed only in the forest, and dwelt on the summit of a hill, which was much lower than that on which king Ban had died. In this place, where it seemed that the wood was large and deep, the lady had many fair houses, and very rich; and in the plain beneath there was a gentle little river well stored with fish; and this place was so secret and so concealed, that right difficult was it for any one to find, for the semblance of the said lake covered it so that it could not be perceived.

In *Perceforest*, *Seille la Dame du Lac*, whose castle was surrounded by a river on which was "si grande bruïne," that no one could see across the water, though not called so, was evidently a Fay. The fortnight that Alexander the Great and Floridas abode with her, to be cured of their wounds, seemed to them but as one night. During that night, "la dame demoura encointe du roy dung filz, dont de ce lignage yssit le roi Artus." Vol. i. c. 42.

In chapter thirty-one of the third volume of the same romance we are told that "en l'ysle de Zellande jadis fut demourante une faee qui estoit appellee Morgane." This Morgane was very intimate with "ung esperit (named Zephir) qui repairoit es lieux acquatiques, mais jamais nestoit veu que de nuyt." Zephir had been in the habit of repairing to Morgane la faee from her youth up, "car elle estoit malicieuse et subtile et tousjours avoit moult desire a aucunement sçavoir des enchantemens et des conjurations." He had committed to her charge the young Passelyon and his cousin Ben-nuq, to be brought up, and Passelyon was detected in an intrigue with the young Morgane, daughter of the Fay. The various adventures of this amorous youth form one of the most interesting portions of the romance*.

* It is greatly to be regretted that some of these old romances are not reprinted, at least judicious extracts from

In Tristan de Leonois*, king Meliadus, the father of Tristan, is drawn to a chase *par mal engin et negromance* of a fairy who was in love with him, and carries him off, and from whose thralldom he was only released by the power of the great enchanter Merlin.

In Parthenopex of Blois†, the beautiful fairy Melior, whose magic bark carries the knight to her secret island, is daughter to the emperor of Greece.

In no romance whatever is the fairy machinery more pleasingly displayed than in "Sir Laun-

them, in the original. The following remarks of a late critic on Perceforest are not undeserving of attention.

"Be the time far or near, it will come, when very many will participate in our enthusiasm and admiration for this romance. For this purpose, a new impression of it is indeed absolutely necessary, on account of the great rarity of the two old editions. But if copperplates and lithographs of old buildings, in which there can only be a poor and scanty compensation for the view of the building itself, meet with encouragement, would it not reward the trouble to render accessible the greatest and worthiest written monument respecting knighthood at the time of its greatest splendour?—*Wiener Jahrbücher*, vol. xxix. p. 123.

* Tristan was written in verse by Crestien de Troyes. The prose romance was first printed in 1489.

† Parthenopex was written in French in the twelfth century, according to Le Grand; in the thirteenth, according to Roquefort.

fal," a metrical romance composed * by Thomas Chestre, in the reign of Henry VI.

Sir Launfal was one of the knights of Arthur, who loved him well, and made him his steward. But when Arthur married the beautiful but frail Gwennere, daughter of Ryon, king of Ireland, Launfal and other virtuous knights manifested their dissatisfaction when she came to court. The queen was aware of this, and at the first entertainment given by the king,

The queen yaf (*gave*) giftes for the nones,
Gold and silver, precious stones,
Her courtesy to kythe (*show*):
Everiche knight she yaf broche other (*or*) ring,
But Sir Launfal she yaf no thing,
That grieved him many a sythe (*time*).

Launfal, under the feigned pretext of the illness of his father, takes leave of the king, and retires to

* *Composed*—for to call it, with Ellis, Ritson, and others, a translation, would be absurd. We might with much more justice call the Knight's Tale a translation of the *Theseida*. How Ellis, who had at least read Le Grand's and Way's *Fabliaux*, could say of Chestre, that he "seems to have given a *faithful* as well as spirited version of this old Breton story," is surprising. It is in fact no translation, but a poem on the adventures of Sir Launfal, founded chiefly on the *Lais de Lanval* and *de Graelent*, in *Marie de France*, with considerable additions of his own invention, or derived from other sources. These *Lais* will be considered under *Brittany*.

Karlyoun, where he lives in great poverty. Having obtained the loan of a horse one holyday, he rode into a "faire forest," where, overcome by the heat, he lay down under the shade of a tree and meditated on his wretched state. In this situation he is attracted by the approach of two fair damsels splendidly arrayed.

Their faces were white as snow on down,
Their rode* was red, their eyne were brown ;

I saw never none swiche.

That one bare of gold a basin,

That other a towel white and fine,

Of silk that was good and riche ;

Their kercheves were well skire (*clear*)

Araid (*striped*) with riche golde wire—

Launfal began to siche—

They come to him over the hoth (*heath*)

He was curteis, and against them goeth,

And greet them mildeliche.

They greet him courteously in return, and invite him to visit their mistress, whose pavilion is at hand. Sir Launfal complies with the invitation, and they proceed to where the pavilion lies. Nothing could exceed this pavilion in magnificence. It was surmounted by an *erne* or eagle, adorned with precious stones so rich, that the poet declares, and we believe, that neither Alexander nor Arthur possessed "none swiche jewel."

* Rode—complexion ; from *red*.

He found in the paviloun
 The kinges daughter of Oliroun,
 Dame Tryamour that hight;
 Her father was king of Fairie,
 Of occient * fer and nigh,
 A man of mickle might.

The beauty of dame Tryamour was beyond conception.

For heat her cloathes down she dede
 Almost to her girdle stede (*place*),
 Than lay she uncover't;
 She was as white as lily in May,
 Or snow that snoweth in winter's day:
 He seigh (*saw*) never none so pert (*lively*).
 The rede rose, when she is new,
 Against her rode was naught of hew.
 I dare well say in cert,
 Her haire shone as golde wire:
 May no man rede her attire,
 Ne naught well think in hert (*heart*).

This lovely dame bestows her heart on Sir Launfal on condition of his fidelity. As marks of her affection, she bestows on him a never-failing purse, and many other valuable presents, and dismisses him next morning with the assurance, that whenever he wished to see her, his wish would be gratified on withdrawing into a private room, and she would be with him. This information is accompanied with a charge of profound secresy on the subject of their loves.

The knight returns to court, and astonishes

* occient—occident.

every one by his riches and his munificence. He continues happy in the love of the fair Tryamour, until an untoward adventure interrupts his bliss. One day the queen beholds him dancing, with other knights, before her tower, and, inspired with a sudden affection, makes amorous advances to the knight. These passages of love are received on his part with an indignant repulse, accompanied by a declaration more enthusiastic than politic or courteous, that his heart was given to a dame the foulest of whose maidens surpassed the queen in beauty. The offence thus given naturally effected an entire conversion in the queen's sentiments; and when Arthur returned from hunting, like Potiphar's wife, she charges Launfal with attempting her honour. The charge is credited, and the unhappy knight condemned to be burned alive, unless he shall, against a certain day, produce that peerless beauty. The fatal day arrives; the queen is urgent for the execution of the sentence, when ten fair damsels, splendidly arrayed and mounted on white palfreys, are descried advancing towards the palace. They announce the approach of their mistress, who soon appears, and by her beauty justifies the assertion of her knight. Sir Launfal is instantly set at liberty, and vaulting on the courser his mistress had bestowed on him,

and which was held at hand by his squire, he follows her out of the town.

The lady rode down Cardevile,
 Fer into a jolif ile,
 Oliroun that hight *;
 Every year upon a certain day,
 Men may heare Launfales steede neighe,
 And him see with sight.
 He that will there axsy (*ask*) justes
 To keep his armes fro the rustes,
 In turnement other (*or*) fight,
 Dar (*need*) he never further gon;
 There he may find justes anon,
 With Sir Launfal the knight.
 Thus Launfal, withouten fable,
 That noble knight of the round table,
 Was taken into the fairie;
 Since saw him in this land no man,
 Ne no more of him tell I ne can,
 For soothe, without lie †.

* It is strange to find the English poet changing the Avalon of the *Lai de Lanval* into the well-known island of Olyron. It is rather strange too, that Mr. Ritson, who has a note on "Oliroun," did not notice this.

† The *Lai* ends thus:

Od li sen vait en Avalun
 Ceo nus recuntent le Bretun
 En une isle que mut est beaus
 La fut ravi li dameiseaus
 Nul humme nen ot plus parler
 Ne jeo nen sai avant cunter.

In *Gracient* it is said that the horse of the knight used to

No romance is of more importance to the present subject than the charming "Huon de Bordeaux." Generally known as the story is, through Wieland's poem and Mr. Sotheby's translation, we trust we shall be excused for giving some passages from the original French romance, as *Le petit roy Oberon* appears to form a kind of connecting link between the Fairies of romance and the Elves or Dwarfs of the Teutonic nations. When we come to Germany it will be our endeavour to show how the older part of *Huon de Bordeaux* has been taken from the story of *Otnit* in the *Heldenbuch*, where the dwarf king *Elberich* performs nearly the same services to *Otnit* that *Oberon* does to *Huon*, and that, in fact, the name *Oberon* is only *Elberich* slightly altered*.

Huon, our readers must know, encounters in *Syria* an old follower of his family named *Ge-*

return annually to the river where he lost his master. The rest is *Thomas Chestre's* own, taken probably from the well-known story in *Gervase of Tilbury*.

* *Otnit* was supposed to have been written by *Wolfram von Eschembach*, in the early part of the thirteenth century. It is possibly much older. *Huon de Bordeaux* was, it is said, written in French verse by *Huon de Villeneuve*, some time in the same century. It does not appear in the list of *Huon de Villeneuve's* works given by *Mons. de Roquefort*. At the end of the prose romance we are told that it was written at the desire of *Charles seigneur de Rochefort*, and completed on the 29th of January, 1454.

riviere courante, noire et parfonde a grand merveilles; mais sachez, sire, que bien y pourrez aller sans mouiller les pieds de vostre cheval, car ce n'est que fantosme et enchantemens que le nain vous fera pour vous cuider avoir avec lui, et se chose est que bien tenez propos en vous de non parler a luy, bien pourrez eschapper," &c.*

* Which is sixteen leagues long, but is so full of Fairie and strange things that few people pass there without being lost or stopt, because therewithin dwelleth a king, Oberon the Fay. He is but three feet in height; he is all humpy; but he has an angelic face; there is no mortal man who should see him who would not take pleasure in looking at him, he has so fair a face. Now you will hardly have entered the wood, if you are minded to pass that way, when he will find how to speak to you, but of a surety if you speak to him, you are lost for evermore, without ever returning; nor will it lie in you, for if you pass through the wood, whether straight forwards or across it, you will always find him before you, and it will be impossible for you to escape at all without speaking to him, for his words are so pleasant to hear, that there is no living man who can escape him. And if so be that he should see that you are nowise inclined to speak to him, he will be passing wroth with you. For before you have left the wood he will cause it so to rain on you, to blow, to hail, and to make such right marvellous storms, thunder, and lightning, that you will think the world is going to end. Then you will think that you see a great flowing river before you, wondrously black and deep; but know, sire, that right easily will you be able to go through it without wetting the feet of your horse, for it is nothing but a phantom and enchantments that

Huon for some time followed the sage advice of Gerasmes, and avoided "Oberon le fayé." The storms of rain and thunder came on as predicted, the magic horn set them all dancing, and at last the knight determined to await and accost the dwarf.

"Le Nain Fee s'en vint chevauchant par le bois, et estoit vestu d'une robbe si tres-belle et riche, que merveilles sera ce raconter pour la grand et merveilleuse richesse que dessus estoit, car tant y avoit de pierres precieuses, que la grand clarté qu'elles jettoient estoit pareille au soleil quant il luit bien clair. Et avec ce portoit un moult bel arc en son poing, tant riche que on ne le sauroit estimer tant estoit beau. Et la fleche qu'il portoit estoit de telle sorte et maniere, qu'il n'estoit beste au monde qu'il vousist souhaiter qu'a icelle fleche elle ne s'arrestast. Il avoit a son cou un riche cor, lequel estoit pendu a deux riches attaches de fin or *."

the dwarf will make for you, because he wishes to have you with him, and if it so be that you keep firm to your resolve, not to speak to him, you will be surely able to escape, &c.

* The Dwarf Fay came riding through the wood, and was clad in a robe so exceeding fine and rich, that it would be a marvel to relate it for the great and marvellous riches that were upon it; for so much was there of precious stones, that the great lustre that they cast was like unto the sun when he

This horn was wrought by four Fairies, who had endowed it with its marvellous properties.

Oberon, on bringing Huon to speech, informed him that he was the son of Julius Cæsar, and the lady of the Hidden Island, afterwards called Cephalonia. This lady's first love had been Florimont of Albania, a charming young prince, but being obliged to part from him, she married, and had a son named Neptanebus, afterwards king of Egypt; who begot Alexander the Great, who afterwards put him to death. Seven hundred years later, Cæsar, on his way to Thessaly, was entertained in Cephalonia by the lady of the isle, and he loved her, for she told him he would defeat Pompey, and he became the father of Oberon. Many a noble prince and noble fairy were at the birth, but one Fairy was unhappily not invited, and the gift she gave was that he should not grow after his third year, but repenting, she gave him to be the most beautiful of nature's works. Other Fairies gave him the gift of penetrating the thoughts of men, and of transporting himself and

shineth full clear. And therewithal he bare a right fair bow in his fist, so rich that no one could value it, so fine it was; and the arrow that he bare was of such sort and manner, that there was no beast in the world that he wished to have, that it did not stop at that arrow. He had at his neck a rich horn, which was hung by two rich strings of fine gold.

others from place to place by a wish; and the faculty, by like easy means, of raising and removing castles, palaces, gardens, banquets, &c. He farther informed the knight, that he was king and lord of Mommur; and that when he should leave this world his seat was prepared in Paradise—for Oberon, like his prototype Elberich, was a veritable christian.

When after a variety of adventures Oberon comes to Bordeaux to the aid of Huon, and effects a reconciliation between him and Charlemagne, he tells Huon that the time is at hand that he should leave this world and take the seat prepared for him in Paradise, "*en faerie ne veux plus demeurer.*" He directs him to appear before him within four years in his city of Mommur, where he will crown him as his successor.

Here the story properly ends, but an addition of considerable magnitude has been made by a later hand, in which the story is carried on.

Many are the perils Huon encounters before the period appointed by Oberon arrives. At length, however, he and the fair Esclairmonde (the Ronia of Wieland) come to Mommur. Here, in despite of Arthur (who with his sister Morgue le faée and a large train arrives at court, and sets himself in opposition to the will of the monarch,

bat is reduced to order by Oberon's threat of turning him into a *Luyton de Mer**), Huon is crowned king of all Faerie "tant du pais des Luytons comme des autres choses secretes reservées dire aux hommes." Arthur gets the kingdom of Bouquant, and that which Sybilla held of Oberon, and all the Faeries that were in the plains of Tartary. The good king Oberon then gave Huon his last instructions, recommending his officers and servants to him, and charging him to build an abbey before the city, in the mead which the dwarf had loved, and there to bury him. Then, falling asleep in death, a glorious troop of angels, scattering odours as they flew, conveyed his soul to Paradise.

Isaie le Triste is probably one of the latest romances, certainly posterior to Huon de Bordeaux, for the witty, but deformed dwarf Tronc, who is so important a personage in it, is, we are told, Oberon, whom Destiny compelled to spend a certain period in that form. And we shall, as we have promised, prove Oberon to be the handsome dwarf-king Elberich. In Isaie the Faery ladies

* *Luyton* or *Lutin*, it would seem, properly signifies a person who has been turned into some inferior animal. This seems to have been a usual mode of punishing in Fairy land. It may have come from Circe, but the Thousand and One Nights are full of such transformations.

approach to the Fées of Perrault, and Madame D'Aulnoy. Here, as at the birth of Oberon and of Ogier le Danois, they interest themselves about the new born child, and bestow their gifts upon it: a strong proof, by the way, of their affinity to the ancient Parcæ. The description in this romance of the manner in which the old hermit sees them occupied about the infant Isaie is very pleasing. It was undoubtedly Fairies of this kind, and not the diminutive Elves, that Milton had in view when writing these lines:

“ Good luck betide thee, son, for at thy birth
The Faery ladies danced upon the hearth.
Thy drowsy nurse hath sworn she did them spy
Come tripping to the room where thou didst lie,
And, sweetly singing round about thy bed,
Strew all their blessings on thy sleeping head.”

The description of the Vergier des Fées in Isaie le Triste, and of the beautiful valley in which it was situated, may rival in richness and luxuriancy similar descriptions in Spenser and the Italian poets.

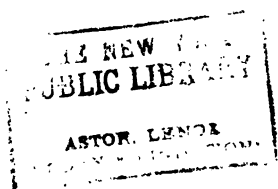
We have now, we trust, abundantly proved our position of the Fairies of romance being, at least at the commencement, only “ human mortals,” endowed with superhuman powers, though we may perceive that, as the knowledge of Oriental fiction increased, the Fairies began more and more to



assume the character of a distinct species. Our position will acquire additional strength when in the course of our inquiry we arrive at France and Italy.

Closely connected with the Fairies is the place of their abode; the region to which they convey the mortals whom they love, "the happy lond of Faery."





FAIRY LAND.

AMONG all nations the admixture of joy and pain, of exquisite delight and intense misery in the present state, has led the imagination to the conception of regions of unmixed bliss destined for the repose of the good after the toils of this life, and of climes where happiness prevails, the abode of beings superior to man. The imagination of the Hindoo paints his Swergas as "profuse of bliss," and all the joys of sense are collected in the Paradise of the Mussulman. The Persian lavished the riches of his fancy in raising the Cities of Jewels and of Amber that adorn the realms of Jinnestan; the romancer erected castles and palaces filled with knights and ladies in Avalon and in the land of Faerie; while the Hellenic bards, unused to pomp and glare, filled the Elysian Fields and the Island of the Blest with tepid gales and brilliant flowers. We shall quote without apology two beautiful passages from Homer and Pindar, that our readers may at one view satisfy themselves

of the essential difference between classic and romantic imagination.

In Homer, Proteus tells Menelaus that, because he had had the honour of being the son-in-law of Zeus, he should not die in "horse-feeding Argos."

Ἄλλὰ σ' ἐς Ἠλύσιον πεδὶον καὶ πείρατα γαίης
 Ἀθάνατοι πέμψουσιν, ὅθι ξάνθος Ῥαδάμανθος.
 Τῇ περ ῥηίστη βιοτῇ πέλει ἀνθρώποισιν·
 Οὐ νιφετὸς, οὐτ' ἄρ' χειμῶν πολλὸς, οὔτε ποτ' ὕμβρος,
 Ἄλλ' αἰὲ Ζεφύροιο λυγρὸν ἄετος αἶψα
 Ωκυανὸς ἀνέησιν, ἀναφύχειν ἀνθρώπους.

Odyss. IV. 563 *.

This passage is finely imitated by Pindar, and connected with that noble tone of pensive morality, so akin to the Oriental spirit, and by which the "Dircean Swan" is distinguished from all his fellows.

Ἰταίλαν . . .
 Ὅδδ' ἐπὶ Κρόνου τύρ-
 σιν· ἔγθα μακάρων
 Νάσον ὠκυανίδες
 Ἀδραι περιπνέουσιν, ἀν-
 θεμα δὲ χρυσοῦ φλέγει

-
- * But thee the ever-living gods will send
 Unto the Elysian plain and distant bounds
 Of Earth, where dwells fair-haired Rhadamanthus.
 There life is easiest unto men ; no snow,
 Or wintry storm, or rain, at any time,
 Is there ; but evermore the Ocean sends
 Soft-breathing airs of Zephyr to refresh
 The habitants.

Τὰ μὲν χερσέθεν, ἀπ' ἡ
 γλαῶν διδρύνον,
 "Τδ' οὐδ' ἄλλα φέρβει·
 "Ορμοισι τῶν χέρας ἀνα-
 πλέκοντι καὶ σταφάνοις·

Βουλαῖς ἐν ὄρθαῖς 'Ραδαμάνθυος.

OL. II. 126*.

Lucretius has transferred these fortunate fields to the superior regions, to form the abode of his *fainéans*, gods; and Virgil has placed them, with additional poetic splendour, in the bosom of the earth.

Widely different from these calm and peaceful abodes of parted warriors are the Faeries of the minstrels and romancers. In their eyes, and in those of their auditors, nothing was beautiful or good divested of the pomp and pride of chivalry; and chivalry has, accordingly, entered deeply into the composition of their pictures of these ideal realms.

The Feeries of romance may be divided into

* They speed their way
 To Kronos' palace, where, around
 The Island of the Blest, the airs
 Of Ocean breathe, and golden flowers
 Blaze; some on land
 From shining trees, and other kinds
 The water feeds. Of these
 Garlands and bracelets round their arms they bind,
 Beneath the righteous sway
 Of Rhadamanthus.

three kinds: Avalon, placed in the ocean, like the Island of the Blest; those that, like the palace of Pari Banou, are within the earth; and, lastly, those that, like Oberon's domains, are situate "in wilderness among the holtis hairy."

Of the castle and isle of Avalon*, the abode of Arthur and Oberon, and Morgue la faye, the fullest description is to be seen in the romance of Ogier le Danois, from which, as we know no

* Writers seem to be unanimous in regarding Avalon and Glastonbury as the same place, called an iale, as being made nearly such by the "river's embracement." It was named Avalon, we are told, from the British word *Aval*, an apple (*Aval* from apple, or *vice versa*?) as it abounded with orchards; and *Fyns gwydrin*; Saxon *Glaston-ey*, glassy iale; Latin, *Glastonia*, from the green hue of the water surrounding it. The story of the discovery of Arthur's tomb is well known, and no one will doubt the assertion of Giraldus respecting the long bones and capacious skull which he was told had belonged to the monarch. But the reader, who may have well digested the principles of Niebuhr, will perhaps be inclined, with Polydore Virgil, to "make slight of it." Avalon has possibly nothing to do with apples or orchards, and was, like Elysium, a name for the fancied Island of the Blest of Celtic mythology. Giraldus thus *rationalizes* the poetic legend.

"*Arthuro lethaliter vulnerato corpus ejusdem in insulam Avaloniam, quæ nunc Glastonia dicitur, a nobili matrona quadam ejusdem cognata et Morgani vocata est delatum; quod postea defunctum, in dicto cœmeterio sacro, eadem procurante sepultum fuit; propter hoc enim fabulosi Britones et eorum cantores fingere solebant quod Dea quædam phantastica, scilicet Morgani dicta, corpus Arthuri in insulam detulit Avaloniam ad ejus vulnera sanandum,*" &c. &c.—*Gir. Com. apud Usserius Brit. Eccles. Antiq.* p. 278.

sure quarter but the work itself to refer to for the part connected with the present subject, we shall make some extracts*.

At the birth of Ogier several Fairies attended, who bestowed on him various gifts. Among them was Morgue la faye, who gave him that he should be her lover and friend. Accordingly, when Ogier had long distinguished himself in love and war, and had attained his hundredth year, the affectionate Morgue thought it was time to withdraw him from the toils and dangers of mortal life, and transport him to the joys and the repose of the castle of Avalon. In pursuance of this design, Ogier and king Caraheu are attacked by a storm on their return from Jerusalem, and their vessels separated. The bark on which Ogier was "*tant nagea en mer qu'il arriva pres du chastel daymant qu'on nomme le chateau davallon, qui nest gueres deca paradis terrestre la ou furent ravis en une raye de feu Enoc et Helye, et la ou estoit Morgue la faye, qui a sa naissance lui avoit donne de grands dons, nobles et vertueux †.*"

* The reader is cautioned to beware how he puts his faith in any of Le Comte de Tressan's "Extraits," as he styles them, but which will frequently be found to contain "Extraits" for which we may search the originals in vain. See a fine specimen in his "Extrait" of Artus de Bretagne.

† Floated along the sea till she came near the castle of loadstone, which is called the castle of Avalon, which is not

The vessel is wrecked against the rock; the provisions are divided among the crew, and it is agreed that every man, as his stock failed, should be thrown into the sea. Ogier's stock holds out longest, and he remains alone. He is nearly reduced to despair, when a voice from heaven cries to him: "Dieu te mande que si tost que sera nuit que tu ailles en ung chasteau que tu verras luire, et passe de bateau en bateau tant que tu soies en une isle que tu trouveras. Et quand tu seras en lisle tu trouveras une petite sente, et de chose que tu voies leans ne tesbahis de rien. Et adonc Ogier regarda mais il ne vit rien*."

When night came, Ogier recommended himself to God, and seeing the castle of loadstone all resplendent with light, he went from one to the other of the vessels that were wrecked there, and so got into the island where it was. On arriving at the gate he found it guarded by two fierce

far on this side of the terrestrial paradise, whither were rapt in a flame of fire Enoch and Helias; and where was Morgue la Faye, who at his birth had endowed him with great gifts, noble and virtuous.

* God commandeth thee that, as soon as it is night, thou go unto a castle that thou wilt see shining, and pass from bark to bark till thou be in an isle which thou wilt find. And when thou wilt be in that isle thou wilt find a little path, and of what thou mayest see within be not dismayed at any thing. And then Ogier looked, but he saw nothing.

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He meets a huge Serpent whom he also slays

lions. He slew them and entered; and making his way into a hall, found a horse sitting at a table richly supplied. The courteous animal treats him with the utmost respect, and the starving hero makes a hearty supper. The horse then prevails on him to get on his back, and carries him into a splendid chamber where Ogier sleeps that night. The name of this horse is Papillon, "*lequel estoit luiton, et avoit este ung grant prince; mais le roi Artus le conquist, si fust condampne a estre trois cens ans cheval sans parler ung tout seul mot; mais apres les trois cens ans, il devoit avoir la couronne de joye de laquelle ils usoient en faerie*."

Next morning he cannot find Papillon, but on opening a door he meets a huge serpent, whom he also slays, and follows a little path which leads him into an orchard, "*tant bel et tant plaisant, que cestoit ung petit paradis a veoir*." He plucks an apple from one of the trees and eats it, but is immediately affected by such violent sickness as to be put in fear of speedy death. He prepares himself for his fate, regretting "*le bon pays de*

* Who was a Luiton, and had been a great prince; but king Arthur conquered him, so he was condemned to be three hundred years a horse without speaking one single word, but after the three hundred years he was to have the crown of joy which they wore in Faerie.





But Avalon was still on earth, and therefore its bliss was not unmixed. One day Arthur took Ogier aside and informed him that Capalus, king of the Luitons, incessantly attacked the castle of Faerie with design to eject king Arthur from its dominion, and was accustomed to penetrate to the basse court, calling on Arthur to come out and engage him. Ogier asked permission to encounter this formidable personage, which Arthur willingly granted. No sooner, however, did Capalus see Ogier than he surrendered to him; and the knight had the satisfaction of leading him into the castle, and reconciling him to its inhabitants.

Two hundred years passed away in these delights, and seemed to Ogier but twenty: Charlemagne and all his lineage had failed, and even the race of Ogier was extinct, when the Paynims invaded France and Italy in vast numbers; and Morgue no longer thought herself justified in withholding Ogier from the defence of the faith. Accordingly, she one day took the Lethæan crown off his head; immediately all his old ideas rushed on his mind, and inflamed him with an

that there is no creature in this world who could imagine or think it, for to hear them sing so sweetly it seemed to him actually that he was in Paradise; so the time passed from day to day, from week to week, in such sort that a year did not last a month to him.

ardent desire to revisit his country. The Fairy gave him a brand which was to be preserved from burning, for so long as it was unconsumed, so long should his life extend. She adds to her gift the horse Papillon and his comrade Benoist. "Et quand ils furent tous deux montes, toutes les dames du chateau vindrent a la departie dogier, par le commandement du roi Artus et de Morgue la fae, et sonnerent une aubade dinstrumens, la plus melodieuse chose a ouir que on entendit jamais; puis, l'aubade achevee, chanterent de gorge si melodieusement que cestoit une chose si melodieuse que il sembloit proprement a Ogier quil estoit en Paradis. De rechief, cela fini, ils chanterent avecques les instrumens par si douce concordance quil sembloit mieulx chose divine que humaine *." The knight then took leave of all, and a cloud, enveloping him and his companion, raised them, and set them down by a fair fountain

* And when they were both mounted, all the ladies of the castle came to take leave of Ogier by the command of king Arthur and of Morgue la faye, and they sounded an aubade of instruments, the most melodious thing to hear that ever was listened to; then, when the aubade was finished, they sung with the voice so melodiously, that it was a thing so melodious that it seemed actually to Ogier that he was in Paradise. Again, when that was over, they sung with the instruments in such sweet concordance that it seemed rather to be a thing divine than mortal.

There came to me two fair knightes
 Well aray'd at alle rightes,
 And bade me come without letting
 To speake with their lord the king ;
 And I answer'd with wordes bolde
 That I ne durste ne I nolde :
 Fast again they can (*gan*) drive,
 Then came their king all so blive
 With a thousand knights and mo,
 And with ladies fifty also,
 And riden all on snow-white steedes,
 And also white were their weedes.
 I sey (*saw*) never sith I was borne
 So fair knightes me by forme.
 The king had a crown on his head,
 It was not silver ne gold red ;
 All it was of precious stone,
 As bright as sun forsooth it shone.
 All so soon he to me came,
 Wold I, nold I he me name (*took*),
 And made me with him ride
 On a white palfrey by his side,
 And brought me in to his palis,
 Right well ydight over all I wis.
 He shewed me castels and toures,
 Meadows, rivers, fields and flowres,
 And his forests everiche one,
 And sith he brought me again home.

The fairy-king orders her, under a dreadful
 penalty, to await him next morning under the
 ymp tree. Her husband and ten hundred knights
 stand in arms round the tree to protect her,

And yet amiddees them full right
 The quene was away y-twight (*snatched*) ;

With Faery forth y-nome (*taken*);
Men wist never where she was become.

Orfeo in despair abandons his throne and retires to the wilderness, where he solaces himself with his harp, charming with its melody the wild beasts, the inhabitants of the spot. Often while here,

He might see him besides
Oft in hot undertides
The king of Faery with his rout
Come to hunt him all about,
With dim cry and blowing,
And houndes also with him barking.
Ae (*yet*) no beaste they no nome,
Ne never he nist whither they be come ;
And other while he might them see
As a great host by him te (*march* *).
Well stournd ten hundred knights
Each y-armed to his rights,
Of countenance stout and fierce,
With many displayed banners,
And each his sword y-drawe hold
Ae never he nist whither they wold,
And otherwhile he seigh (*saw*) other thing
Knights and levedis (*ladies*) come dauncing
In quaint attire guisely,
Quiet pace and softly.
Tabours and trumpe gede (*went*) him by,
And all manere minstacy,

* Mr. Ritson takes no notice of this word in his glossary. The meaning is that given above. It is the Anglo-Saxon *teon*, and is akin to the German *sichen*.

And on a day he seigh him beside
 Sixty levedis on horse ride,
 Gentil and jolif as brid on ris (*bird on branch*),
 Nought o man amonges hem ther nis,
 And each a faucoun on hond bare,
 And riden on hauken by o river.
 Of game they found well good haunt,
 Mallardes, heron, and corneraunt.
 The fowles of the water ariseth,
 Each faucoun them well deviseth,
 Each faucoun his prey slough * (*slew*).

Among the ladies he recognizes his lost queen,
 and he determines to follow them, and attempt
 her rescue.

In at a roche (*rock*) the levedis rideth,
 And he after and nought abideth,
 When he was in the roche y-go
 Well three mile other (*or*) mo,
 He came into a fair countray
 As bright soonne summers day,
 Smooth and plain and alle grene,
 Hill ne dale nas none y-seen.
 Amiddle the lond a castel he seigh,
 Rich and real and wonder high.
 Alle the utmoste wall
 Was clear and shine of cristal.

* Beattie probably knew nothing of Orfeo and Heurodis, and the Fairy Vision in the "Minstrel" (a dream that would never have occurred to any minstrel) was derived from the Flower and the Leaf, Dryden's, not Chaucer's, for the personages in the latter are not called Fairies. In neither are they Elves.

An hundred towers there were about,
 Deguiselich and batailled stout.
 The buttras come out of the ditch,
 Of rede gold y-arched rich.
 The bonsour was anowed all
 Of each manere diverse animal.
 Within there were wide wones
 All of precloous stones.
 The worst pillar to behold
 Was all of burnished gold.
 All that lond was ever light,
 For when it should be therk (*dark*) and night,
 The riche stones light gonne (*yield* *)
 Bright as doth at nonne the sonne,
 No man may tell ne think in thought
 The riche work that there was wrought.

Orfeo makes his way into this palace, and so charms the king with his minstrelsy, that he gives him back his wife. They return to Winchester, and there reign, in peace and happiness.

Another instance of this kind of Feerie may be seen in Thomas the Rymer, but, restricted by our limits, we must omit it, and pass to the last kind.

Sir Thopas was written to ridicule the romancers ; its incidents must therefore accord with theirs, and the Feerie in it in fact resembles those in Huon de Bordeaux. It has the farther merit of having suggested incidents to Spenser, and per-

* Gönner, Germ.

haps of having given the idea of a queen regnante of Fairy Land. Sir Thopas is chaste as Graelent.

Full many a maide bright in bour
They mourned for him *par amour* ;
Whan hem were bet to slepe ;
But he was chaste and no lechour,
And sweet as is the bramble flour
That bereth the red hepe.

He was therefore a suitable object for the love of a gentle elf-queen. So Sir Thopas one day "picketh through a faire forest" till he is weary, and he then lies down to sleep on the grass, where he dreams of an elf-queen, and awakes, declaring

An elf-queen wol I love, ywis.

All other women I forsake,
And to an elf-queen I me take
By dale and eke by down.

He determines to set out in quest of her.

Into his sadel he clombe anon,
And pricked over style and stone,
An elf-queene for to espie ;
Till he so long had ridden and gone,
That he found in a privee wone
The countree of Faerie,*

* The "countree of Faerie," situated in a "privee wone," plainly accords rather with the Feeries of Huon de Bordeaux than with Avalon; or the region into which Dame Heurodis was taken.



SPENSER'S FAERIE QUEENE.

DURING the sixteenth century the study of classical literature, which opened a new field to imagination, and gave it a new impulse, was eagerly and vigorously pursued. A classic ardour was widely and extensively diffused. The compositions of that age incessantly imitate and allude to the beauties and incidents of the writings of ancient Greece and Rome.

Yet amid this diffusion of classic taste and knowledge, romance had by no means lost its influence. The black letter pages of *Lancelot du Lac*, *Perceforest*, *Mort d'Arthur*, &c. were still listened to with solemn attention, when on winter evenings the family of the good old knight or baron "crowded round the ample fire" to hear them made vocal, and probably no small degree of credence was given to the wonders they recorded. The passion for allegory, too, remained unabated. Fine moral webs were woven from the fragile threads of

but the only other, that of Arthegal, is a precisely parallel one.

He wonneth in the land of Fayëree,
 Yet is no Fary born, ne aib at all
 To Elfes, but sprung of seed terrestriall,
 And whylome by false Faries stolne away,
 Whyles yet in infant cradle he did crall:
 Ne other to himself is knowne this day,
 But that he by an Elfe was gotten of a Fay.

B. III. c. iii. st. 26.

Sir Walter has been duly animadverted on for this dangerous error by the erudite Mr. Todd. It would be as little becoming as politic in us, treading, as we do, on ground where error ever hovers around us, to make any remark. Freedom from misconception and mistake unfortunately forms no privilege of our nature.

We must here observe, that Spenser was extremely injudicious in his selection of the circumstances by which he endeavoured to confound the two classes of Fairies. It was quite incongruous to style the progeny of the subjects of Gloriane a "base elfin brood," or themselves "false Fairies," especially when we recollect that such a being as Belphebe, whose

whole creation did her shew
 Pure and unspotted from all loathly crime,
 That is ingenerate in fleshly slime,
 was born of a Fairie.

Our poet seems to have forgotten himself also in the Legend of Sir Calidore, for though the knight is a Faerie himself, and though such we are to suppose were all the native inhabitants of Faerie-land, yet to the "gentle flood" that tumbled down from Mount Acidale,

ne mote the ruder clown
Thereto approach ne filth mote therein drown ;
But Nymphs and Faeries on the banks did sit
In the woods shade which did the waters crown.

B. vi. c. x. st. 7.

And a little farther, when Calidone gazes on the "hundred naked maidens lily white," that danced around the Graces, he wist not

Whether it were the train of beauty's queen,
Or Nymphs or Faeries, or enchanted show,
With which his eyes mote have deluded been.

St. 17.

The popular Elves, who dance their circlets on the green, were evidently here in Spenser's mind*.

It is now, we think, if not certain, at least highly probable, that the Fairy-land and the Fairies of Spenser are those of romance, to

* These Fairies thus coupled with Nymphs remind us of the Fairies of the old translators. Spenser, in the Shepherd's Calendar, however, had united them before, as

Nor elvish ghosts nor ghastly owls do flee,
But friendly *Faeries* met with many graces,
And light-foot *Nymphs*.

Æg. 6.

which the term Fairy properly belongs, and that it is without just reason that the title of his poem has been styled a *misnomer* *. After the appearance of his Faerie Queene, all distinction between the different species was rapidly lost, and Fairies became the established name of the popular Elves.

Here then we shall take our leave of the potent ladies of romance, and join the Elves of the popular creed, tracing their descent from the Duergar of northern mythology, till we meet them enlivening the cottage fireside with the tales of their pranks and gambols.

* "Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, which is one of the grossest misnomers in romance or history, bears no features of the Fairy nation."—Gifford, note on B. Jonson, vol. 2, p. 202.



THE
FAIRY MYTHOLOGY.
EDDAS AND SAGAS.



Far vel, dotter,
Fliott giuf eg thiær
Tolf manna fior,
Ef thu trua nædir.

HERVARAR SAGA.

Farewell, daughter,
Fleetly give I thee
Twelve men's lives
If thou wilt it trow.

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EDDAS AND SAGAS.

THE ancient religion of Scandinavia, and probably of the whole Gothic race, consisted, like all other systems devised by man, in personifications of the various powers of nature and faculties of mind. Of this system in its fulness and perfection we possess no record. It is only from the poems of the elder or poetic Edda*, from the later or prose Edda and the various Sagas or histories written in the Icelandic language†, that we can obtain any knowledge of it.

The poetic or Sæmund's Edda was, as is generally believed, collected about the end of the eleventh or beginning of the twelfth century by an Icelander named Sæmund, and styled *Hinnns Fróða*, or The Wise. It consists of a number of mythological and historical songs, the production of the ancient

* Edda signifies grandmother. Some regard it as the feminine of *oðr*, or *odr*, wisdom.

† This language is so called because still spoken in Iceland. Its proper name is the *Norræna Tunga* (northern tongue). It was the common language of the whole North.

Scalds or poets, all, or the greater part, composed before the introduction of christianity into the north. The measure of these venerable songs is alliterative rime*, and they present not unfrequently poetic beauties of a high and striking character.

The prose Edda was long supposed to have been compiled in the thirteenth century by Snorro Sturleson, the celebrated historian of Norway, but the acute criticism of the present day assigns it a later date and a different author†. It is a history of the gods and their actions formed from the songs of the poetic Edda, and from other ancient poems, several stanzas of which are incorporated in it. Besides the preface and conclusion, it con-

* We hope the reader will pardon our neography. Rime is a genuine Teutonic word, not one of those which *Græco fonte cadunt parce detorta*. We deny not its affinity to *ῥυθμός*, rhythm, for the Greek and the Teutonic are sister dialects, but that is not derivation: *Πῦρ* and fire are the same word, but the latter is not on that account to be spelt with *y*. The proper meaning of Rime is agreement, correspondence in general, hence the phrase *without rime or reason*. It would be worth while to make a collection of such English words as by their mode of being spelt lead to a wrong derivation; such as sovereign, spright, &c. Indeed our orthography is confusion itself.

† It is now well known not to have been the work of Snorro, or composed till the fourteenth century. See Müller *Ueber die Echtheit der Asalehre*. Copenh. 1811.

sists of two principal parts, the Gylfa-ginning (Gylfa's Deception), and the Braga-rædur (Braga's Narrative), each divided into several Dæmi-sagas or Illustrative Stories*.

The Gylfa-ginning narrates that Gylfa king of Sweden, struck with the wisdom and power of the Æser†, as Odin and his followers were called, journeyed in the likeness of an old man, and under the assumed name of Ganglar, to Asgard their chief residence, to inquire into and fathom their wisdom. Aware of his design, the Æser by their magic art caused to arise before him a lofty and splendid palace, roofed with golden shields. At the gate he found a man who was throwing up and catching swords, seven of which were in the air at one time. This man inquires the name of the stranger, whom he leads into the palace where

* It was first published by Resenius in 1654.

† By the Æser are understood the Asiatics, who with Odin brought their arts and religion into Scandinavia. This derivation of the word, however, is rather dubious. The population and religion of Scandinavia undoubtedly came originally from Asia, but probably long before the time of Mithridates. There seems to be no reason whatever for putting any faith in the legend of Odin. It is not unlikely that the tradition of their original seats, and the name of their gods, Æser, gave birth to the whole theory. It is remarkable that the ancient Etrurians also should have called the gods Æsar. This, combined with other proofs, testifies strongly for the northern origin of that singular people.

Ganglar sees a number of people drinking and playing, and three thrones, each set higher than the other. On the thrones sat Har (High), Jafnar (Equal-high), and Thridi (Third). Ganglar asks if there is any one there wise and learned. Har replies that he will not depart in safety if he knows more than they*. Ganglar then commences his interrogations, which embrace a variety of recondite subjects, and extend from the creation to the end of all things. To each he receives a satisfactory reply. At the last reply Ganglar hears a loud rush and noise: the magic illusion suddenly vanishes, and he finds himself alone on an extensive plain.

The Braga-rædur is the discourse of Braga to a man named Ægir at the banquet of the gods. This part contains many tales of gods and heroes old, whose adventures had been sung by Skalds, of high renown and lofty genius.

Though both the Eddas were compiled by christians, there appears to be very little reason for suspecting the compilers of having falsified or interpolated the mythology of their forefathers†. Sæmund's Edda may be regarded as an Anthology

* So the Jotunn or Giant Vafthrudnir to Odin in the Vafthrudnismal. Strophe vii.

† Vide Müller, *ut supra*, where the genuineness of the mythology of the prose Edda is fully proved.

of ancient Scandinavian poetry; and the authors of the prose Edda (who it is plain did not understand the true meaning of the tales they related) wrote it as a northern Pantheon and Gradus ad Parnasum, to supply poets with incidents, ornaments, and epithets. Fortunately they did so, or impenetrable darkness had involved the ancient religion of the Gothic stock!

Besides the Eddas, much information is to be derived from the various Sagas or northern histories. These Sagas, at times transmitting true historical events, at other times containing the wildest fictions of romance, preserve much valuable mythic lore, and the Ynglinga, Volsunga, Hervarar, and other Sagas, will furnish many important traits of northern mythology*.

It is not intended here to attempt sounding the depths of Eddaic mythology, a subject so obscure, and concerning which so many and various opinions occur in the works of those who have occupied themselves with it. Suffice it to observe that it goes back to the most remote ages, and that two essential parts of it are the Alfar (Alfs or Elves) and the Duergar (Dwarfs), two classes of beings whose names continue to the present day in all the languages of the nations descended from the Gothic race.

* A new and complete edition in 8vo. of the Icelandic Sagas is now coming out at Copenhagen.

"Our heathen forefathers," says Thorlacius*, "believed, like the Pythagoreans, and the farther back in antiquity the more firmly, that the whole world was filled with spirits of various kinds, to whom they ascribed in general the same nature and properties as the Greeks did to their Dæmons. These were divided into the Celestial and the Terrestrial, from their places of abode. The former were, according to the ideas of those times, of a good and elevated nature, and of a friendly disposition towards men, whence they also received the name of White or Light Alfs or Spirits. The latter, on the contrary, who were classified after their abodes in air, sea, and earth, were not regarded in so favourable a light. It was believed that they, particularly the *land ones*, the *δαίμονες ἐπιχθόνιοι* of the Greeks, constantly and on all occasions sought to torment or injure mankind, and that they had their dwelling partly on the earth in great and thick woods, whence came the name Skovtrolde† (Wood-Trolde), or in other desert and

* Thorlacius Noget om Thor og hans Hammer, in the Skandinaviask Museum for 1803.

† Thorlacius, *ut supra*, says the thundering Thor was regarded as particularly inimical to the Skovtrolde, against whom he continually employed his mighty weapon. He thinks the *Bidental* of the Romans, and the rites connected with it, seem to suppose a similar superstition, and that in the well known passage of Horace,

lonely places, partly in and under the ground, or in rocks and hills; these last were called Bjerg-Trolde (Hill Trols): to the first, on account of their different nature, was given the name of Dverge (Dwarfs), and Alve, whence the word Ellefolk, which is still in the Danish language. These Dæmons, particularly the underground ones, were called Svartalfar, that is, Black Spirits, and inasmuch as they did mischief, Trolls."

This very nearly coincides with what is to be found in the Edda, except that there would appear to be some foundation for a distinction between the Dwarfs and the Black Alfs*.

Tu parum castis inimica mittes
Fulmina lucis,

the words *parum castis lucis* may mean groves or parts of woods, the haunt of unclean spirits or Skovtrolde, *satyri lascivi et salaces*. The word *Trolde* will be explained below.

* The Black Alfs were probably different from the Dvergar, yet the language of the prose Edda is in some places such as to lead to a confusion of them. The following passage, however, seems to be decisive :

Náir Dvergar
Ok Döck-Alfar.
Hrafn-Galdr Othína, xxiv. 7.
Near Dwarfs
And Black-Alfs.

Yet the Scandinavian literati appear unanimous in regarding them as the same.

THE ALFAR.

Ther ro meth Alfum.

Brynhildar Quida.

Those are with the Alfs.

GANGLAR inquires what other cities besides that in which the Nornir dwelt were by the Urdar fount, under the Ash Yggdrasil*. Har replies,

“ There are many fair cities there. There is the city which is called Alf-heim, where dwelleth the people that is called Liosalfar (*Light-Alfs*). But the Döckalfar (*Dark Alfs*) dwell below under the ground, and are unlike them in appearance, and still more unlike in actions. The Liosalfar are whiter than the sun in appearance, but the Döckalfar are blacker than pitch.” “ The Liosalfar,” says Mone, “ dwell in the third heaven, the ether, and are therefore naturally brighter than the sun, which was regarded as being placed in the atmosphere†.”

* The ash-tree, Yggdrasil, is the symbol of the universe, the Urdar-fount is the fount of light and heat, which invigorates and sustains it.

† Mone, Continuation of Creuser's Symbolik, vol. i. p. 366.

Closely connected with the Alfar are the Nornir*, the Parcæ, or Destinies of Scandinavian mythology.

"Many fair cities are there in heaven," says Har, "and the divine protection is over all. There standeth a city under the ash near the spring, and out of its halls came three maids, who are thus named, Udr, Verthandi, Skulld (*Past, Present, Future*). These maids shape the life of man. We call them Nornir. But there are many Nornir: those who come to each child that is born to shape its life are of the race of the gods; but others are of the race of the Alfs; and the third of the race of Dwarfs. As is here expressed,

Sundry children deem I
The Nornir to be—the same
Race they have not.
Some are of Æser-kin,
Some are of Alf-kin,
Some are the daughters of Dualin."

"Then," said Ganglar, "if the Nornir direct the future destiny of men, they shape it very unequally. Some have a good life and rich, but

* Dr. Drake (Shakspeare and his Times, vol. ii. p. 308) says that "under the name Nornir the ancient Goths included two species of preternatural beings of a *diminutive size*, the Godar Nornir, or beneficent Elves, and the Illar Nornir, or malignant Elves." He surely did not learn from the Edda that the Nornir were *diminutive* beings.

some have little wealth and praise, some long life, some short." "The good Nornir, and well descended," says Har, "shape a good life, but as to those men who meet with misfortune, it is caused by the malignant Nornir."

These Nornir bear a remarkable resemblance to the classical Parcae and to the Fairies of romance. They are all alike represented as assisting at the birth of eminent personages, as bestowing gifts either good or evil, and as foretelling the future fortune of the being that has just entered on existence *. This attribute of the Fairies may have been derived from either the north or the south, but certainly these did not borrow from each other.

Of the origin of the word Alf nothing satisfactory is to be found. Some think it is akin to the Latin *albus*, white; others to *alpes*, Alps mountains. There is supposed to be some mysterious connexion between it and the word Elf or Elv, signifying water in the northern languages; an analogy which has been thought to correspond

* Like the Parcae, the Nornir span the threads of life. At the birth of Helgi, says the Edda, the Nornir came by night, appointed him his term of life, bound strongly the threads of fate; they extended golden threads beneath the moon's-hall (sky), concealed the ends of them in the east and the west, and fastened one thread in the north, by which Helgi should always hold.

with that between the Latin *Nympha* and *Lympha*. Both relations are perhaps rather fanciful than just. Of the derivation of *Alf*, as just observed, we know nothing certain *, and the original meaning of *Nympha* would appear to be a new-married woman †, and thence a marriageable young woman; and it was applied to the supposed inhabitants of the mountains, seas, and streams, on the same principle that the northern nations gave them the appellation of men and women, that is, from their imagined resemblance to the human form.

Whatever its origin, the word *Alf* has continued till the present day in all the Teutonic languages. The Danes and Swedes have their *Ellen* or *Elven* Dan, and *Elfror* Swed (*Elvus*), and the words *Elf-dans* and *Elf-blæst*, together with *Olof* and other proper names, are derived from it. The Germans call the nightmare *Alp*; and in their old poems we meet *Elben* and *Elbinnen*, male and female *Elves*, and *Elbisch* frequently occurs in them in the bad sense of the “*Elvish*” of Chaucer

* The analogy of *Deev*, and other words of like import, might lead to the supposition of Spirit being the primary meaning of *Alf*.

† It is probably derived from an obsolete verb *νύβω*, the Latin *nubo* signifying to veil or cover; hence *nubes*, clouds. In Homer (Il. iii. 130) Iris says to Helen

Διὸς ἱστὶ, νύμφα φίλη.

and our old romancers, and a number of proper names, such as Alprecht, Alpine, Alpwin *, &c. were formed from it; undoubtedly before it got its present ill sense †. In the Anglo-Saxon, *Ælf*, with its feminine and plural, frequently occurs. The *Orcades*, *Naiades*, and *Hamodryades* of the Greeks and Romans are rendered in an Anglo-Saxon Glossary by *Wunt-ælfenne*, *ƿæ-ælfenne*, and *ƿelb-ælfenne* ‡. *Ælf* is a component part of the proper names *Ælfred* and *Ælfric*; and the author of the poem of *Judith* says that his heroine was *Ælf-ƿcine* (*Elf-sheen*), bright as an *Elf* §. But of the character and acts of the *Elfs* no traditions have been preserved in Anglo-Saxon literature. In the English language, *Elf*, *Elves*, and their derivatives, are to be found in every period, from its first formation down to this present time.

* After the introduction of christianity, *Engel*, angel, was employed for *Alp* in most proper names, as *Engelrich*, *Engelhart*, &c.

† See Grimm's learned Introduction to his translation of the Irish "Fairy Legends," with which we would have gladly adorned this work, were it not that, to be fully understood, it supposes a degree of knowledge on Fairy matters, such as we cannot anticipate in our readers.

‡ It is supposed, with a good deal of probability, that these are compounds formed to render the Greek ones, and are not expressive of a belief in analogous classes of spirits.

§ This instance may be added to those given in p. 32.

THE DUERGAR.

By ek far jörð nethan
A ek, undir steini, stath.

ALVIS-MAL.

I dwell the earth beneath
I possess, under the stone, my seat.

THESE diminutive beings, dwelling in rocks and hills, and distinguished for their skill in metallurgy, seem to be peculiar to the Gothic mythology*. Perhaps the most probable account of them is, that they are personifications of the subterraneous powers of nature; for it may be again observed, that all the parts of every ancient mythology are but personified powers, attributes, and moral qualities. The Edda thus describes their origin:

“Then the gods sat on their seats, and held a council, and called to mind how the Duergar had become animated in the clay below in the earth, like maggots in flesh. The Duergar had been

* Some think they were originally a part of the Finnish mythology, and were adopted into the Gothic system. See Mone.

first created, and had taken life in Ymir's* flesh, and were maggots in it, and by the will of the gods they became partakers of human knowledge, and had the likeness of men, and yet they abode in the ground and in stones. Modsogner was the first of them, and then Dyrin."

The Duergar are described as being of low stature, with short legs and long arms, reaching almost down to the ground when they stand erect †. They are skilful and expert workmen in gold, silver, iron, and the other metals. They form many wonderful and extraordinary things for the Æser, and for mortal heroes, and the arms and armour that come from their forges are not to be paralleled. Yet the gift must be spontaneously bestowed, for misfortune attends those extorted from them by violence ‡.

In illustration of their character we bring forward the following narratives from the Edda and Sagas. The homely garb in which they are ha-

* The giant Ymir is a personification of Chaos, the undigested primal matter. The sons of Börr (other personifications) slew him. Out of him they formed the world; his blood made the sea, his flesh the land, his bones the mountains; rocks and cliffs were his teeth, jaws, and broken pieces of bones; his skull formed the heavens.

† Gudmund Andreas in notis ad Völuspá.

‡ That they are not insensible to kindness one of the succeeding tales will show.

bited will not, it is hoped, be displeasing to readers of taste. We give as exact a copy as we are able of the originals in all their rudeness. The tales are old, their date unknown, and therefore demand respect. Yet it is difficult to suppress a smile at finding such familiar, nay almost vulgar terms* applied to the great supernal powers of nature, as occur in the following tale from the Edda.

LOKI AND THE DWARF.

LOKI, the son of Laufear, had out of mischief cut off all the hair of Siff. When Thor found this out he seized Loki, and would have broken every bone in his body, only that he swore to get the Suartalfar to make for Siff hair of gold, which would grow like any other hair.

Loki then went to the Dwarfs that are called the sons of Ivallda. They first made the hair, which as soon as it was put on the head grew like

* The habitual reader of the northern and German writers, or even our old English ones, will observe with surprise his gradually diminished contempt for many expressions now become vulgar. He will find himself imperceptibly falling into the habit of regarding them in the light of their pristine dignity.

natural hair; then the ship *Skidbladni**, which always had the wind with it, wherever it would sail; and, thirdly, the spear *Gugner*, which always hit in battle.

Then *Loki* laid his head against the Dwarf *Brock*, that his brother *Eitri* could not forge three such valuable things as these were. They went to the forge; *Eitri* set the swine-skin (bellows) to the fire, and bid his brother *Brock* to blow, and not to quit the fire till he should have taken out the things he had put into it.

And when he was gone out of the forge, and that *Brock* was blowing, there came a fly and settled upon his hand, and bit him; but he blew without stopping till the smith took the work out of the fire; and it was a boar, and its bristles were of gold.

He then put gold into the fire, and bid him not to stop blowing till he came back. He went away, and then the fly came and settled on his neck, and bit him more severely than before; but he blew on till the smith came back and took out of the fire the gold-ring which is called *Drupner*†.

* *Skidbladni*, like *Pari Banou's* tent, could expand and contract as required. It would carry all the *Æser* and their arms, and when not in use it could be taken asunder and put into a purse. "A good ship," says *Ganglar*, "is *Skidbladni*, but great art must have been employed in making it."

† i. e. The *Dripper*.

Then he put iron into the fire, and bid him blow, and said that if he stopped blowing all the work would be lost. The fly now settled between his eyes, and bit so hard that the blood ran into his eyes, so that he could not see; so when the bellows were down he caught at the fly in all haste, and tore off its wings; but then came the smith, and said that all that was in the fire had nearly been spoiled. He then took out of the fire the hammer *Miölner**, gave all the things to his brother Brock, and bade him go with them to Asgard and settle the wager.

Loki also produced his jewels, and they took Odin, Thor, and Frey, for judges. Then Loki gave to Odin the spear *Gugner*, and to Thor the hair that *Siff* was to have, and to Frey *Skidbladni*, and told their virtues as they have been already related. Brock took out his jewels, and gave to Odin the ring, and said that every ninth night there would drop from it eight other rings as valuable as itself. To Frey he gave the boar, and said that he would run through air and water, by night and by day, better than any horse, and that never was there night so dark that the way by which he went would not be light from

* i. e. The *Bruiser* or *Crusher*, from *Myla*, to bruise or crush. Little the Fancy know of the high connexions of their phrase *Müll*.

his hide. He gave the hammer to Thor, and said that it would never fail to hit a Troll, and that at whatever he threw it it would never miss it; and that he could never fling it so far that it would not of itself return to his hand; and when he chose it would become so small that he might put it into his pocket. But the fault of the hammer was that its handle was too short.

Their judgment was, that the hammer was the best, and that the Dwarf had won the wager. Then Loki prayed hard not to lose his head, but the Dwarf said that could not be. "Catch me then," said Loki; and when he went to catch him he was far away, for Loki had shoes with which he could run through air and water. Then the Dwarf prayed Thor to catch him, and Thor did so. The Dwarf now went to cut off his head, but Loki said he was to have the head only, and not the neck. Then the Dwarf took a knife and a thong, and went to sew up his mouth; but the knife was bad, so the Dwarf wished that his brother's awl were there; and as soon as he wished it it was there, and he sewed his lips together*.

Northern mythologists thus explain this very ancient fable. Siff is the earth, and the wife of

* Edda Resen Dæmisaga, 59.

Thor, the heaven or atmosphere ; her hair is the trees, bushes, and plants, that adorn the surface of the earth. Loki is the Fire-God, that delights in mischief, *bene servit, male imperat*. When by immoderate heat he has burned off the hair of Siff, her husband compels him so by temperate heat to warm the moisture of the earth, that its former products may spring up more beautiful than ever. The boar is given to Freyr, to whom and his sister Freya, as the gods of animal and vegetable fecundity, the northern people offered that animal, as the Italian people did, to the earth. Loki's bringing the gifts from the under-ground people seems to indicate a belief that metals were prepared by subterranean fire, and perhaps the forging of Thor's hammer, the mythic emblem of thunder, by a terrestrial demon, on a subterranean anvil, may suggest that the natural cause of thunder is to be sought in the earth.

THORSTON AND THE DWARF.

WHEN spring came, Thorston made ready his ship, and put twenty-four men on board of her. When they came to Vinland, they ran her into a

harbour, and every day he went on shore to amuse himself.

He came one day to an open part of the wood, where he saw a great rock, and out a little piece from it a Dwarf, who was horridly ugly, and was looking up over his head with his mouth wide open; and it appeared to Thorston that it ran from ear to ear, and that the lower jaw came down to his knees. Thorston asked him why he was acting so foolishly. "Do not be surprised, my good lad," replied the Dwarf; "do you not see that great dragon that is flying up there? He has taken off my son, and I believe that it is Odin himself that has sent the monster to do it. But I shall burst and die if I lose my son." Then Thorston shot at the dragon, and hit him under one of the wings, so that he fell dead to the earth; but Thorston caught the Dwarf's child in the air, and brought him to his father.

The Dwarf was exceeding glad, and was more rejoiced than any one could tell; and he said, "A great benefit have I to reward you for, who are the deliverer of my son; and now choose your recompense in gold and silver." "Cure your son," said Thorston, "but I am not used to take rewards for my services." "It were not becoming," said the Dwarf, "if I did not reward you; and let not my shirt of sheeps-wool, which I will give you,

appear a contemptible gift, for you will never be tired when swimming, or get a wound, if you wear it next your skin."

Thorston took the shirt and put it on, and it fitted him well, though it had appeared too short for the Dwarf. The Dwarf now took a gold ring out of his purse and gave it to Thorston, and bid him to take good care of it, telling him that he never should want for money while he kept that ring. He next took a black stone and gave it to Thorston, and said, "If you hide this stone in the palm of your hand no one will see you. I have not many more things to offer you, or that would be of any value to you; I will, however, give you a fire-stone for your amusement."

He then took the stone out of his purse, and with it a steel point. The stone was triangular, white on one side and red on the other, and a yellow border ran round it. The Dwarf then said, "If you prick the stone with the point in the white side, there will come on such a hail-storm that no one will be able to look at it; but if you want to stop this shower, you have only to prick on the yellow part, and there will come so much sunshine that the whole will melt away. But if you should like to prick the red side, then there will come out of it such fire, with sparks and crackling, that no one will be able to look at

it. You may also get whatever you will by means of this point and stone, and they will come of themselves back to your hand when you call them. I can now give you no more such gifts."

Thorston then thanked the Dwarf for his presents, and returned to his men, and it was better for him to have made this voyage than to have stayed at home*.

THE DWARF-SWORD TIRFING.

SUAFORLAMI, the second in descent from Odin, was king over Gardarike (Russia). One day he rode a hunting, and sought long after a hart, but could not find one the whole day. When the sun was setting he found himself immersed so deep in the forest that he knew not where he was. There lay a hill on his right hand, and before it he saw two Dwarfs; he drew his sword against them, and cut off their retreat by getting between them and the rock. They proffered him ransom for their lives, and he asked them then their names, and one of them was called Dyren, and the other Dualin. He knew then that they were the most ingenious and expert of all the Dwarfs, and he therefore im-

* Thorston's Saga, c. 3, in the Kampa Dater.

posed on them that they should forge him a sword, the best that they could form; its hilt should be of gold, and its belt of the same metal. He moreover enjoined, that the sword should never miss a blow, and should never rust; and should cut through iron and stone, as through a garment; and should be always victorious in war and in single combat for him who bare it. These were the conditions on which he gave them their lives.

On the appointed day he returned, and the Dwarfs came forth and delivered him the sword; and when Dualin stood in the door, he said, "This sword shall be the bane of a man every time it is drawn; and with it shall be done three of the greatest atrocities. It shall also be thy bane." Then Suaforlami struck at the Dwarf so that the blade of the sword penetrated into the solid rock. Thus Suaforlami became possessed of this sword, and he called it *Tirfing*, and he bare it in war and in single combat, and he slew with it the Giant *Thiasse*, and took his daughter *Fridur*.

Suaforlami was shortly after slain by the Berserker* *Andgrim*, who then became master of the

* The Berserkers were warriors who used to be inflamed with such rage and fury at the thoughts of combats as to bite their shields, run through fire, swallow burning coals, and perform such mad feats. "Whether the avidity for fighting or the ferocity of their nature," says Saxo, "brought this madness on them, is uncertain."

sword. When the twelve sons of Andgrim were to fight with Hialmar and Oddur for Ingaborg, the beautiful daughter of King Inges, Angantyr bore the dangerous Tírfing, but all the brethren were slain in the combat, and were buried with their arms.

Angantyr left an only daughter, Hervor, who, when she grew up, dressed herself in man's attire, and took the name of Hervardar, and joined a party of Vikinger, or Pirates. Knowing that Tírfing lay buried with her father, she determined to awaken the dead, and obtain the charmed blade; and perhaps nothing in northern poetry equals in interest and sublimity the description of her landing alone in the evening on the island of Sams, where her father and uncles lay in their sepulchral mounds, and at night ascending to the tombs, that were enveloped in flame*, and by force of entreaty obtaining from the reluctant Angantyr the formidable Tírfing.

Hervor proceeded to the court of King Gudmund, and there one day as she was playing at tables with the king, one of the servants chanced to take up

* The northern nations believed that the tombs of their heroes emitted a kind of lambent flame, which was always visible in the night, and served to guard the ashes of the dead; they called it *Haugæ Eldr*, or The Sepulchral Fire. It was supposed more particularly to surround such tombs as contained hidden treasures.

Bartholin, de Contemptu à Dan Morte, p. 275.

and draw Tirfing, which shone like a sunbeam. But Tirfing was never to see the light but for the bane of man, and Hervor, by a sudden impulse, sprang from her seat, snatched the sword and struck off the head of the unfortunate man. Hervor, after this, returned to the house of her grandfather, Jarl Biartmar, where she resumed her female attire, and was married to Hafud, the son of King Gudmund. She bare him two sons, Angantyr and Heidreker; the former of a mild and gentle disposition, the latter violent and fierce. Hafud would not permit Heidreker to remain at his court; and as he was departing, his mother, with other gifts, presented him Tirfing. His brother accompanied him out of the castle. Before they parted Heidreker drew out his sword to look at and admire it; but scarcely did the rays of light fall on the magic blade, when the Berserker rage came on its owner, and he slew his gentle brother.

After this he joined a body of Vikingers, and became so distinguished, that King Harold, for the aid he lent him, gave him his daughter Helga in marriage. But it was the destiny of Tirfing to commit crime, and Harold fell by the hand of his son-in-law. Heidreker was afterwards in Russia, and the son of the king was his foster-son. One day as they were out hunting, Heidreker and his

foster-son happened to be separated from the rest of the party, when a wild boar appeared before them; Heidreker ran at him with his spear, but the beast caught it in his mouth and broke it across. He then alighted and drew Tírfing and killed the boar; but on looking around, he could see no one but his foster-son, and Tírfing could only be appeased with warm human blood, and he slew the unfortunate youth. Finally, King Heidreker was murdered in his bed by his Scottish slaves, who carried off Tírfing; but his son Angantyr, who succeeded him, discovered and put them to death, and recovered the magic blade. In battle against the Huns he afterwards made great slaughter; but among the slain was found his own brother Laudur. And so ends the history of the Dwarf-sword Tírfing*.

Like Alf the word Duerg has retained its place in the Teutonic languages. Dverg † is the term still used in the north; the Germans have Zwerg

* *Hervarar Saga passim*. The Tírfing Saga would be its more proper appellation. In poetic and romantic interest it exceeds all the northern Sagas.

† In Swedish Dverg also signifies a spider.

and we Dwarf*, which, however, is never synonymous with Fairy, as Elf is. Ihre rejects all the etymons proposed for it, such, for example, as that of Gudmund Andræ, *Σέο ἔργον*; and with reason.

Some have thought that by the Dwarfs were to be understood the Finns, the original inhabitants of the country, who were driven to the mountains by the Scandinavians, and who probably excelled the new-comers in the art of working their mines and manufacturing their produce. Thorlacius, on the contrary, thinks that it was Odin and his followers, who came from the country of the Chalybes, that brought the metallurgic arts into Scandinavia.

Perhaps the simplest account of the origin of the Dwarfs is, that when, in the spirit of all ancient religions, the subterranean powers of nature were to be personified, the authors of the system, from observing that people of small stature usually excel in craft and ingenuity, took occasion to represent the beings who formed crystals and puri-

* In the old Swedish metrical history of Alexander, the word *Duerf* occurs. The progress in the English word is as follows: Anglo-Saxon *ƿeopn*; thence *dwerke*;

A maid that is a messingere
And a *dwerke* me brought here,
Her to do socour.

Lybeaus Disconus.

lastly, Dwarf.

fied metals within the bowels of the earth as of diminutive size, which also corresponded better with the power assigned them of slipping through the fissures and interstices of rocks and stones. Similar observations led to the representation of the wild and awful powers of brute nature under the form of huge giants*.

* Our limits, and the nature of our work, do not permit of our dwelling on the subject of northern mythology. We would refer the reader, anxious for information on this interesting subject, to the *Eddalære og dens Oprindelse* of Fin Magnussen, Copenh., 1824—26; a truly valuable work.

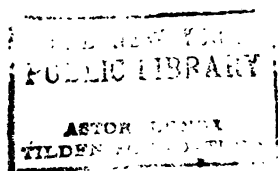


THE
FAIRY MYTHOLOGY.
SCANDINAVIA.



De vare syv og hundrede Trolde,
De vare baade grumme og lede,
De vilde gjøre Bonden et Gjæsterie
Med hannem baade drikke og æde.
ELINE AF VILLENSKOV.

There were seven and a hundred Trolls,
They were both ugly and grim,
They would a visit make the farmer,
Both eat and drink with him.



SCANDINAVIA.

UNDER the name of Scandinavia are included the kingdoms of Sweden, Denmark, and Norway, which once had a common religion and a common language. Their religion is still one, and their languages differ but little; we therefore feel that we may safely treat of their Fairy Mythology together.

Our principal authorities are the collection of Danish popular traditions, published by Mr. Thiele *, the select Danish ballads of Nyerup and Rahbek †, and the Swedish ballads of Geijer and Afzelius ‡. As most of the principal Danish ballads treating of Elves, &c. have been already translated by Dr. Jamieson, we shall not insert them here; but shall, instead, translate the corresponding Swedish ones, which are in general of greater simplicity, and often contain additional

* Danske Folkesagn, 4 vols. 12mo. Copenh. 1818—22.

† Udvalgte Danske Viser fra Middelalderen, 5 vols. 12mo. Copenh. 1812.

‡ Svenska Folk-Visor fran Forntiden, 3 vols. 8vo. Stockholm, 1814—16.

traits of popular belief. As we prefer fidelity to polish, the reader must not be offended at antique modes of expression and imperfect rimes. Our rimes we can, however, safely say shall be at least as perfect as those of our originals.

These ballads, none of which are later than the fifteenth century, are written in a strain of the most artless simplicity, not the slightest attempt at ornament is to be discerned in them; the same ideas and expressions continually recur, and the rimes are the most careless imaginable, often a mere *assonance* in vowels or consonants; sometimes not possessing even that slight similarity of sound. Every Visa or ballad has its single or double Omquæd* or burden, which, like a running accompaniment in music, frequently falls in with the most happy effect; sometimes recalling former

* The reader will find a beautiful instance of a double Omquæd in the Scottish ballad of the Cruel Sister.

There were two sisters sat in a bower,

Rinnörle o Binnörle.

There came a knight to be their wooer

By the bonny mill-dams of Binnörle.

And in the Cruel Brother,

There were three ladies played at the ba',

With a heigh ho and a lily gay;

There came a knight and played o'er them a',

As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

The second and fourth lines are repeated in every stanza.

joys or sorrows; sometimes, by the continual mention of some attribute of one of the seasons, especially the summer, keeping up in the mind of the reader or hearers the forms of external nature.

It is singular to observe the strong resemblance between the Scandinavian ballads and those of England and Scotland, not merely in manner but in subject. The Scottish ballad first mentioned below is an instance; it is to be met in England, in the Feroes, in Denmark, and in Sweden, with very slight differences. Geijer observes, that the two last stanzas of William and Margaret in Percy are nearly word for word the same as the two last in the Swedish ballad of Rosa Lilla*, and in the corresponding Danish one. This might perhaps lead to the supposition of many of these ballads having come down from the time when the connexion was so intimate between this country and Scandinavia.

* These are the Swedish verses:

Det växte upp *Liljor* paa begge deres graf.
Med äran och med dygd—
De växte tilsamman med alla sina blad.
J vinnen väl, J vinnen väl baade *rosor* och *liljor*.

Det växte upp *Rosor* ur baada deras mun.
Med äran och med dygd—
De växte tilsammans i fagreste lund.
J vinnen väl, J vinnen väl baade *rosor* och *liljor*.

We shall divide the Scandinavian objects of popular belief into four classes. 1. The Elves. 2. The Dwarfs, or Trolls, as they are usually called. 3. The Nisses; and 4. The Necks, Mermen and Mermaids*.

* Some readers may wish to know the proper mode of pronouncing such Danish and Swedish words as occur in the following legends. For their satisfaction we give the following information. J is pronounced as our *y*; when it comes between a consonant and a vowel, it is very short, like the *y* that is expressed, but not written, in many English words after *c* and *g*: thus *kjer* is pronounced very nearly as *care*: *ö* sounds like the German *ö*, or French *eu*: *d* after another consonant is rarely sounded, *Trold* is pronounced *Troll*: *aa*, which the Swedes write *a*, with a circlet over it, as *o* in *more*, *tore*. *Aarhuus* is pronounced *Ore-hoos*.

ELVES.

Säg, kennar du Elfvornas glada alägt?
De bygga ved flodernas rand;
De spinna af maansken sin högtidsdrägt,
Med liljehvit spelande hand.

STAGNELIL.

Say, knowest thou the Elves' joyous race?
The banks of streams are their home;
They spin of the moonshine their holiday-dress,
With their lily-white hands frolicsome.

THE Alfar still live in the memory and traditions of the peasantry of Scandinavia. They also to a certain extent retain their distinction into White and Black. The former, or the Good Elves, dwell in the air, dance on the grass, or sit in the leaves of trees; the latter, or Evil Elves, are regarded as an underground people, who frequently inflict sickness or injury on mankind; for which there is a particular kind of doctors called Kloka*, to be met in all parts of the country.

The Elves are believed to have their kings, to

* That is, Wise People or Conjurors. They answer to the Fairy-women of Ireland.

celebrate their weddings and banquets, just the same as the dwellers above ground. There is an interesting intermediate class of them in popular tradition called the Hill-people (Högfolk), who are believed to dwell in caves and small hills: when they show themselves they have a handsome human form. The common people seem to connect with them a deep feeling of melancholy, as if bewailing a half-quenched hope of redemption*.

There are only a very few old persons now who can tell anything more about them than of the sweet singing that may occasionally on summer nights be heard out of their hills, when one stands still and listens, or, as it is expressed in the ballads, *lays his ear to the Elve-hill* (lägger sitt öra till Elfvehögg): but no one must be so cruel as, by the slightest word, to destroy their hopes of salvation, for then the spritely music will be turned into weeping and lamentation.

The Norwegians call the Elves Huldrafolk, and their music Huldraslaat: it is in the minor key.

* Afzelius is of opinion that this notion respecting the Hill-people is derived from the time of the introduction of christianity into the north, and expresses the sympathy of the first converts with their forefathers, who had died without a knowledge of the Redeemer, and lay buried in heathen earth, and whose unhappy spirits were doomed to wander about these lower regions, or sigh within their mounds till the great day of redemption.

and of a dull and mournful sound. The mountaineers sometimes play it, and pretend they have learned it by listening to the underground people among the hills and rocks. There is also a tune called the Elf-king's tune, which several of the good fiddlers know right well, but never venture to play, for as soon as it begins, both old and young, and even inanimate objects, are impelled to dance, and the player cannot stop unless he can play the air backwards, or that some one comes behind him and cuts the strings of his fiddle*.

The little underground Elves, who are believed to dwell under the houses of mankind, are described as sportive and mischievous, and as imitating all the actions of men. They are said to love cleanliness about the house and place, and to reward such servants as are neat and cleanly.

There was one time, it is said, a servant girl, who was for her cleanly, tidy habits, greatly beloved by the Elves, particularly as she was careful to carry away all dirt and foul water to a distance from the house, and they once invited her to a wedding. Every thing was conducted in the greatest order, and they made her a present of some chips, which she took good-humouredly and put into her pocket. But when the bride-pair

* Arndt Reise durch Schweden.

was coming there was a straw unluckily lying in the way; the bridegroom got cleverly over it, but the poor bride fell on her face. At the sight of this the girl could not restrain herself, but burst out a laughing, and that instant the whole vanished from her sight. Next day, to her utter amazement, she found that what she had taken to be nothing but chips, were so many pieces of pure gold*.

A dairy-maid at a place called Skibshuset (the Shiphouse), in Odense, was not so fortunate. A colony of Elves had taken up their abode under the floor of the cowhouse, or, it is more likely, were there before it was made a cowhouse. However, the dirt and filth that the cattle made annoyed them beyond measure, and they gave the dairy-maid to understand that if she did not remove the cows, she would have reason to repent it. She gave little heed to their representations; and it was not very long till they set the maid up on top of the hay-rick, and killed all the cows. It is said that they were seen on the same night removing in a great hurry from the cowhouse down to the meadow, and that they went in little coaches; and their king was in the first coach, which was far more stately and magnificent than

* *Svenaka Folk-Visor*, vol. iii. p. 159.

the rest. They have ever since lived in the meadow*.

The Elves are extremely fond of dancing in the meadows, where they form those circles of a livelier green which from them are called Elfdans (Elf-dance): when the country people see in the morning stripes along the dewy grass in the woods and meadows, they say the Elves have been dancing there. If any one should at midnight get within their circle, they become visible to him, and they may then illude him. It is not every one that can see the Elves; and one person may see them dancing while another perceives nothing. Sunday-children, as they are called, *i. e.* those born on Sunday, are remarkable for possessing this property of seeing Elves and similar beings. The Elves, however, have the power to bestow this gift on whomsoever they please. They also used to speak of Elf-books which they gave to those whom they loved, and which enabled them to foretell future events.

The Elves often sit in little stones that are of a circular form, and are called Elf-mills (Elf-

* Thiele, vol. iv. p. 22. They are called Trolde in the original. As they had a king, we think they must have been Elves. The Dwarfs have long since abolished monarchy.

quärnor) ; the sound of their voice is said to be sweet and soft like the air*.

The Danish peasantry give the following account of their Ellefolk or Elve-people.

The Elle-people live in the Elle-moors. The appearance of the man is that of an old man with a low-crowned hat on his head ; the Elle-woman is young and of a fair and attractive countenance, but behind she is hollow like a dough-trough. Young men should be especially on their guard against her, for it is very difficult to resist her ; and she has, moreover, a stringed instrument, which, when she plays on it, quite ravishes their hearts. The man may be often seen near the Elle-moors, bathing himself in the sunbeams, but if any one comes too near him, he opens his mouth wide and breathes upon them, and his breath produces sickness and pestilence. But the women are most frequently to be seen by moonshine ; then they dance their rounds in the high grass so lightly and so gracefully, that they seldom meet a denial when they offer their hand to a rash young man. It is also necessary to watch cattle, that they may not graze in any place where the Elle-people have been ; for if any animal come to a place where the Elle-people have spit, or done

* The greater part of what precedes has been taken from Afzelius in the Svenska Visor, vol. iii.

what is worse, it is attacked by some grievous disease, which can only be cured by giving it to eat a handful of St. John's wort, which had been pulled at twelve o'clock on St. John's night. It might also happen that they might sustain some injury by mixing with the Elle-people's cattle, which are very large, and of a blue colour, and which may sometimes be seen in the fields licking up the dew, on which they live. But the farmer has an easy remedy against this evil; for he has only to go to the Elle-hill when he is turning out his cattle and to say, "Thou little Trolld! may I graze my cows on thy hill?" And if he is not prohibited, he may set his mind at rest*.

The following ballads and tales will fully justify what has been said respecting the tone of melancholy connected with the subject of the Elves.

SIR OLOF IN THE ELVE-DANCE.

SIR Olof he rode out at early day,
And so came he unto an Elve-dance gay.
The dance it goes well,
So well in the grove.

* Thiele, iv. 26.

The Elve-father reached out his white hand free,

"Come, come, Sir Olof, tread the dance with me."

The dance it goes well,

So well in the grove.

"O nought I will, and nought I may,

To-morrow will be my wedding day."

The dance it goes well,

So well in the grove.

And the Elve-mother reached out her white hand
free,

"Come, come, Sir Olof, tread the dance with me."

The dance it goes well,

So well in the grove.

"O nought I will, and nought I may,

To-morrow will be my wedding-day."

The dance it goes well,

So well in the grove.

And the Elve-sister reached out her white hand free,

"Come, come, Sir Olof, tread the dance with me."

The dance it goes well,

So well in the grove.

"O nought I will, and nought I may,

To-morrow will be my wedding-day."

The dance it goes well,

So well in the grove.

And the bride she spake with her bride-maids so,

“ What may it mean that the bells thus go ? ”

The dance it goes well,

So well in the grove.

“ ’Tis the custom of this our isle,” they replied ;

“ Each young swain ringeth home his bride.”

The dance it goes well,

So well in the grove.

“ And the truth from you to conceal I fear,

Sir Olof is dead, and lies on his bier.”

The dance it goes well,

So well in the grove.

And on the morrow, ere light was the day,

In Sir Olof’s house three corpses lay.

The dance it goes well,

So well in the grove.

It was Sir Olof, his bonny bride,

And eke his mother, of sorrow she died.

The dance it goes well,

So well in the grove *.

* Svenska Visor, iii. 158, as sung in Upland and East Gothland.

THE ELF-WOMAN AND SIR OLOF.

Sir Olof rideth out ere dawn
Breaketh day, falleth rime;
Bright day him came on.
Sir Olof cometh home,
When the wood it is leaf-green.

Sir Olof rides by Borgya,
Breaketh day, falleth rime;
Meets a dance of Elves so gay.
Sir Olof cometh home,
When the wood it is leaf-green.

There danceth Elf and Elve-maid,
Breaketh day, falleth rime;
Elve-king's daughter, with her flying hair.
Sir Olof cometh home,
When the wood it is leaf-green.

Elve-king's daughter reacheth her hand free,
Breaketh day, falleth rime:
"Come here, Sir Olof, tread the dance with me."
Sir Olof cometh home,
When the wood it is leaf-green.

" Nought I tread the dance with thee,"

Breaketh day, falleth rime ;

" My bride hath that forbidden me."

Sir Olof cometh home,

When the wood it is leaf-green.

" Nought I will and nought I may,"

Breaketh day, falleth rime :

" To-morrow is my wedding-day."

Sir Olof cometh home,

When the wood it is leaf-green.

" Wilt thou not tread the dance with me?"

Breaketh day, falleth rime.

" An evil shall I fix on thee."

Sir Olof cometh home,

When the wood it is leaf-green.

Sir Olof turned his horse therefrom,

Breaketh day, falleth rime.

Sickness and plague follow him home.

Sir Olof cometh home,

When the wood it is leaf-green.

Sir Olof to his mother's rode,

Breaketh day, falleth rime.

Out before him his mother stood.

Sir Olof cometh home,

When the wood it is leaf-green.

" Welcome, welcome, my dear son,"

Breaketh day, falleth rime.

" Why is thy rosy cheek so wan ?"

Sir Olof cometh home,

When the wood it is leaf-green.

" My colt was swift and I tardy,"

Breaketh day, falleth rime.

" I knocked against a green oak tree."

Sir Olof cometh home,

When the wood it is leaf-green.

" My dear sister, prepare my bed,"

Breaketh day, falleth rime.

" My dear brother, take my horse to the mead."

Sir Olof cometh home,

When the wood it is leaf-green.

" My dear mother, brush my hair,"

Breaketh day, falleth rime.

" My dear father, make me a bier."

Sir Olof cometh home,

When the wood it is leaf-green.

" My dear son, that do not say,"

Breaketh day, falleth rime.

" To-morrow is thy wedding-day."

Sir Olof cometh home,

When the wood it is leaf-green.

“ Be it when it will betide,”
Breaketh day, falleth rime.
“ I ne’er shall come unto my bride.”
Sir Olof cometh home,
When the wood it is leaf-green *.

THE YOUNG SWAIN AND THE ELVES.

I was a handsome young swain,
And to the court should ride.
I rode out in the evening-hour;
In the rosy grove I to sleep me laid.
Since I her first saw.

I laid me under a lind so green,
My eyes they sunk in sleep;
There came two maidens going along,
They fain would with me speak.
Since I her first saw.

* Svenska Visor, lil. 165, from a MS. in the Royal Library. This and the preceding one are variations of the Danish Ballad of Elveskud, which has been translated by Dr. Jamieson (Popular Ballads, i. 219), and by Lewis in the Tales of Wonder. The Swedish editors give a third variation from East Gothland. A comparison of the two ballads with each other, and with the Danish one, will enable the reader to judge of the modifications a subject undergoes in different parts of a country.

The one she tapped me on my cheek,
The other whispered in my ear :
“ Stand up, handsome young swain,
If thou list of love to hear.”

Since I her first saw.

They led then forth a maiden,
Whose hair like gold did shine :
“ Stand up, handsome young swain,
If thou to joy incline.”

Since I her first saw.

The third began a song to sing,
With good will she did so ;
Thereat stood the rapid stream,
Which before was wont to flow.

Since I her first saw.

Thereat stood the rapid stream,
Which before was wont to flow ;
And the hind all with her hair so brown,
Forgot whither she should go.

Since I her first saw.

I got me up from off the ground,
And leaned my sword upon ;
The Elve-women danced in and out,
All had they the Elve fashion.

Since I her first saw.

Had not fortune been to me so good,
That the cock his wings clapped then,
I had slept within the hill that night,
All with the Elve-women.
Since I her first saw*.

SVEND FÆLLING AND THE ELLE- MAID.

SVEND FÆLLING was, while a little boy, at service in Sjeller-wood-house in Framley; and it one time happened that he had to ride of a message to Ristrup. It was evening before he got near home, and as he came by the hill of Borum Es, he saw the Elle-maids, who were dancing without ceasing round and round his horse. Then

* Svenska Visor, iii. p. 170. This is the Elveshöj of the Danish ballads, translated by Jamieson (i. 225), and by Lewis. In the different Swedish variations they are Hafsfruen (Mermaids), who attempt to seduce young men to their love by the offer of costly presents.

A Danish legend (Thiele, i. 22) relates that a poor man, who was working near Gillesbjerg, a haunted hill, lay down on it to rest himself in the middle of the day. Suddenly there appeared before him a beautiful maiden, with a gold cup in her hand. She made signs to him to come near, but when the man in his fright made the sign of the cross, she was obliged to turn round, and then he saw her back that it was hollow.

one of the Elle-maids stepped up to him, and reached him a drinking cup, bidding him at the same time to drink. Svend took the cup, but as he was dubious of the nature of the contents, he flung it out over his shoulder, where it fell on the horse's back and singed off all the hair. While he had the horn fast in his hand, he gave his horse the spurs and rode off full speed. The Elle-maid pursued him till he came to Trigebrand's mill, and rode through the running water, over which she could not follow him. She then earnestly conjured Svend to give her back the horn, promising him in exchange twelve men's strength. On this condition he gave back the horn, and got what she had promised him ; but it very frequently put him to great inconvenience, for he found that along with it he had got an appetite for twelve*.

* Thiele, ii. 67. Framley is in Jutland. Svend (i.e. Swain) Fælling is a celebrated character in Danish tradition ; he is regarded as a second Holger Danske, and he is the hero of two of the Kjempe Viser.

Another tradition says it was from a Dwarf he got his strength, for aiding him in battle against another Dwarf.

It is added, that when Svend came home in the evening, after his adventure with the Elle-maids, the people were drinking their Yule-beer, and they sent him down for a fresh supply. Svend went without saying any thing, and returned with a barrel in each hand and one under each arm.

THE ELLE-MAIDS.

THERE lived a man in Aasum, near Odense, who, as he was coming home one night from Seden, passed by a hill that was standing on red pillars, and underneath there was dancing and great festivity. He hurried on past the hill as fast as he could, never venturing to cast his eyes that way. But as he went along, two fair maidens came to meet him, with beautiful hair floating over their shoulders, and one of them held a cup in her hand, which she reached out to him that he might drink of it. The other then asked him if he would come again, at which he laughed, and answered, Yes. But when he got home he became strangely affected in his mind, was never at ease in himself, and was continually saying that he had promised to go back. And when they watched him closely to prevent his doing so, he at last lost his senses, and died shortly after*.

THE ELLE-MAID.

THERE was once a wedding and a great entertainment at Æsterhæsinge. The party did not

* Thiele, iii. 43. Odense is in Funen.

break up till morning, and the guests took their departure with a great deal of noise and bustle. While they were putting their horses to their carriages, previous to setting out home, they stood talking about their respective bridal-presents. And while they were talking loudly, and with the utmost earnestness, there came from a neighbouring moor a maiden clad in green, with plaited rushes on her head; she went up to the man who was loudest, and bragging most of his present, and said to him: "What wilt thou give to maid Væ?" The man, who was elevated with all the ale and brandy he had been drinking, snatched up a whip, and replied: "Ten cuts of my whip;" and that very moment he dropt down dead on the ground*.

THE ELLE-MAID NEAR EBELTOFT.

A FARMER's boy was keeping cows not far from Ebeltoft. There came to him a very fair and pretty girl, and she asked him if he was hungry or thirsty. But when he perceived that she guarded with the greatest solicitude against his

* Thiele, i. 109. (communicated). (Esterhæsing is in the island of Funen.

getting a sight of her back, he immediately suspected that she must be an Elle-maid, for the Elle-people are hollow behind. He accordingly would give no heed to her, and endeavoured to get away from her; but when she perceived this, she offered him her breast that he should suck her. And so great was the enchantment that accompanied this action, that he was unable to resist it. But when he had done as she desired him, he had no longer any command of himself, so that she had now no difficulty in enticing him with her.

He was three days away, during which time his father and mother went home, and were in great affliction, for they were well assured that he must have been enticed away. But on the fourth day his father saw him a long way off coming home, and he desired his wife to set a pan of meat on the fire as quick as possible. The son then came in at the door, and sat down at the table without saying a word. The father too remained quite silent, as if every thing was as it ought to be. His mother then set the meat before him, and his father bid him eat, but he let the food lie untouched, and said that he knew now where he could get much better food. The father then became highly enraged, took a good large switch, and once more ordered him to take his food. The boy was then obliged to eat, and as

soon as he had tasted the flesh he ate it up greedily, and instantly fell into a deep sleep. He slept for as many days as the enchantment had lasted, but he never after recovered the use of his reason*.

HANS PUNTLEDER.

THERE are three hills on the lands of Bubbeldgaard in Funen, which are to this day called the Dance-hills, from the following occurrence. A lad named Hans was at service in Bubbeldgaard, and as one evening he was coming past the hills, he saw one of them raised on red pillars, and great dancing and much merriment underneath. He was so enchanted with the beauty and magnificence of what he saw, that he could not restrain his curiosity, but was in a strange and wonderful manner attracted nearer and nearer, till at last the fairest of all the fair maidens that were there came up to him and gave him a kiss. From that moment he lost all command of himself, and became so violent, that he used to tear to pieces all the clothes that were put on him, so that at last they were obliged

* Thiele, i. 118. (communicated). Ebeltoft is a village in North Jutland.

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He drives over the Sea from one promontory to another.

to make him a dress of sole-leather, which he could not pull off him ; and ever after he went by the name of Hans Puntleder, i. e. Sole-leather*.

According to Danish tradition the Elle-kings, under the denomination of Promontory-kings (Klintekonger), keep watch and ward over the country. Whenever war or any other misfortune threatens to come on the land, there may be seen on the promontory complete armies, drawn up in array to defend the country.

One of these kings resides at Möen, on the spot which still bears the name of Kings-hill (Kongsbjerg). His queen is the most beautiful of beings, and she dwells at the Queen's Chair (Dronningstolen). This king is a great friend of the king of Stevns, and they are both at enmity with Grap, the promontory-king of Rügen, who must keep at a distance, and look out over the sea to watch their approach.

Another tradition, however, says, that there is but one king, who rules over the headlands of Möen, Stevns, and Rügen. He has a magnificent chariot, which is drawn by four black horses. In

* Thiele, iv. 32. From the circumstances, it would appear that these were Elves and not Dwarfs ; but one cannot be positive in these matters.

to the notion. In Danish *Hyld* or *Hyl*—a word not far removed from *Elle*—is Elder, and the peasantry believe that in or under the elder tree dwells a being called *Hyldemoer* (Elder-mother) or *Hyldequinde* (Elder-woman), with her ministrant spirits. A Danish peasant, if he wanted to take any part of an elder tree, used previously to say three times, “O *Hyldemoer*, *Hyldemoer*! let me take some of thy elder, and I will let thee take something of mine in return.” If this was omitted he would be severely punished. They tell of a man who cut down an elder tree, but he soon after died suddenly. It is, moreover, not prudent to have any furniture made of elder wood. A child was once put to lie in a cradle made of this wood, but *Hyldemoer* came and pulled it by the legs, and gave it no rest till it was put to sleep elsewhere. Old David Monrad relates, that a shepherd one night heard his three children crying, and when he inquired the cause, they said some one had been sucking them. Their breasts were found to be swelled, and they were removed to another room, where they were quiet. The reason is said to have been that that room was floored with elder.

The linden or lime tree is the favourite haunt of the Elves and cognate beings; and it is not safe to be near it after sunset.

DWARFS OR TROLLS.

Ther bygde folk i the bärg,
Quinnor och män, för mycken duerf.

HIST. ALEX. MAG. *Suedicc.*

Within the hills folk did won,
Women and men, dwarfs many a one.

THE more usual appellation of the Dwarfs is Troll or Troid*, a word originally significant of any evil spirit †, giant monster, magician ‡, or

* There is no etymon of this word. It is to be found in both the Icelandic and the Finnish languages; whether the latter borrowed or communicated it is uncertain. Ihre derives the name of the celebrated waterfall of Trollhæta, near Gothenburg, from Troll, and Haute *Laponice*, an abyss.

† In the following lines quoted in the *Heimskringla*, it would seem to signify the Dii Manes.

Tha gaf hann Trescegg tröllum.

Torf-Einarr drap Scurfo.

Then gave he Trescegg to the Trolls.

Turf-Einan slew Scurfo.

‡ The ancient Gothic nation was called Troll by their Vandal neighbours (*Junii Batavia*, c. 27); according to Sir J. Malcolm, the Tartars call the Chinese Deevs.

It was formerly believed, says Ihre, that the noble family of Troll, in Sweden, derived their name from having killed a Troll, that is, probably, a Dwarf.

evil person ; but now in a good measure divested of its ill senses, for the Trolls are not in general regarded as noxious or malignant beings.

The Trolls are represented as dwelling inside of hills, mounds, and hillocks—whence they are also called Hill-people (Bjergfolk)—sometimes in single families, sometimes in societies. In the ballads they are described as having kings over them, but never so in the popular legend. Their character seems gradually to have sunk down to the level of the peasantry, in proportion as the belief in them was consigned to the same class. They are regarded as extremely rich ; for when, on great occasions of festivity, they have their hills raised up on red pillars, people that have chanced to be passing by have seen them shoving large chests full of money to and fro, and opening and clapping down the lids of them. Their hill-dwellings are very magnificent inside. “ They live,” said one of Mr. Arndt’s guides, “ in fine houses of gold and crystal. My father saw them once in the night, when the hill was open on St. John’s night. They were dancing and drinking, and it seemed to him as if they were making signs to him to go to them, but his horse snorted and carried him away, whether he would or no. There is a great number of them in the Guldberg (Gold-hill), and they have brought into it all the gold

and silver that people buried in the great Russian war*."

They are obliging and neighbourly; freely lending and borrowing, and otherwise keeping up a friendly intercourse with mankind. But they have a sad propensity to thieving, not only stealing provisions, but even women and children.

They marry, have children, bake and brew, just as the peasant himself does. A farmer one day met a hill-man and his wife, and a whole squad of stumpy little children, in his fields; and people used often to see the children of the man who lived in the hill of Kund, in Jutland, climbing up the hill, and rolling down after one another, with shouts of laughter.

The Trolls have a great dislike to noise, probably from a recollection of the time when Thor used to be flinging his hammer after them; so that the hanging of bells in the churches has driven them almost all out of the country. The people of Ebeltoft were once sadly plagued by them, as they plundered their pantries in a most unconscionable manner; so they consulted a very wise and pious man; and his advice was, that they should hang a bell in the steeple of the church.

* Arndt Reise durch Schweden, vol. iii. p. 8.

They did so, and they were soon eased of the Trolls*.

These beings have some very extraordinary and useful properties; they can, for instance, turn themselves into any shape; they can foresee future events; they can confer prosperity, or the contrary, on a family; they can bestow bodily strength on any one; and, in short, perform numerous feats beyond the power of man.

Of personal beauty they have not much to boast: the Ebeltoft Dwarfs, mentioned above, were often seen, and they had immoderate humps on their backs, and long crooked noses. They were dressed in gray jackets†, and they wore pointed red caps. Old people in Zealand say, that when the Trolls were in the country, they used to go from their hill to the village of Gudmandstrup through the stone meadow, and that people, when passing that way, used to meet great tall men in long black clothes. Some have foolishly spoken to them, and wished them good evening, but they

* Thiele, i. 36.

† In the Danish ballad of Eline af Villenskov (v. 30), translated by Dr. Jamieson (see Notes to Lady of the Lake), the hero is called Trollden græse, the Gray Trolld, probably from the colour of his habiliments. The same Trolld is the only instance we have met of diminutive size. In v. 6, it is said of him that he was not larger than an emmet.

never got any other answer than that the Trolls hurried past them, saying, Mi! mi! mi! mi!

Thanks to the industry of Mr. Thiele, who has been indefatigable in collecting the traditions of his native country, we are furnished with ample accounts of the Trolls; and the following legends will fully illustrate what we have written concerning them*.

We commence with the Swedish ballads of the Hill-kings, as in dignity and antiquity they take precedence of the legends.

SIR THYNNE.

AND it was the knight Sir Thynnè,

He was a knight so grave;

Whether he were on foot or on horse,

He was a knight so brave †.

And it was the knight Sir Thynnè

Went the hart and the hind to shoot,

So he saw Ulva, the little Dwarf's daughter,

At the green linden's foot.

* We deem it needless in future to refer to volume and page of Mr. Thiele's work. Those acquainted with the original will easily find the legends.

† We have ventured to omit the *Omquæd. I styren väll de Runor!* (Manage well the runes!)

And it was Ulva, the little Dwarf's daughter,
Unto her handmaid she cried,
"Go fetch my gold harp hither to me,
Sir Thynnè I'll draw to my side."

The first stroke on her gold harp she struck,
So sweetly she made it ring,
The wild beasts in the wood and field
They forgot whither they would spring.

The next stroke on her gold harp she struck,
So sweetly she made it ring,
The little gray hawk that sat on the bough,
He spread out both his wings.

The third stroke on her gold harp she struck,
So sweetly she made it ring,
The little fish that went in the stream,
He forgot whither he would swim.

Then flowered the mead, then leafed all,
'Twas caused by the runè-lay* ;

* Runeslag, literally Rune-stroke. Runes originally signified letters, and then songs. They were of two kinds, Maalrunor (Speech-runes), and Trolbrunor (Magic-runes). These last were again divided into Skaderunor (Mischief-runes) and Hjelpbrunor (Help-runes), of each of which there were five kinds. See Verelius' notes to Hervarar Saga, cap. 7.

The power of music over all nature is a subject of frequent recurrence in northern poetry. Here all the wild animals are entranced by the magic tones of the harp ; the meads flower,

Sir Thynnè he struck his spurs in his horse,
He no longer could hold him away.

And it was the knight Sir Thynnè,
From his horse he springs hastily,
So goeth he to Ulva, the little Dwarf's daughter,
All under the green linden tree.

" Here you sit, my maiden fair,
A rose all lilies above;
See you can never a mortal man
Who will not seek your love."

" Be silent, be silent, now Sir Thynnè,
With your proffers of love, I pray;
For I am betrothed unto a hill-king,
A king all the Dwarfs obey.

" My true love he sitteth the hill within,
And at gold tables plays merrily;
My father he setteth his champions in ring,
And in iron arrayeth them he.

" My mother she sitteth the hill within,
And gold in the chest doth lay;
And I stole out for a little while,
Upon my gold harp to play."

the trees put forth leaves; the knight, though grave and silent, is attracted, and even if inclined to stay away, he cannot restrain his horse.

And it was the knight Sir Thynnè,

He patted her cheek rosy :

“ Why wilt thou not give a kinder reply ?

Thou dearest of maidens to me.”

“ I can give you no kinder reply ;

I may not myself that allow ;

I am betrothed unto a hill-king,

And to him I must keep my vow.”

And it was Thora, the little Dwarf's wife,

She at the hill-door looked out,

And there she saw how the knight Sir Thynnè

Lay at the green linden's foot.

And it was Thora, the little Dwarf's wife,

She was vext and angry, God wot :

“ What hast thou here in the grove to do ?

Little business, I trow, thou hast got.

“ 'Twere better for thee in the hill to be,

And gold in the chest to lay,

Than here to sit in the rosy grove *,

And on thy gold harp to play.

“ And 'twere better for thee in the hill to be,

And thy bride-dress finish sewing,

* Rosendelund. The word *Lund* signifies any kind of grove, thicket, &c.

Than sit under the lind and with runè-lay,
A Christian man's heart to thee win."

And it was Ulva, the little Dwarf's daughter,
She goeth in at the hill-door ;
And after her goeth the knight Sir Thynnè,
Clothed in scarlet and fur.

And it was Thora, the little Dwarf's wife,
Forth a red gold chair she drew ;
Then she cast Sir Thynnè into a sleep
Until that the cock he crew.

And it was Thora, the little Dwarf's wife,
The five rune-books she took out ;
So she loosed him fully out of the runes,
Her daughter had bound him about.

" And hear you me, Sir Thynnè,
From the runes thou now art free ;
This to thee I will soothly say,
My daughter shall never win thee.

" And I was born of Christian kind,
And to the hill stolen in ;
My sister dwelleth in Iseland *,
And wears a gold crown so fine.

* Not the island of Iceland, but a district in Norway of that name. By Berner-land, Geijer thinks is meant the land of Bern (Verona), the country of Dietrich, so celebrated in German romance.

“ And there she wears her crown of gold,
And beareth of queen the name ;
Her daughter was stolen away from her,
Thereof there goeth great fame.

“ Her daughter was stolen away from her,
And to Berner-land brought in ;
And there now dwelleth the maiden free,
She is called Lady Hermolin.

“ And never can she into the dance go,
But seven women follow her ;
And never can she on the gold harp play,
If the queen herself is not there.

“ The king he hath a sister's son,
He hopeth the crown to possess,
For him they intend the maiden free,
For her little happiness.

“ And this for my honour will I do,
And out of good will moreover,
To thee will I give the maiden free,
And part her from that lover.”

Then she gave unto him a dress so new,
With gold and pearls bedight ;
Every seam on the dress it was
With precious stones all bright.

Then she gave unto him a horse so good,
 And therewith a new sell;
 " And never shalt thou the way inquire,
 Thy horse will find it well."

And it was Ulva, the little Dwarf's daughter,
 She would show her good will to the knight;
 So she gave unto him a spear so new,
 And therewith a good sword so bright.

" And never shalt thou fight a fight,
 Where thou shalt not the victory gain;
 And never shalt thou sail on a sea
 Where thou shalt not the land attain."

And it was Thora, the little Dwarf's wife,
 She wine in a glass for him poured:
 " Ride away, ride away, now Sir Thynnè,
 Before the return of my lord."

And it was the knight Sir Thynnè,
 He rideth under the green hill side,
 There then met him the hill-kings two,
 As slow to the hill they ride.

" Well met! Good day, now Sir Thynnè!
 Thy horse can well with thee pace;
 Whither directed is thy course?
 Since thou 'rt bound to a distant place."

“ Travel shall I and woo ;
Plight me shall I a flower ;
Try shall I my sword so good,
To my weal or my woe in the stour.”

“ Ride in peace, ride in peace, away, Sir Thynnè,
From us thou hast nought to fear ;
They are coming, the champions from Iseland,
Who with thee long to break a spear.”

And it was the knight Sir Thynnè,
He rideth under the green hill side ;
There met him seven Bernisk champions,
They bid him to halt and abide.

“ And whether shall we fight to-day,
For the red gold and the silvèr ;
Or shall we fight together to-day
For both our true loves fair ?”

And it was the king's sister's son,
He was of mood so hasty ;
“ Of silver and gold I have enow,
If thou wilt credit me.”

“ But hast thou not a fair true love,
Who is called Lady Hermolin ?
For her it is we shall fight to-day,
If she shall be mine or thine.”

The first charge they together rode,
They were two champions so tall ;
He cut at the king's sister's son,
That his head to the ground did fall.

Back then rode the champions six,
And dressed themselves in fur ;
Then went into the lofty hall,
The aged king before.

And it was then the aged king,
He tore his gray hairs in woe.
“ Ye must avenge my sister's son's death ;
I will sables and martins bestow*.”

Back then rode the champions six,
They thought the reward to gain,
But they remained halt and limbless :
By loss one doth wit obtain.

And he slew wolves and bears,
All before the high chambèr ;
Then taketh he out the maiden free
Who so long had languished there.

* Sabel och Maard. These furs are always mentioned in the northern ballads, as the royal rewards of distinguished actions.

“ And say how much thou wilt give unto me,”
Time with me goes slow.—

“ That herself may into the hill come to thee?”
But that grief is heavy I know.

“ Thee will I give the ruddiest gold,”
Time with me goes slow.—

“ And thy chests full of money as they can hold,”
But that grief is heavy I know.

One Sunday morning it fell out so,
Time with me goes slow.—
Proud Margaret unto the church should go,
But that grief is heavy I know.

And all as she goes, and all as she stays,
Time with me goes slow.—
All the nearer she comes where the high hill lay,
But that grief is heavy I know.

So she goeth around the hill compassing,
Time with me goes slow.—
So there openeth a door, and thereat goes she in,
But that grief is heavy I know.

Proud Margaret stept in at the door of the hill,
Time with me goes slow.—
And the hill-king salutes her with eyes joyful,
That grief is heavy I know.

So he took the maiden upon his knee,
Time with me goes slow.—
And took the gold rings and therewith her wed he,
But that grief is heavy I know.

So he took the maiden his arms between,
Time with me goes slow.—
He gave her a gold crown and the name of queen,
But that grief is heavy I know.

So she was in the hill for eight round years,
Time with me goes slow.—
There bare she two sons and a daughter so fair,
But that grief is heavy I know.

When she had been full eight years there,
Time with me goes slow.—
She wished to go home to her mother so dear,
But that grief is heavy I know.

And the hill-king spake to his footpages twain,
Time with me goes slow.—
“Put ye the gray pacers now unto the wain*,”
But that grief is heavy I know.

* Wain originally signified any kind of carriage. See Faerie Queene.

And Margaret out at the hill-door stept,
Time with me goes slow.—
And her little children they thereat wept,
But that grief is heavy I know.

And the hill-king her in his arms has ta'en,
Time with me goes slow.—
So he lifteth her into the gilded wain,
But that grief is heavy I know.

“And hear now thou footpage what I unto thee say,”
Time with me goes slow.—
“Thou now shalt drive her to her mother's
straightway,”
But that grief is heavy I know.

Proud Margaret stept in o'er the door-sill,
Time with me goes slow.—
And her mother saluteth her with eyes joyful,
But that grief is heavy I know.

“And where hast thou so long stayed?”
Time with me goes slow.—
“I have been in the flowery meads,”
But that grief is heavy I know.

“What veil is that thou wearest on thy hair?”
Time with me goes slow.—
“Such as women and mothers use to wear,”
But that grief is heavy I know.

- " Well may I wear a veil on my head,"
Time with me goes slow.—
- " Me hath the hill-king both wooed and wed,"
But that grief is heavy I know.
- " In the hill have I been these eight round years,"
Time with me goes slow.—
- " There have I two sons and a daughter so fair,"
But that grief is heavy I know.
- " There have I two sons and a daughter so fair,"
Time with me goes slow.—
- " The loveliest maiden the world doth bear,"
But that grief is heavy I know.
- " And hear thou, proud Margaret, what I say unto
thee,"
Time with me goes slow.—
- " Can I go with thee home thy children to see?"
But that grief is heavy I know.
- And the hill-king stept now in at the door,
Time with me goes slow.—
- And Margaret thereat fell down on the floor,
But that grief is heavy I know.
- " And stayest thou now here complaining of me,"
Time with me goes slow.—
- " Camest thou not of thyself into the hill to me?"
But that grief is heavy I know.

" And stayest thou now here and thy fate dost
deplore ?"

Time with me goes slow.—

" Camest thou not of thyself in at my door ?"
But that grief is heavy I know.

The hill-king struck her on the cheek rosy,

Time with me goes slow.—

" And pack to the hill to thy children wee,"
But that grief is heavy I know.

The hill-king struck her with a twisted root,

Time with me goes slow.—

" And pack to the hill without any dispute,"
But that grief is heavy I know.

And the hill-king her in his arms has ta'en,

Time with me goes slow.—

And lifted her into the gilded wain,
But that grief is heavy I know.

" And hear thou my footpage what I unto thee say,"

Time with me goes slow.—

" Thou now shalt drive her to my dwelling
straightway,"
But that grief is heavy I know.

Proud Margaret stept in at the hill door,
Time with me goes slow.—
And her little children rejoiced therefore,
But that grief is heavy I know.

“ It is not worth while rejoicing for me,”
Time with me goes slow.—
“ Christ grant that I never a mother had been,”
But that grief is heavy I know.

The one brought out a gilded chair,
Time with me goes slow.—
“ O rest you, my sorrow-bound mother, there,”
But that grief is heavy I know.

The one brought out a filled up horn,
Time with me goes slow.—
The other put therein a gilded corn,
But that grief is heavy I know.

The first drink she drank out of the horn,
Time with me goes slow.—
She forgot straightway both heaven and earth,
But that grief is heavy I know.

The second drink she drank out of the horn,
Time with me goes slow.—
She forgot straightway both God and his word,
But that grief is heavy I know.

The third drink she drank out of the horn,
Time with me goes slow.—
She forgot straightway both sister and brother,
But that grief is heavy I know.

She forgot straightway both sister and brother,
Time with me goes slow.—
But she never forgot her sorrow-bound mother,
But that grief is heavy I know*.

THE ALTAR-CUP IN AAGERUP.

BETWEEN the villages of Marup and Aagerup in Zealand, there is said to have lain a great castle, the ruins of which are still to be seen near the strand. Tradition relates that a great treasure is concealed among them, and that a dragon there watches over three kings' ransoms†. Here too people frequently happen to get a sight of the under-ground folk, especially about festival-times, for then they have dancing and great jollity going on down on the strand.

One Christmas-eve, a farmer's servant in the

* From Vermland and Upland.

† "Three kings' ransoms" is a common maximum with a Danish peasant when speaking of treasure.

village of Aagerup went to his master and asked him if he might take a horse and ride down to look at the Troll-meeting. The farmer not only gave him leave but desired him to take the best horse in the stable; so he mounted and rode away down to the strand. When he was come to the place he stopped his horse, and stood for some time looking at the company who were assembled in great numbers. And while he was wondering to see how well and how gaily the little dwarfs danced, up came a Troll to him, and invited him to dismount, and take a share in their dancing and merriment. Another Troll came jumping up, took his horse by the bridle, and held him while the man got off, and went down and danced away merrily with them the whole night long.

When it was drawing near day he returned them his very best thanks for his entertainment, and mounted his horse to return home to Aagerup. They now gave him an invitation to come again on new-year's night, as they were then to have great festivity; and a maiden who held a gold-cup in her hand invited him to drink the stirrup-cup. He took the cup, but as he had some suspicion of them, he, while he made as if he was raising the cup to his mouth, threw the drink out over his shoulder, so that it fell on the horse's back, and it immediately singed off all the hair. He then

clapped spurs to his horse's sides and rode away with the cup in his hand over a ploughed field.

The Trolls instantly gave chase all in a body, but being hard set to get over the deep furrows, they shouted out, without ceasing,

“ Ride on the lay,

And not on the clay*.”

He, however, never minded them, but kept to the ploughed field. However, when he drew near the village he was forced to ride out on the level road, and the Trolls now gained on him every minute. In his distress he prayed unto God, and he made a vow that if he should be delivered he would bestow the cup on the church.

He was now riding along just by the wall of the churchyard, and he hastily flung the cup over it, that it at least might be secure. He then pushed on at full speed, and at last got into the village; and just as they were on the point of catching hold of the horse, he sprung in through the farmer's gate, and the man slapt the wicket after him. He was now safe, but the Trolls were so enraged, that, taking up a huge great stone, they flung it with such force against the gate, that it knocked four planks out of it.

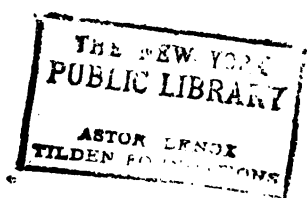
There are no traces now remaining of that

* Rid paa det Bolde
Og ikke paa det Knolde.



The Trolls instantly gave chase **21** in a body

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house, but the stone is still lying in the middle of the village of Aagerup. The cup was presented to the church, and the man got in return the best farm-house on the lands of Eriksholm*.

ORIGIN OF THIS LAKE.

A TROLL had once taken up his abode near the village of Kund, in the high bank on which the church now stands; but when the people about there had become pious, and went constantly to church, the Troll was dreadfully annoyed by their almost incessant ringing of bells in the steeple of the church. He was at last obliged, in consequence of it, to take his departure, for nothing

* *Oral.* This is an adventure common to many countries. The church of Vigersted in Zealand has a cup obtained in the same way. The man, in this case, took refuge in the church, and was there besieged by the Trolls till morning. The bridge of Hagbro in Jutland got its name from a similar event. When the man rode off with the silver jug from the beautiful maiden, who presented it to him, an old crone set off in pursuit of him with such velocity, that she would surely have caught him, but that providentially he came to a running water. The pursuer, however, like Nannie with Tam o' Shanter, caught the horse's hind leg, but was only able to keep one of the cocks of his shoe: hence the bridge was called Hagbro, i. e. Cock Bridge.

has more contributed to the emigration of the Troll-folk out of the country than the increasing piety of the people, and their taking to bell-ringing. The Troll of Kund accordingly quit the country, and went over to Funen, where he lived for some time in peace and quiet.

Now it chanced that a man who had lately settled in the town of Kund, coming to Funen on business, on the road met with this same Troll: "Where do you live?" said the Troll to him. Now there was nothing whatever about the Troll unlike a man, so he answered him, as was the truth, "I am from the town of Kund." "So?" said the Troll. "I don't know you then! And yet I think I know every man in Kund. Will you, however," continued he, "just be so kind to take a letter for me back with you to Kund?" The man said of course, he had no objection. The Troll then thrust the letter into his pocket, and charged him strictly not to take it out till he came to Kund church, and then to throw it over the churchyard wall, and the person for whom it was intended would get it.

The Troll then went away in great haste, and with him the letter went entirely out of the man's mind. But when he was come back to Zealand he sat down by the meadow where Tiis Lake now is, and suddenly recollected the Troll's letter. He

felt a great desire to look at it at least. So he took it out of his pocket, and sat a while with it in his hands, when suddenly there began to dribble a little water out of the seal. The letter now unfolded itself, and the water came out faster and faster, and it was with the utmost difficulty that the poor man was enabled to save his life, for the malicious Troll had enclosed an entire lake in the letter. The Troll, it is plain, had thought to avenge himself on Kund church by destroying it in this manner, but God ordered it so that the lake chanced to run out in the great meadow where it now flows*.

* *Oral.* This Lake is in Zealand. It is the general belief of the peasantry that there are now very few Trolls in the country, for the ringing of bells has driven them all away, they, like the Stille-folk of the Germans, delighting in quiet and silence. It is said that a farmer having found a Troll sitting very disconsolate on a stone near This Lake, and taking him at first for a decent christian man, accosted him with —“ Well! where are you going, friend?” “ Ah!” said he, in a melancholy tone, “ I am going off out of the country. I cannot live here any longer, they keep such eternal ringing and dinging!”

“ There is a high hill,” says Kalm (*Resa*, &c. p. 146), “ near Botna in Sweden, in which formerly dwelt a Troll. When they got up bells in Botna church, and he heard the ringing of them, he is related to have said :

Det är saa godt i det Botnahill at bo
Vore ikke den leda Bjälleko.

Pleasant it were in Botnahill to dwell,
Were it not for the sound of that plaguy bell.”

The husband now came into the house full of wonder at what he had seen and heard. "Hark ye, dame," he began, "listen now till I tell you what has happened to me!" The Troll redoubled his attention. "As I came just now by Hjulehöi," continued he, "I saw a great Troll-banquet there, but while they were in the very middle of their glee they shouted out within in the hill, 'Skotte is fallen into the fire! come and help him up!'"

At hearing this, the Troll, who was standing beside the beer-barrel, was so frightened, that he let the tap run and the kettle of beer fall on the ground, and tumbled himself out of the window as quickly as might be. The people of the house hearing all this noise instantly guessed what had been going on inside; and when they went in they saw the beer all running about, and found the copper kettle lying on the floor. This they seized, and kept it in lieu of the beer that had been spilled; and the same kettle is said to have been a long time to be seen in the villages round about there*.

* *Oral.* Gudmandstrup is in Zealand. In Ourø, a little island close to Zealand, there is a hill whence the Trolls used to come down and supply themselves with provisions out of the farmers' pantries. Niel Jensen, who lived close to the hill, finding that they were making, as he thought, over free with his provisions, took the liberty of putting a lock on the

SKOTTE IN THE FIRE.

NEAR Gudmandstrup, in the district of Odd, is a hill called Hjulehöi (hollow hill). The hill-folk that dwell in this mount are well known in all the villages round, and no one ever omits making a cross on his beer-barrels, for the Trolls are in the habit of slipping down from Hjulehöi to steal beer.

One evening late a farmer was passing by the hill, and he saw that it was raised up on red pillars, and that underneath there was music and dancing and a splendid Troll banquet. The man stood a long time gazing on their festivity; but while he was standing there, deeply absorbed in admiration of what he saw, all of a sudden the dacing stopped, and the music ceased, and he heard a Troll cry out, in a tone of the utmost anguish, "Skotte is fallen into the fire! Come and help him up!" The hill then sank, and all the merriment was at an end.

Meanwhile the farmer's wife was at home all alone, and while she was sitting and spinning her tow, she never noticed a Troll who had crept through the window into the next room, and was at the beer barrel drawing off the liquor into his copper kettle. The room-door was lying open, and the Troll kept a steady eye on the woman.

about to drive again out of the hill, the Troll said to him, "If you will now only keep a silent tongue in your head about all that has happened to you, I shall from this time out have an eye to your interest; and if you come here again to-morrow morning, it may be you shall get your son." The farmer did not well know at first what to say to all this; but as he was, however, of opinion that the Troll was able to perform what he had promised, he was greatly rejoiced, and failed not to come at the appointed time to Rodedys.

He sat there waiting a long time, and at last he fell asleep, and when he awoke from his slumber, behold! there was his son lying by his side. Both father and son found it difficult to explain how this had come to pass. The son related how he had been thrown into prison, and had there suffered great hardship and distress; but that one night, while he was lying asleep in his cell, there came a man to him, who said, "Do you still love your father?" And when he had answered that he surely did, his chains fell off and the wall burst open. While he was telling this he chanced to put his hand up to his neck, and he found that he had brought a piece of the iron chain away with him. They both were for some time mute through excess of wonder; and they then arose and went straightway to Lynge, where they hung up the

piece of the chain in the church, as a memorial of the wonderful event that had occurred *.

KALLUNDBORG CHURCH.

WHEN Esbern Snare was about building a church in Kallundborg, he saw clearly that his means were not fully adequate to the task. But a Troll came to him and offered his services; and Esbern Snare made an agreement with him on these conditions, that he should be able to tell the Troll's name when the church was finished; or in case he could not, that he should give him his heart and his eyes.

The work now went on rapidly, and the Troll set the church on stone pillars; but when all was nearly done, and there was only half a pillar wanting in the church, Esbern began to get frightened, for the name of the Troll was yet unknown to him.

One day he was going about the fields all alone, and in great anxiety on account of the perilous state he was in; when, tired and depressed, by reason of his exceeding grief and affliction, he laid him down on Ulshöi bank to rest himself a while.

* This legend is oral.

While he was lying there he heard a Troll-woman within the hill saying these words:

“ Lie still, baby mine !
To-morrow cometh Fin,
Father thine,

And giveth thee Esbern Snare’s eyes and heart to play with *.”

When Esbern heard this he recovered his spirits, and went back to the church. The Troll was just then coming with the half pillar that was wanting for the church; but when Esbern saw him, he hailed him by his name, and called him Fin. The Troll was so enraged at this, that he went off with the half pillar through the air, and this is the reason that the church has but three pillars and a half†.

* Tie stille, barn min !
Imorgen kommer Fin,
Fa’er din,
Og gi’er dig Esbern Snares öine og
Hjerte at lege med.

† *Oral.* Kallundborg is in Zealand. Mr. Thiele says he saw four pillars at the church. The same story is told of the cathedral of Lund in Funen, which was built by the Troll Finn at the desire of St. Laurentius.

Of Esbern Snare, Holberg says, “ The common people tell wonderful stories of him, and how the devil carried him off; which, with other things, will serve to prove that he was an able man.”

The German story of Rumpelstilzchen (Kinder and Haus-

THE HILL-MAN INVITED TO THE
CHRISTENING.

THE hill-people are excessively frightened during thunder. When, therefore, they see bad weather coming on, they lose no time in getting to the shelter of their hills. This terror is also the cause of their not being able to endure the beating of a drum; they take it to be the rolling of thunder. It is therefore a good receipt for banishing them to beat a drum every day in the neighbourhood of their hills, for they immediately pack up and depart to some more quiet residence.

A farmer lived once in great friendship and unanimity with a hill-man, whose hill was his lands. One time when his wife was lying in, it gave him some degree of perplexity to think that he could not well avoid inviting the hill-man to the christening, which might not improbably bring him into bad repute with the priest and the other people of the village. He was going about pondering deeply, but in vain, how he might get out of this dilemma, when it came into his head to ask

Märchen, No. 55) is similar to this legend. MM. Grimm, in their note on this story, notice the unexpected manner in which, in the *Thousand and One Days*, or *Persian Tales*, the princess Turandot learns the name of Calaf.

the advice of the boy that kept his pigs, who was a great head-piece, and had often helped him before. The pig-boy instantly undertook to arrange the matter with the hill-man in such a manner that he should not only stay away without being offended, but moreover give a good christening-present.

Accordingly, when it was night he took a sack on his shoulder, went to the hill-man's hill, knocked, and was admitted. He delivered his message, giving his master's compliments, and requesting the honour of his company at the christening. The hill-man thanked him, and said, "I think it is but right that I should give you a christening-gift." With these words he opened his money-chests, bidding the boy to hold up his sack while he poured money into it. "Is there enough now?" said he, when he had put a good quantity into it. "Many give more, few give less," replied the boy.

The hill-man then fell again to filling the sack, and again asked, "Is there enough now?" The boy lifted up the sack a little off the ground to try if he was able to carry any more, and then answered, "It is about what most people give." Upon this the hill-man emptied the whole chest into the bag, and once more asked, "Is there enough now?" The guardian of the pigs now

saw that there was as much in it now as ever he was able to carry, so he made answer, "No one gives more, most people give less."

"Come, now," said the hill-man, "let us hear who else is to be at the christening?" "Ah," said the boy, "we are to have a great parcel of strangers and great people. First and foremost, we are to have three priests and a bishop!" "Hem!" muttered the hill-man; "however, these gentlemen usually look only after the eating and drinking, they will never take any notice of me. Well, who else?" "Then we have asked St. Peter and St. Paul." "Hem! hem! however there will be a by-place for me behind the stove. Well, and then?" "Then our Lady herself is coming!" "Hem! hem! hem! however, guests of such high rank come late and go away early. But tell me, my lad, what sort of music is it you are to have?" "Music!" said the boy, "why, we are to have drums." "Drums!" repeated he, quite terrified; "no, no, thank you, I shall stay at home in that case. Give my best respects to your master, and I thank him for the invitation, but I cannot come. I did but once go out to take a little walk, and some people beginning to beat a drum, I hurried home, and was just got to my door when they flung the drum-stick after me and broke one of my shins. I have been lame of that

leg ever since, and I shall take good care in future to avoid that sort of music." So saying, he helped the boy to put the sack on his back, once more charging him to give his best respects to the farmer*.

THE TROLL TURNED CAT.

ABOUT a quarter of a mile from Sorøe lies Pedersborg, and a little farther on is the town of Lyng. Just between these towns is a hill called Brøndhøi (Spring Hill), said to be inhabited by the Troll-people.

There goes a story that there was once among these Troll-people of Brøndhøi an old cross-grained curmudgeon of a Troll, whom the rest nicknamed Knurremurre (Rumblegrumble), because he was evermore the cause of noise and uproar within the hill. This Knurremurre having discovered what he thought to be too great a degree of intimacy between his young wife and a young Troll of the society, took this in such ill part, that he vowed vengeance, swearing he would have the life of the young one. The latter, accordingly,

* This event happened in Jutland. The Troll's dread of thunder seems to be founded in the mythological narratives of Thor's enmity to the Trolls.

thought it would be his best course to be off out of the hill till better times, so turning himself into a fine tortoise-shell tom-cat, he one fine morning quitted his old residence, and journeyed down to the neighbouring town of Lyng, where he established himself in the house of an honest poor man named Plat.

Here he lived for a long time comfortable and easy, with nothing to annoy him, and was as happy as any tom-cat or Troll crossed in love well could be. He got every day plenty of milk and good groute* to eat, and lay the whole day long at his ease in a warm arm-chair behind the stove.

Plat happened one evening to come home rather late, and as he entered the room the cat was sitting in his usual place, scraping meal-groute out of a pot, and licking the pot itself carefully. "Harkye, Dame," said Plat, as he came in at the door, "till I tell you what happened to me on the road. Just as I was coming past Bröndhöi, there came out a Troll, and he called out to me, and said:

"Harkye Plat,
Tell your cat,
That Knurremurre is dead †."

* Groute, Danish *Grød*, is a species of food like furmerty, made of shelled oats or barley. It is boiled and eaten with milk or butter.

† Hör du Plat,
Siig til din Kat,
At Knurremurre er död.

The moment the cat heard these words, he tumbled the pot down on the floor, sprang out of the chair, and stood up on his hind legs. Then as he hurried out of the door, he cried out with exultation: "What! is Knurremurre dead? Then I may go home as fast as I please." And so saying he scampered off to the hill, to the amazement of honest Plat; and it is likely lost no time in making his advances to the young widow*.

KIRSTEN'S-HILL.

THERE is a hill on the lands of Skjelverod near Ringsted called Kirsten's-hill (Kirsten's Bjerg). In it there lived a Hill-troll whose name was Skynd, who had from time to time stolen no less than three wives from a man in the village of Englerup.

It was late one evening when this man was riding home from Ringsted, and his way lay by the hill. When he came there he saw a great crowd of Hill-folk who were dancing round it, and had great merriment among them. But on looking a

* The scene of this story is in Zealand. The same is related of a hill called Ormhøj in the same island. The writer has heard it in Ireland, but they were cats who addressed the man as he passed by the churchyard where they were assembled.

little closer, what should he recognize but all his three wives among them! Now as Kirsten, the second of them, had been his favourite, and dearer to him than either of the others, he called out to her, and named her name. Troll Skynd then came up to the man and asked him why he presumed to call Kirsten. The man told him briefly how she had been his favourite and best beloved wife, and entreated of him, with many tears and much lamentation, to let him have her home with him again. The Troll consented at last to grant the husband's request, with, however, the condition, that he should never hurry (skynde) her.

For a long time the husband strictly kept the condition, but one day when the woman was above in the loft getting something, and it happened that she delayed a long time, he called out, "Make haste, Kirsten, make haste" (Skynde dig Kirsten); and scarcely had he spoken the words when the woman was gone, compelled to return to the hill, which has ever since been called Kirsten's Bjerg*.

THE CHANGELING.

THERE lived once near Tiis lake two lonely people, who were sadly plagued with a changeling,

* This legend was orally related to Mr. Thiele.

given them by the underground-people instead of their own child, which had not been baptized in time. This changeling behaved in a very strange and uncommon manner, for when there was no one in the place, he was in great spirits, ran up the walls like a cat, sat under the roof, and shouted and bawled away lustily; but sat dozing at the end of the table when any one was in the room with him. He was able to eat as much as any four, and never cared what it was that was set before him: but though he regarded not the quality of his food, in quantity he was never satisfied, and gave excessive annoyance to every one in the house.

When they had tried for a long time in vain how they could best get rid of him, since there was no living in the house with him, a smart girl pledged herself that she would banish him from the house. She accordingly, while he was out in the fields, took a pig and killed it, and put it, hide, hair, and all, into a black pudding, and set it before him when he came home. He began, as was his custom, to gobble it up, but when he had eaten for some time, he began to relax a little in his efforts, and at last he sat quite still, with his knife in his hand, looking at the pudding.

At length, after sitting for some time in this manner, he began—"A pudding with hide!—

and a pudding with hair!—a pudding with eyes! —and a pudding with legs in it! Well, three times have I seen a young wood by Tiis lake, but never yet did I see such a pudding! The devil himself may stay here now for me!" So saying, he ran off with himself, and never more came back again*.

THE TILE-STOVE JUMPING OVER THE BROOK.

NEAR Hellested, in Zealand, lived a man, who from time to time remarked that he was continually plundered. All his suspicions fell on the Troll-folk who lived in the neighbouring hill of Ildshöi (Fire-hill), and once he hid himself to try and get a sight of the thief. He had waited there but a very short time when he saw, as he thought, his tile-stove jumping across the brook. The good farmer was all astonishment at this strange sight, and he shouted out "Hurra! there's a jump for a tile-stove!" At this exclamation the Troll, who was wading through the water with the stove on his head, was so frightened that

* *Oral.* See the Young Piper and the Brewery of Egg-shells in the Irish Fairy Legends, with the notes.

he threw it down and ran off as hard as he could to Ildshöi. But in the place where the stove fell, the ground got the shape of it, and the place is called Krogbek (Hook-brook), and it was this that gave rise to the common saying, "There was a jump for a tile-stove:" "*Det var et Spring af en Leerovn **."

THE DEPARTURE OF THE TROLLS FROM VENDSYSSEL.

ONE evening, after sunset, there came a strange man to the ferry of Sund. He engaged all the ferry-boats there to go backwards and forwards the whole night long between that place and Vendsyssel, without the people knowing what lading they had. He told them that they should take their freight on board half a mile to the east of Sund, near the alehouse at the bridge of Lange.

At the appointed time the man was at that place, and the ferrymen, though unable to see any thing, perceived very clearly that the boats sunk deeper and deeper, so that they easily concluded that they had gotten a very heavy freight on board. The ferry-boats passed in this manner to

* This legend is taken from Resenii Atlas. i. 36.





He perceived that all the Sand hills were covered with little Trol people.

and fro the whole night long, and though they got every trip a fresh cargo, the strange man never left them, but staid to have every thing regulated by his directions.

When morning was breaking they received the payment they had agreed for, and they then ventured to inquire what it was they had been bringing over, but on that head their employer would give them no satisfaction.

But there happened to be among the ferrymen a smart fellow who knew more about these matters than the others. He jumped on shore, took the clay from under his right foot, and put it into his cap, and when he had set it on his head he perceived that all the sand-hills east of Aalborg were completely covered with little Troll-people, who had all pointed red caps on their heads. Ever since that time there have been no Dwarfs seen in Vendsyssel*.

SVEND FÆLLING.

SVEND FÆLLING was a valiant champion. He was born in Fælling, and was a long time at service in Aakjær house, near Aarhus, and as the

* Vendsyssel and Aalborg are both in North Jutland.—
The story is told by the ferrymen to travellers.

roads were at that time greatly infested by Trolls and underground-people, who bore great enmity to all Christians, Svend undertook the office of letter-carrier.

As he was one time going along the road, he saw approaching him the Troll of Jels-hill, on the lands of Holm. The Troll came up to him, begging him to stand his friend in a combat with the Troll of Borum-es-hill. When Svend Fælling had promised to do so, saying that he thought himself strong and active enough for the encounter, the Troll reached him a heavy iron bar, and bade him show his strength on that. But not all Svend's efforts availed to lift it: whereupon the Troll handed him a horn, telling him to drink out of it. No sooner had he drunk a little out of it than his strength increased. He was now able to lift the bar, which, when he had drunk again, became still lighter; but when again renewing his draught he emptied the horn, he was able to swing the bar with ease, and he then learned from the Troll that he had now gotten the strength of twelve men. He then promised to prepare himself for combat with the Troll of Bergmond. As a token he was told that he should meet on the road a black ox and a red ox, and that he should fall with all his might on the black ox, and drive him from the red one.

This all came to pass just as he was told, and he found, after his work was done, that the black ox was the Troll from Borum-es-hill, and the red ox was the Troll himself of Jels-hill, who, as a reward for the assistance he had given him, allowed him to retain for his own use the twelve men's strength with which he had endowed him. This grant was, however, on this condition—that if ever he should reveal the secret of his strength, he should be punished by getting the appetite of twelve.

The fame of the prodigious strength of Svend soon spread through the country, as he distinguished himself by various exploits, such, for instance, as throwing a dairy-maid, who had offended him, up on the gable of the house, and similar feats. So when this report came to the ears of his master, he had Svend called before him, and inquired of him whence his great strength came. Svend recollected the words of his friend the Troll, so he told him that if he would promise him as much food as would satisfy twelve men, he would tell him. The master promised, and Svend told his story; but the word of the Troll was accomplished, for from that day forth Svend ate and drank as much as any twelve*.

* According to what Mr. Thiele was told in Zealand, Svend Fælling must have been of prodigious size, for there is

THE DWARFS' BANQUET.

A NORWEGIAN TALE *.

THERE lived in Norway, not far from the city of Drontheim, a powerful man, who was blessed with all the goods of fortune. A part of the surrounding country was his property; numerous herds fed on his pastures, and a great retinue and a crowd of servants adorned his mansion. He had an only daughter, called Aslog †, the fame of whose beauty spread far and wide. The greatest men

a hill near Steenstrup on which he used to sit while he washed his feet and hands in the sea, about half a quarter of a mile distant. The people of Holmstrup dressed a dinner for him, and brought it to him in large brewing vessels, much as the good people of Lilliput did with Gulliver. This reminds us of Holger Danake, who once wanted a new suit of clothes. Twelve tailors were employed: they set ladders to his back and shoulders, as was done to Gulliver, and they measured away; but the man that was highest on the right side ladder chanced, as he was cutting a mark in the measure, to clip Holger's ear. Holger, forgetting what it was, hastily put up his hand to his head, caught the poor tailor, and crushed him to death between his fingers.

* This tale was taken from oral recitation by Dr. Grimm, and inserted in Hauff's Märchenalmanach for 1827. Dr. Grimm's fidelity to tradition is too well known to leave any doubt of its genuineness.

† Aslög (the Light of the Aser) is the name of the lovely daughter of Sigurd and Brunhild, who became the wife of Ragnar Lodbrok. How beautiful and romantic is the account in the Volsanga Saga of old Heimer taking her, when an

of the country sought her, but all were alike unsuccessful in their suit, and he who had come full of confidence and joy, rode away home silent and melancholy. Her father, who thought his daughter delayed her choice only to select, forbore to interfere, and exulted in her prudence. But when, at length, the richest and noblest had tried their fortune with as little success as the rest, he grew angry, and called his daughter, and said to her,

“ Hitherto I have left you to your free choice, but since I see that you reject all without any distinction, and the very best of your suitors seem not good enough for you, I will keep measures no longer with you. What ! shall my family be extinct, and my inheritance pass away into the hands of strangers ? I will break your stubborn spirit. I give you now till the festival of the great Winter-night ; make your choice by that time, or prepare to accept him whom I shall fix on.”

Aslog loved a youth called Orm, handsome as he was brave and noble. She loved him with her whole soul, and she would sooner die than bestow her hand on another. But Orm was poor, and

infant, and carrying her about with him in his harp, to save her from those who sought her life as the last of Sigurd's race ; his retiring to remote streams and waterfalls to wash her, and his stilling her cries by the music of his harp !

poverty compelled him to serve in the mansion of her father. Aslog's partiality for him was kept a secret ; for her father's pride of power and wealth was such that he would never have given his consent to a union with so humble a man.

When Aslog saw the darkness of his countenance, and heard his angry words, she turned pale as death, for she knew his temper, and doubted not but that he would put his threats into execution. Without uttering a word in reply, she retired to her silent chamber, and thought deeply but in vain how to avert the dark storm that hung over her. The great festival approached nearer and nearer, and her anguish increased every day.

At last the lovers resolved on flight. "I know," says Orm, "a secure place where we may remain undiscovered until we find an opportunity of quitting the country." At night, when all were asleep, Orm led the trembling Aslog over the snow and ice-fields away to the mountains. The moon and the stars sparkling still brighter in the cold winter's night lighted them on their way. They had under their arms a few articles of dress and some skins of animals, which were all they could carry. They ascended the mountains the whole night long till they reached a lonely spot inclosed with lofty rocks. Here Orm conducted the weary Aslog into a cave, the low and narrow entrance to which

was hardly perceptible, but it soon enlarged to a great hall, reaching deep into the mountain. He kindled a fire, and they now, reposing on their skins, sat in the deepest solitude far away from all the world.

Orm was the first who had discovered this cave, which is shown to this very day, and as no one knew any thing of it, they were safe from the pursuit of Aslog's father. They passed the whole winter in this retirement. Orm used to go a hunting, and Aslog stayed at home in the cave, minded the fire, and prepared the necessary food. Frequently did she mount the points of the rocks, but her eyes wandered as far as they could reach only over glittering snow-fields.

The spring now came on—the woods were green—the meadows put on their various colours, and Aslog could but rarely and with circumspection venture to leave the cave. One evening Orm came in with the intelligence that he had recognized her father's servants in the distance, and that he could hardly have been unobserved by them, whose eyes were as good as his own. "They will surround this place," continued he, "and never rest till they have found us; we must quit our retreat then without a moment's delay."

They accordingly descended on the other side of the mountain, and reached the strand, where.

they fortunately found a boat. Orm shoved off, and the boat drove into the open sea. They had escaped their pursuers, but they were now exposed to dangers of another kind : whither should they turn themselves ? They could not venture to land, for Aslog's father was lord of the whole coast, and they would infallibly fall into his hands. Nothing then remained for them but to commit their bark to the wind and waves. They drove along the entire night. At break of day the coast had disappeared, and they saw nothing but the sky above, the sea beneath, and the waves that rose and fell. They had not brought one morsel of food with them, and thirst and hunger began now to torment them. Three days did they toss about in this state of misery, and Aslog, faint and exhausted, saw nothing but certain death before her.

At length, on the evening of the third day, they discovered an island of tolerable magnitude, and surrounded by a number of smaller ones. Orm immediately steered for it, but just as he came near it there suddenly rose a violent wind, and the sea rolled every moment higher and higher against him. He turned about with a view of approaching it on another side, but with no better success ; his vessel, as oft as it approached the island, was driven back as if by an invisible power. " Lord God !" cried he, and

blessed himself and looked on poor Aslog, who seemed to be dying of weakness before his eyes, But scarcely had the exclamation passed his lips when the storm ceased, the waves subsided, and the vessel came to the shore, without encountering any hinderance. Orm jumped out on the beach ; some muscles that he found on the strand strengthened and revived the exhausted Aslog, so that she was soon able to leave the boat.

The island was overgrown with low dwarf shrubs, and seemed to be uninhabited ; but when they had gotten about to the middle of it, they discovered a house reaching but a little above the ground, and appearing to be half under the surface of the earth. In the hope of meeting human beings and assistance, the wanderers approached it. They listened if they could hear any noise, but the most perfect silence reigned there. Orm at length opened the door, and with his companion walked in ; but what was their surprise, to find every thing regulated and arranged as if for inhabitants, yet not a single living creature visible. The fire was burning on the hearth, in the middle of the room, and a kettle with fish hung on it apparently only waiting for some one to take it up and eat it. - The beds were made and ready to receive their wearied tenants. Orm and Aslog stood for some time dubious, and looked on with a certain degree

of awe, but at last, overcome by hunger, they took up the food and ate. When they had satisfied their appetites, and still in the last beams of the setting sun, which now streamed over the island far and wide, discovered no human being, they gave way to weariness, and laid themselves in the beds to which they had been so long strangers.

They had expected to be awakened in the night by the owners of the house on their return home, but their expectation was not fulfilled; they slept undisturbed till the morning sun shone in upon them. No one appeared on any of the following days, and it seemed as if some invisible power had made ready the house for their reception. They spent the whole summer in perfect happiness—they were, to be sure, solitary, yet they did not miss mankind. The wild birds' eggs, and the fish they caught, yielded them provisions in abundance.

When autumn came, Aslog brought forth a son. In the midst of their joy at his appearance, they were surprised by a wonderful apparition. The door opened on a sudden, and an old woman stepped in. She had on her a handsome blue dress: there was something proud, but at the same time something strange and surprising in her appearance.

“Do not be afraid,” said she, “at my unexpected

appearance—I am the owner of this house, and I thank you for the clean and neat state in which you have kept it, and for the good order in which I find every thing with you. I would willingly have come sooner, but I had no power to do so till this little heathen (pointing to the new-born babe) was come to the light. Now I have free access. Only fetch no priest from the main land to christen it, or I must depart again. If you will in this matter comply with my wishes, you may not only continue to live here, but all the good that ever you can wish for I will do you. Whatever you take in hand shall prosper; good luck shall follow you wherever you go. But break this condition, and depend upon it that misfortune after misfortune will come on you, and even on this child will I avenge myself. If you want any thing, or are in danger, you have only to pronounce my name three times and I will appear and lend you assistance. I am of the race of the old Giants, and my name is Guru. But beware of uttering in my presence the name of him whom no Giant may hear of, and never venture to make the sign of the cross, or to cut it on beam or board in the house. You may dwell in this house the whole year long, only be so good as to give it up to me on Yule evening, when the sun is at the lowest, as then we celebrate our great festival, and then

only are we permitted to be merry. At least, if you should not be willing to go out of the house, keep yourselves up in the loft as quiet as possible the whole day long, and as you value your lives do not look down into the room until midnight is past. After that you may take possession of every thing again."

When the old woman had thus spoken she vanished, and Aslog and Orm, now at ease respecting their situation, lived without any disturbance contented and happy. Orm never made a cast of his net without getting a plentiful draught; he never shot an arrow from his bow that it was not sure to hit; in short, whatever they took in hand, were it ever so trifling, evidently prospered.

When Christmas came, they cleaned up the house in the best manner, set every thing in order, kindled a fire on the hearth, and as the twilight approached, they went up to the loft, where they remained quite still and quiet. At length it grew dark; they thought they heard a sound of whizzing and snorting in the air, such as the swans use to make in the winter time. There was a hole in the roof over the fireplace which might be opened and shut either to let in the light from above, or to afford a free passage for the smoke. Orm lifted up the lid,

which was covered with a skin, and put out his head. But what a wonderful sight then presented itself to his eyes ! The little islands around were all lit up with countless blue lights, which moved about without ceasing, jumped up and down, then skipped down to the shore, assembled together, and came nearer and nearer to the large island where Orm and Aslog lived. At last they reached it, and arranged themselves in a circle around a large stone not far from the shore, and which Orm well knew. But what was his surprise, when he saw that the stone had now completely assumed the form of a man, though of a monstrous and gigantic one ! He could clearly perceive that the little blue lights were borne by Dwarfs, whose pale clay-coloured faces, with their huge noses and red eyes, disfigured too by birds' bills and owls' eyes, were supported by misshapen bodies ; and they tottered and wobbled about here and there, so that they seemed to be at the same time merry and in pain. Suddenly, the circle opened ; the little ones retired on each side, and Guru, who was now much enlarged and of as immense a size as the stone, advanced with gigantic steps. She threw both her arms round the stone image, which immediately began to receive life and motion. As soon as the first symptom of motion showed itself, the little ones began, with wonder-

ful capers and grimaces, a song, or to speak more properly, a howl, with which the whole island resounded and seemed to tremble at the noise. Orm, quite terrified, drew in his head, and he and Aslog remained in the dark, so still, that they hardly ventured to draw their breath.

The procession moved on towards the house, as might be clearly perceived by the nearer approach of the shouting and crying. They were now all come in, and, light and active, the Dwarfs jumped about on the benches; and heavy and loud sounded at intervals the steps of the giants. Orm and his wife heard them covering the table, and the clattering of the plates, and the shouts of joy with which they celebrated their banquet. When it was over and it drew near to midnight, they began to dance to that ravishing fairy-air which charms the mind into such sweet confusion, and which some have heard in the rocky glens, and learned by listening to the underground musicians. As soon as Aslog caught the sound of this air, she felt an irresistible longing to see the dance. Nor was Orm able to keep her back. "Let me look," said she, "or my heart will burst." She took her child and placed herself at the extreme end of the loft, whence, without being observed, she could see all that passed. Long did she gaze, without taking off her eyes for an

instant, on the dance, on the bold and wonderful springs of the little creatures who seemed to float in the air, and not so much as to touch the ground, while the ravishing melody of the Elves filled her whole soul. The child meanwhile, which lay in her arms, grew sleepy and drew its breath heavily, and without ever thinking on the promise she had given the old woman, she made, as is usual, the sign of the cross over the mouth of the child, and said, "Christ bless you, my babe!"

The instant she had spoken the word there was raised a horrible piercing cry. The spirits tumbled head over heels out at the door with terrible crushing and crowding, their lights went out, and in a few minutes the whole house was clear of them and left desolate. Orm and Aslog frightened to death, hid themselves in the most retired nook in the house. They did not venture to stir till daybreak, and not till the sun shone through the hole in the roof down on the fireplace did they feel courage enough to descend from the loft.

The table remained still covered as the underground-people had left it; all their vessels, which were of silver and manufactured in the most beautiful manner, were upon it. In the middle of the room, there stood upon the ground a huge

copper kettle half full of sweet mead, and by the side of it, a drinking-horn of pure gold. In the corner lay against the wall a stringed instrument not unlike a dulcimer, which, as people believe, the Giantesses used to play on. They gazed on what was before them, full of admiration, but without venturing to lay their hands on any thing: but great and fearful was their amazement, when, on turning about, they saw sitting at the table an immense figure, which Orm instantly recognised as the Giant whom Guru had animated by her embrace. He was now a cold and hard stone. While they were standing gazing on it, Guru herself entered the room in her giant form. She wept so bitterly, that her tears trickled down on the ground. It was long ere her sobbing permitted her to utter a single word: at last she spoke:

“ Great affliction have you brought on me, and henceforth I must weep while I live; yet as I know that you have not done this with evil intentions, I forgive you, though it were a trifle for me to crush the whole house like an egg-shell over your heads.”

“ Alas!” cried she, “ my husband whom I love more than myself, there he sits, petrified for ever; never again will he open his eyes! Three hundred years lived I with my father on the island of

Kunnan, happy in the innocence of youth, as the fairest among the Giant-maidens. Mighty heroes sued for my hand ; the sea around that island is still filled with the rocky fragments which they hurled against each other in their combats. Andfind won the victory, and I plighted myself to him. But ere I was married came the detestable Odin into the country, who overcame my father, and drove us all from the island. My father and sisters fled to the mountains, and since that time my eyes have beheld them no more. Andfind and I saved ourselves on this island, where we for a long time lived in peace and quiet, and thought it would never be interrupted. But destiny, which no one escapes, had determined it otherwise. Oluf came from Britain. They called him the Holy, and Andfind instantly found that his voyage would be inauspicious to the Giants. When he heard how Oluf's ship rushed through the waves, he went down to the strand and blew the sea against him with all his strength. The waves swelled up like mountains. But Oluf was still more mighty than he ; his ship flew unchecked through the billows like an arrow from a bow. He steered direct for our island. When the ship was so near that Andfind thought he could reach it with his hands, he grasped at the forepart with his right hand, and was about to drag it down to the bot-

NISSES.

Og Trolde, Hexer, Nisser i hver Vraae.

Finn Magnusen.

And Witches, Trolls, and Nisses in each nook.

THE Nis is the same being that is called Kobold in Germany, Brownie in Scotland, and whom we shall meet in various other places under different appellations. He is in Denmark and Norway also called Nisse god Dreng (Nissè good lad), and in Sweden Tomtegubbe (the Old Man of the House.)

He is evidently of the Dwarf-family, as he resembles them in appearance, and, like them, has the command of money, and the same dislike to noise and tumult. His usual dress is gray, with a pointed red cap, but on Michaelmas-day he wears a round hat like those of the peasants.

No farm-house goes on well without there is a Nis in it, and well is it for the maids and the men when they are in favour with him. They may go to their beds and give themselves no trouble about their work, and yet in the morning the maids will find the kitchen swept up, and water brought in,

and the men will find the horses in the stable well cleaned and curried, and perhaps a supply of corn cribbed for them from the neighbours' barns. But he punishes them for any irregularity that takes place.

Every church, too, has its Nis, who looks to order, and chastises those who misbehave themselves. He is called the Kirkegrim*.

THE NIS REMOVING.

It is very difficult, they say, to get rid of a Nis when one wishes it. A man who lived in a house in which a Nis carried his pranks to great lengths resolved to quit the tenement, and leave him there alone. Several cart-loads of furniture and other articles were already gone, and the man was come to take away the last, which consisted chiefly of empty tubs, barrels, and things of that sort. The load was now all ready, and the man had just bidden farewell to his house and to the Nis, hoping for comfort in his new habitation, when happening, from some cause or other, to go to the back of the cart, there he saw the Nis sitting in one of the tubs in the cart, plainly with

* The places mentioned in the following stories are all in Jutland.

the intention of going along with him wherever he went. The good man was surprised and disconcerted beyond measure at seeing that all his labour was to no purpose, but the Nis began to laugh heartily, popped his head up out of the tub, and cried to the bewildered farmer, "Ha! we're moving to-day, you see*."

THE PENITENT NIS.

It is related of a Nis, who had established himself in a house in Jutland, that he used every evening, after the maid was gone to bed, to go into the kitchen to take his groute, which they used to leave for him in a wooden bowl.

One evening he sat down as usual to eat his supper with a good appetite, drew over the bowl to him, and was just beginning, as he thought, to make a comfortable meal, when he found that the maid had forgotten to put any butter into it for him. At this he fell into a furious rage, got up

* This story is current in Germany, England, and Ireland. See the "Haunted Cellar" in the "Irish Fairy Legends." In the German story the farmer set fire to his barn to burn the Kobold in it. As he was driving off, he turned round to look at the blaze, and, to his no small mortification, saw the Kobold behind him in the cart, crying "It was time for us to come out—it was time for us to come out!"

in the height of his passion, and went out into the cow-house, and twisted the neck of the best cow that was in it. But as he felt himself still very hungry, he stole back again to the kitchen to take some of the groute, such as it was, and when he had eaten a little of it he perceived that there was butter in it, but that it had sunk to the bottom under the groute. He was now so vexed at his injustice towards the maid, that, to make good the damage he had done, he went back to the cow-house and set a chest full of money by the side of the dead cow, where the family found it next morning, and by means of it got into flourishing circumstances.

THE NIS AND THE BOY.

THERE was a Nis in a house in Jutland ; he every evening got his groute at the regular time, and he, in return, used to help both the men and the maids, and looked to the interest of the master of the house in every respect.

There came one time an arch mischievous boy to live at service in this house, and his great delight was, whenever he got an opportunity, to give the Nis all the annoyance in his power. One evening,

late, when every thing was quiet in the place, the Nis took his little wooden dish, and was just going to eat his supper, when he perceived that the boy had put the butter at the bottom, and concealed it, in hopes that he might eat the groute first, and then find the butter when all the groute was gone. He accordingly set about thinking how he might repay the boy in kind ; so after pondering a little, he went up to the loft, where the man and the boy were lying asleep in the same bed. When he had taken the bed-clothes off them, and saw the little boy by the side of the tall man, he said, " Short and long don't match," and with this word he took the boy by the legs and dragged him down to the man's legs. He then went up to the head of the bed, and " Short and long don't match" said he again, and then he dragged the boy up once more. When, do what he would, he could not succeed in making the boy as long as the man, he still persisted in dragging him up and down in the bed, and continued at this work the whole night long, till it was broad daylight.

By this time he was well tired, so he crept up on the window-stool, and sat with his legs hanging down into the yard. But the house-dog—for all dogs have a great enmity to the Nis—as soon as he saw him, began to bark at him, which

afforded such amusement to Nis, as the dog could not get up to him, that he put down first one leg and then the other to him, and teased him, and kept saying, "Look at my little leg! Look at my little leg!" In the mean time, the boy had wakened, and had stolen up close behind him, and while Nis was least thinking of it, and was going on with his "Look at my little leg!" the boy tumbled him down into the yard to the dog, crying out at the same time, "Look at the whole of him now!"

THE NIS STEALING CORN.

THERE lived a man at Thyrsting, in Jutland, who had a Nis in his barn. This Nis used to attend to the cattle, and at night he would steal fodder for them from the neighbours, so that this farmer had the best fed and most thriving cattle in the country.

One time the boy went along with the Nis to Fugleriis to steal corn. The Nis took as much as he thought he could well carry, but the boy was more covetous, and said, "Oh, take more; sure we can rest now and then?" "Rest!" said the Nis; "rest! and what is rest?" "Do what

I tell you," replied the boy ; " take more, and we shall find rest when we get out of this."—The Nis then took more, and they went away with it. But when they were come to the lands of Thyrsting, the Nis grew tired, and then the boy said to him, " Here now is rest ;" and they both sat down on the side of a little hill. " If I had known," said the Nis, as they were sitting there, " if I had known that rest was so good, I'd have carried off all that was in the barn."

It happened some time after that the boy and the Nis were no longer friends, and as the Nis was sitting one day in the granary-window, with his legs hanging out into the yard, the boy ran at him and tumbled him back into the granary. But the Nis took his satisfaction of him that very same night ; for when the boy was gone to bed, he stole down to where he was lying, and carried him naked as he was out into the yard, and then laid two pieces of wood across the well, and put him lying on them, expecting that, when he awoke, he would fall from the fright down into the well and be drowned. But he was disappointed, for the boy came off without injury.

THE NIS AND THE MARE.

THERE was a man who lived in the town of Tirup, who had a very handsome white mare. This mare had for many years gone, like an heirloom, from father to son, because there was a Nis attached to her, which brought luck to the place.

This Nis was so fond of the mare that he could hardly endure to let them put her to any kind of work, and he used to come himself every night and feed her of the best; and as, for this purpose, he usually brought a superfluity of corn, both threshed and in the straw, from the neighbours' barns, all the rest of the cattle enjoyed the advantage of it, and they were all kept in exceeding good case.

It happened at last that the farm-house passed into the hands of a new owner, who refused to put any faith in what they told him about the mare, so the luck speedily left the place, and went after the mare to his poor neighbour who had bought her; and within five days after his purchase, the poor farmer who had bought the mare began to find his circumstances gradually improving, while the income of the other, day after day, fell away and diminished at such a rate, that he was hard set to make both ends meet.

If now the man who had gotten the mare had

only known how to be quiet, and enjoy the good times that were come upon him, he and his children, and his children's children after him, would have been in flourishing circumstances till this very day. But when he saw the quantity of corn that came every night to his barn, he could not resist his desire to get a sight of the Nis. So he concealed himself one evening, at nightfall, in the stable; and as soon as it was midnight, he saw how the Nis came from his neighbour's barn and brought a sack full of corn with him. It was now unavoidable that the Nis should get a sight of the man who was watching; so he, with evident marks of grief, gave the mare her food for the last time, cleaned, and dressed her to the best of his abilities, and when he was done, turned round to where the man was lying and bid him farewell.

From that day forward, the circumstances of both the neighbours were on an equality, for each now kept his own.

THE NIS RIDING.

THERE was a Nis in a farm-house, who was for ever tormenting the maids and playing all manner of roguish tricks on them, and they in

return were continually planning how to be even with him. There came one time to the farm-house a Juttish drover and put up there for the night. Among his cattle, there was one very large Juttish ox ; and when Nis saw him in the stable he took a prodigious fancy to get up and ride on his back. He accordingly mounted the ox, and immediately began to torment the beast in such a manner that he broke loose from his halter and ran out into the yard with the Nis on his back. Poor Nis was now terrified in earnest, and began to shout and bawl most lustily. His cries awakened the maids, but instead of coming to his assistance they laughed at him till they were ready to break their hearts. And when the ox ran against a piece of timber so that the unfortunate Nis had his hood all torn by it, the maids shouted out and called him "Lame leg, Lame leg," and he made off with himself in most miserable plight. But the Nis did not forget it to the maids ; for the following Sunday when they were going to the dance, he contrived, unknown to them, to smut their faces all over, so that when they got up to dance, every one that was there burst out a laughing at them.

THE NISSES IN VOSBORG.

THERE was once an exceeding great number of Nisses in Jutland. Those in Vosborg in particular were treated with so much liberality, that they were careful and solicitous beyond measure for their master's interest. They got every evening in their sweet-groute a large lump of butter, and in return for this, they once showed great zeal and gratitude.

One very severe winter, a lonely house in which there were six calves was so completely covered by the snow, that for the space of fourteen days no one could get into it. When the snow was gone, the people naturally thought that the calves were all dead of hunger; but far from it, they found them all in excellent condition; the place cleaned up, and the cribs full of beautiful corn, so that it was quite evident the Nisses had attended to them.

But the Nis, though thus grateful when well treated, is sure to avenge himself when any one does any thing to annoy and vex him. As a Nis was one day amusing himself by running on the loft over the cow-house, one of the boards gave way, and his leg went through. The boy happened to be in the cow-house when this happened,

and when he saw the Nis's leg hanging down, he took up a dung fork and gave him with it a smart rap on the leg. At noon, when the people were sitting round the table in the hall, the boy sat continually laughing to himself. The steward asked him what he was laughing at; and the boy replied, "Oh! a got such a blow at Nis to-day, and a gave him such a hell of a rap with my fork, when he put his leg down through the loft." "No," cried Nis, outside of the window, "it was not one, but three blows you gave me, for there were three prongs on the fork; but I shall pay you for it, my lad."

Next night, while the boy was lying fast asleep, Nis came and took him up and brought him out into the yard, then flung him over the house, and was so expeditious in getting to the other side of the house, that he caught him before he came to the ground, and instantly pitched him over again, and kept going on with this sport till the boy had been eight times backwards and forwards over the roof, and the ninth time he let him fall into a great pool of water, and then set up such a shout of laughter at him, that it wakened up all the people that were in the place.

NECKS, MERMEN, AND MERMAIDS.

Ei Necken mer i flodens vaagor quäder,
Och ingen Hafsfru bleker sina kläder
Paa böljans rygg i milda solars glans.

STAGNELII.

The Neck no more upon the river sings,
And no Mermaid to bleach her linen flings
Upon the waves in the mild solar ray.

It is a prevalent opinion in the North that all the various beings of the popular creed were once worsted in a conflict with superior powers, and condemned to remain till doomsday in certain assigned abodes. The Dwarfs, or Hill (Berg) trolls, were appointed the hills; the Elves the groves and leafy trees; the Hill-people (Högfolk*) the caves and caverns; the Mermen, Mermaids, and Necks, the sea, lakes, and rivers; the River-man (Ström-karl) the small waterfalls. Both the Catholic and

* *Berg* signifies a larger eminence, mountain, hill; *Hög*, a height, hillock. The *Hög-folk* are Elves and musicians.

Protestant clergy have endeavoured to excite an aversion to these beings, but in vain. They are regarded as possessing considerable power over man and nature, and it is believed that, though now unhappy, they will be eventually saved, or *faa förlossning* (get salvation), as it is expressed.

The NÆCK (in Danish Nökke*) is the river-spirit. The ideas respecting him are various. Sometimes he is represented as sitting, of summer nights, on the surface of the water, like a pretty little boy, with golden hair hanging in ringlets, and a red cap on his head; sometimes as above the water, like a handsome young man, but beneath like a horse†; at other times, as an old man with a long beard, out of which he wrings

* The Danish peasantry in Wormius' time described the Nökke (Nikke) as a monster with a human head, that dwells both in fresh and salt water. When any one was drowned, they said, *Nökken tog ham bort* (the Nökke took him away); and when any drowned person was found with the nose red, they said the Nikke has sucked him! *Nikken har suet ham*.—Magnusen Eddalære. Denmark being a country without any streams of magnitude, we meet in the Danske Folkessagn no legends of the Nökke; and in ballads, such as "The Power of the Harp," what in Sweden is ascribed to the Neck, is in Denmark imputed to the Havmand or Merman.

† The Neck is also believed to appear in the form of a complete horse, and can be made to work at the plough, if a bridle of a particular description be employed.—*Kalm's Vestgötha Besö.*

the water as he sits on the cliffs. In this last form, Odin, according to the Icelandic sagas, has sometimes revealed himself.

The Neck is very severe against any haughty maiden who makes an ill return to the love of her wooer; but should he himself fall in love with a maid of human kind, he is the most polite and attentive suitor in the world.

Though he is thus severe only against those who deserve it, yet country people when they are upon the water use certain precautions against his power. Metals, particularly steel, are believed to *bind the Neck* (*binda Necken*); and when going on the open sea, they usually put a knife in the bottom of the boat, or set a nail in a reed.

The Neck is a great musician. He sits on the water and plays on his gold harp, the harmony of which operates on all nature. To learn music of him, a person must present him with a black lamb, and also promise him resurrection and redemption.

The following story is told in all parts of Sweden:

“ Two boys were one time playing near a river that ran by their father’s house. The Neck rose and sat on the surface of the water, and played on his harp; but one of the children said to him, ‘ *What is the use, Neck, of your sitting there and playing? you will never be saved.*’ The Neck then began to weep bitterly, flung away his harp, and

sank down to the bottom. The children went home, and told the whole story to their father, who was the parish priest. He said they were wrong to say so to the Neck, and desired them to go immediately back to the river, and console him with the promise of salvation. They did so; and when they came down to the river the Neck was sitting on the water, weeping and lamenting. They then said to him, ‘*Neck, do not grieve so; our father says that your Redeemer liveth also.*’ The Neck then took his harp and played most sweetly, until long after the sun was gone down*.”

THE POWER OF THE HARP.

LITTLE Kerstin she weeps in her bower all the day;
Sir Peter in his courtyard is playing so gay.

My heart's own dear!

Tell me wherefore you grieve?

* There is a ballad on this subject in a work called “Schwedische Volksharfe, von J. L. Studach,” Stockholm, 1826, containing German translations of select Swedish Visor. This translator has evidently taken some liberties with his originals; for in his polished verses and perfect rimes we no longer recognize the simple Swedish Folks-Visa.

" Grieve you for saddle, or grieve you for steed ?
Or grieve you for that I have you wed ?"

My heart's, &c.

" And grieve do I not for saddle or for steed :
And grieve do I not for that I have you wed.

My heart's, &c.

" Much more do I grieve for my fair gold hair,
Which in the blue waves shall be stained to-day.

My heart's, &c.

" Much more do I grieve for Ringfalla flood,
In which have been drowned my two sisters proud.

My heart's, &c.

" It was laid out for me in my infancy,
That my wedding-day should prove heavy to me."

My heart's, &c.

" And I shall make them the horse round shoe,
He shall not stumble on his four gold shoes.

My heart's, &c.

" Twelve of my courtiers shall before thee ride,
Twelve of my courtiers upon each side."

My heart's, &c.

But when they were come to Ringfalla wood,
There sported a hart with gilded horns proud.

My heart's, &c.

And all the courtiers after the hart are gone ;
Little Kerstin, she must proceed alone.

My heart's, &c.

And when on Ringfalla bridge she goes,
Her steed he stumbled on his four gold shoes.

My heart's, &c.

Four gold shoes, and thirty gold nails,
And the maiden into the swift stream falls.

My heart's, &c.

Sir Peter he spake to his footpage so—
“Thou must for my gold harp instantly go.”

My heart's, &c.

The first stroke on his gold harp he gave
The foul ugly Neck sat and laughed on the wave.

My heart's, &c.

The second time the gold harp he swept,
The foul ugly Neck on the wave sat and wept.

My heart's, &c.

The third stroke on the gold harp rang,
 Little Kerstin reached up her snow-white arm.
 My heart's, &c. *

He played the bark from off the high trees;
 He played little Kerstin back on his knees.
 My heart's, &c.

And the Neck he out of the waves came there,
 And a proud maiden on each arm he bare.
 My heart's own dear !
 Tell me wherefore you grieve †?

The STRÖMKARL, called in Norway Grim or Fosse Grim, Waterfall-Grim, is a musical genius like the Neck. Like him too, when properly propitiated, he communicates his art. The sacrifice also is a black lamb, which the offerer must present with averted head, and on Thursday evening. The Strömkarl then seizes the votary by the right hand, and swings it backwards and forwards till

* Det tredje slag paa gullharpan klang
 Liten Kerstin räckta upp sin snöhvita arm
 Min hjerteliga kär !
 J sägen mig hvarfor J sörjen ?

† As sung in West Gothland and Vermland.

the blood runs out at the finger ends. The aspirant is then enabled to play in such a masterly manner that the trees dance and waterfalls stop at his music.

The HAYMAND, or MERMAN, is described as of a handsome form, with green or black hair and beard. He dwells either in the bottom of the sea, or in the cliffs and hills near the sea shore, and is regarded as rather a good and beneficent being*.

The HAYFRUE, or MERMAID, is represented in the popular tradition sometimes as a good, at other times as an evil and treacherous being. She is beautiful in her appearance. Fishermen sometimes see her in the bright summer's sun, when a thin mist hangs over the sea, sitting on the surface of the water, and combing her long golden hair with a golden comb, or driving up her snow-white cattle to feed on the strands and small islands. At other times she comes as a beautiful maiden, chilled and shivering with the cold of the night, to the fires the fishers have

* In the *Danske Viser and Folkesagn* there are a few stories of Mermen, such as Rosmer Havmand and Marstig's Daughter, both translated by Dr. Jamieson, and Agnete and the Merman, which resembles Proud Margaret. It was natural, says Afzelius, that what in Sweden was related of a Hill King, should, in Denmark, be ascribed to a Merman.

kindled, hoping by this means to entice them to her love *. Her appearance prognosticates both storm and ill success in their fishing. People that are drowned, and whose bodies are not found, are believed to have been taken into the dwellings of the Mermaids. These beings are also supposed to have the power of foretelling future events. A Mermaid, we are told, prophesied the birth of Christian IV. of Denmark, and

En Havfrue op af Vandet steg
Og spæde Herr Sinklar ilde.

Sinclar's Visa.

A Mermaid from the water rose,
And spæd Sir Sinclar ill.

Fortune-telling has been in all countries a gift of the sea-people. We need hardly mention the prophecies of Nereus and Proteus.

DUKE MAGNUS AND THE MERMAID.

DUKE MAGNUS looked out through the castle
windøw,
How the stream ran so rapidly ;
And there he saw how upon the stream sat
A woman most fair and lovely.

* The appearance of the Wood-woman (Skogsfru) or Elve-woman, is equally unlucky for hunters. She also approaches the fires, and seeks to seduce young men.

Duke Magnus, Duke Magnus, plight thee to
me,

I pray you still so freely ;
Say me not nay, but yes !

“ O, to you I'll give a travelling ship,
The best that a knight would guide ;
It goeth as well on water as on firm land,
And through the fields all so wide.

Duke Magnus, &c.

“ O, to you will I give a courser gray,
The best that a knight would ride ;
He goeth as well on water as on firm land,
And through the groves all so wide.”

Duke Magnus, &c.

“ O how should I plight me to you ?
I never any quiet get ;
I serve the king and my native land,
But with woman I match me not yet.”

Duke Magnus, &c.

“ To you will I give as much of gold
As for more than your life will endure ;
And of pearls and precious stones handfuls ;
And all shall be so pure.”

Duke Magnus, &c.

" O gladly would I plight me to thee,
If thou wert of Christian kind ;
But now thou art a vile sea-troll,
My love thou canst never win."

Duke Magnus, &c.

" Duke Magnus, Duke Magnus, bethink thee well,
And answer not so haughtily ;
For if thou wilt not plight thee to me,
Thou shalt ever crazy be."

Duke Magnus, &c.

" I am a king's son so good,
How can I let you gain me ?
You dwell not on land, but in the flood,
Which would not with me agree."

Duke Magnus, Duke Magnus, plight thee to me,
I offer you still so freely ;
Say me not nay, but yes, yes * !

* This is a ballad from Smaaland. Magnus was the youngest son of Gustavus I. He died out of his mind.



THE
FAIRY MYTHOLOGY.
NORTHERN ISLANDS.



Här Necken sin Harpa i Glasborgen slaar
Och Hafsfruar kamma sitt grönskande haar
Och bleka den akinande dräkten.

STAGNELII.

The Neck here his harp on the glass castle plays,
And Mermaidens comb out their green hair always,
And bleach here their shining white clothes.

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NORTHERN ISLANDS.

UNDER the title of Northern Islands we include all those lying in the ocean to the north of Scotland, to wit, Iceland, the Feroes, Shetland, and the Orkneys.

These islands were all peopled from Norway and Denmark during the ninth century. Till that time many of them, particularly Iceland and the Feroes, though, perhaps, occasionally visited by stray Vikingar, or by ships driven out of their course by tempests, had lain waste and desert from the creation, the abode alone of wild beasts and birds.

But at that period the proud nobles of Norway and Denmark, who scorned to be the vassals of Harold Fair-hair and Gorm the Old, the founders of the Norwegian and Danish monarchies, set forth in quest of new settlements, where, at a distance from these haughty potentates, they might live in the full enjoyment of their beloved independence. Followed by numerous vassals, they embarked on the wide Atlantic. A portion fixed

themselves on the distant shores of Iceland; others took possession of the vacant Feroes; and more dispossessed the Peti and Papæ, the ancient inhabitants of Shetland and the Orkneys, and seized on their country.

As the Scandinavians were at that time still worshippers of Thor and Odin, the belief in Alfs and Dwarfs accompanied them to their new abodes, and there, as elsewhere, survived the introduction of Christianity. We now proceed to examine the vestiges of the old religion still to be traced.

ICELAND.

Hvad mon da ei
Og her lyksalig leves kan ? Jeg troer
Det mueligt, som för i Heden-Old
For raake Skander mueligt det var,
Paa denne kolde Öe.

Islandske Landlevnet.

What ! cannot one
Here, too, live happy ? I believe it now
As possible, as in the heathen age,
For the bold Scandinavians it was,
On this cold isle.

It is in vain that we look into the works of travellers for information on the subject of popular belief in Iceland. Their attention was too much occupied by Geysers, volcanoes, agriculture, and religion, to allow them to devote any part of it to this, in their eyes, unimportant subject. So that, were it not for some short but curious notices given by natives of the island, we should be quite ignorant of the fate of the subordinate classes of the old religion in Iceland.

Torfaeus, who wrote in the latter end of the seventeenth century, gives, in his preface to his

edition of Hrolf Krakas Saga, the opinion of a venerable Icelandic pastor, named Einar Gudmund, respecting the Dwarfs. This opinion Torfæus heard when a boy from the lips of the old man.

"I believe, and am fully persuaded," said he, "that this people are the creatures of God, consisting of a body and a rational spirit; that they are of both sexes; marry, and have children; and that all human acts take place among them as with us: that they are possessed of cattle, and of many other kinds of property; have poverty and riches, weeping and laughter, sleep and wake, and have all other affections belonging to human nature; and that they enjoy a longer or a shorter term of life according to the will and pleasure of God. Their power of having children," he adds, "appears from this, that some of their women have had children by men, and were very anxious to have their offspring dipped in the sacred font, and initiated into Christianity; but they, in general, sought in vain. Thorkatla Mari, the wife of Kari, was pregnant by a Hill-man, but she did not bring the child Aresus into the world, as appears from the poems made on this fatal occasion.

There was formerly on the lands of Haga a nobleman named Sigvard Fostre, who had to do with a Hill-woman. He promised her faithfully that he would take care to have the child received

into the bosom of the church. In due time the woman came with her child and laid it on the churchyard wall, and along with it a gilded cup and a holy robe (presents she intended making to the church for the baptism of her child), and then retired a little way. The pastor inquired who acknowledged himself the father of the child. Sigvard, perhaps, out of shame, did not venture to acknowledge himself. The clerk now asked him if it should be baptized or not. Sigvard said 'No,' lest by assenting he should be proved to be the father. The infant then was left where it was, untouched and unbaptized. The mother, filled with rage, snatched up her babe and the cup, but left the vestment, the remains of which may still be seen in Haga. That woman foretold and inflicted a singular disease on Sigvard and his posterity till the ninth generation, and several of his descendants are to this day afflicted with it. Andrew Gudmund (from whom I am the seventh in descent) had an affair of the same kind. He also refused to have the child baptized, and he and his posterity have suffered a remarkable disease, of which very many of them have died ; but some, by the interposition of good men, have escaped the deserved punishment."

The fullest account we have of the Icelandic Elves or Dwarfs is contained in the following pass-

age of the Ecclesiastical History of Iceland of the learned Finnus Johannæus.

"As we have not as yet," says he, "spoken a single word about the very ancient, and I know not whether more ridiculous or perverse, persuasion of our forefathers about semigods, this seems the proper place for saying a few words about this so celebrated figment, as it was chiefly in this period it attained its acmè, and it was believed as a true and necessary article of faith, that there are genii or semigods, called in our language Alfa and Alfa-folk.

"Authors vary respecting their essence and origin. Some hold that they have been created by God immediately and without the intervention of parents, like some kinds of spirits: others maintain that they are sprung from Adam, but before the creation of Eve*: lastly, some refer them to another race of men, or to a stock of præ-Adamites. Some bestow on them not merely a

* This was plainly a theory of the monks. It greatly resembles the rabbinical account of the origin of the Mazzekeem, which the reader will meet in Vol. II.

Some Icelanders of the present day say, that one day, when Eve was washing her children at the running water, God suddenly called her. She was frightened, and thrust aside such of them as were not clean. God asked her if all her children were there, and she said, Yes; but got for answer, that what she tried to hide from God should be hidden from

human body, but an immortal soul: others assign them merely mortal breath (*spiritum*) instead of a soul, whence a certain blockhead*, in an essay written by him respecting them, calls them our half-kin (*half-kyn*).

“ According to the old wives’ tales that are related about this race of *genii* who inhabit Iceland and its vicinity, they have a political form of government modelled after the same pattern as that which the inhabitants themselves are under. Two viceroys rule over them, who in turn every second year, attended by some of the subjects, sail to Norway, to present themselves before the monarch of the whole race, who resides there, and to give him a true report concerning the fidelity, good conduct, and obedience of the subjects; and those who accompany them are to accuse the government or

man. These children became instantly invisible and distinct from the rest. Before the flood came on, God put them into a cave and closed up the entrance. From them are descended all the underground-people.

* This was one Janus Gudmund, who wrote several treatises on this and similar subjects, particularly one “*De Alfis et Alfheimum*,” which the learned bishop characterises as a work “*nullius pretii, et meras nugas continens*.” We might, if we were to see it, be of a different opinion. Of Janus Gudmund Brynj Svenonius thus expresses himself to Wormius: *Janus Gudmundius, ære dirutus verius quam rude donatus, sibi et aliis inutilis in angulo consenuit*. Worm. *Epist.* 370.

viceroys if they have transgressed the bounds of justice or of good morals. If these are convicted of crime or injustice, they are forthwith stripped of their office, and others appointed in their place.

“ This nation is reported to cultivate justice and equity above all other virtues, and hence, though they are very potent, especially with words and imprecations, they very rarely, unless provoked or injured, do any mischief to man ; but when irritated they avenge themselves on their enemies with dreadful curses and punishments.

“ The new-born infants of Christians are, before baptism, believed to be exposed to great peril of being stolen by them, and their own, which they foresee likely to be feeble in mind, in body, in beauty, or other gifts, being substituted for them. These supposititious children of the semigods are called *Umskiptingar* ; whence nurses and midwives were strictly enjoined to watch constantly, and to hold the infant firmly in their arms, till it had had the benefit of baptism, lest they should furnish any opportunity for such a change. Hence it comes, that the vulgar use to call fools, deformed people, and those who act rudely and uncivilly, *Umskiptinga eins og hann sie ko minnaf Alfum*, changelings, and come of the Alfs.

“ They use rocks, hills, and even the seas, for their habitations, which withinside are neat, and

all their domestic utensils extremely clean and orderly. They sometimes invite men home, and take especial delight in the converse of Christians, some of whom have had intercourse with their daughters or sisters, who are no less wanton than beautiful, and have had children by them, who must by all means be washed in holy water, that they may receive an immortal soul, and one that can be saved. Nay, they have not been ashamed to feign that certain women of them have been joined in lawful marriage with men, and continued for a long time with them, happily at first, but, for the most part, with an ill or tragical conclusion.

“ Their cattle, if not very numerous, are at least very profitable. They are invisible as their owners are, unless when it pleases them to appear, which usually takes place when the weather is serene and the sun shining very bright; for as they do not see the sun within their dwellings, they frequently walk out in the sunshine that they may be cheered by his radiance. Hence, even the coffins of dead kings and nobles, such as are the oblong stones which are to be seen here and there, in wildernesses and rough places, always lie in the open air and exposed to the sun.

“ They change their abodes and habitations occasionally like mankind; this they do on new-

year's night ; whence certain dreamers and mountebanks used on that night to watch in the roads, that, by the means of various forms of conjurations appointed for that purpose, they might extort from them as they passed along the knowledge of future events *. But people in general, who were not acquainted with such things, especially the heads of families, used on this evening strictly to charge their children and servants to be sure to be serious and modest in their actions and language, lest their invisible guests, and mayhap future neighbours, should be aggrieved or any way offended. Hence, when going to bed they did not shut the outer doors of their houses, nor even the door of the sitting-room, but having kindled a light, and laid out a table, they desired the invisible personages who had arrived, or were to arrive, to partake, if it was their pleasure, of the food that was laid out for them ; and hoped that if it pleased them to dwell within the limits of their lands, they would live safe and sound, and be propitious to them. As this superstitious belief is extremely

* There was a book of prophecies called the *Kruckepa*, or Prophecy of Kruck, a man who was said to have lived in the 15th century. It treated of the change of religion and other matters said to have been revealed to him by the Dwarf. *Johanneus* says it was forged by *Brynjalf Svenonius* in or about the year 1660.

ancient, so it long continued in full vigour, and was held by some even within the memory of our fathers *."

The Icelandic Neck, Kelpie, or Water-Spirit, is called Nickur, Ninnir, and Haikur (one of the Eddaic names of Odin). He appears always in the form of a fine horse on the sea shore; but he may be distinguished from ordinary horses by the circumstance of his hoofs being reversed. If any one is so foolish as to mount him, he gallops off, and plunges into the sea with his burden †.

The Icelanders have the same notions respecting the seals which we shall find in the Feroes and Shetland. It is a common opinion with them that king Pharaoh and his army were changed into these animals.

* Finni Johannæi *Historia Ecclesiastica Islandiæ*, tom. ii. p. 368. Havnæ, 1774. We believe we might safely add, is held at the present day, for the superstition is no more extinct in Iceland than elsewhere.

† *Svenska Visor*, iii. 128.

FEROES.

Sjúrur touk teð besta svör
Sum Dvöngurin heji smuða.

Qvörfins Thaattur.

Sigurd took the very best sword
That the Dwarfs had ever smithed.

THE people of the Feroes believe in the same classes of beings as the inhabitants of the countries whence their ancestors came.

They call the Trolls Underground-people, Hollow-men, and Foddenskemænd. These Trolls used frequently to carry people into their hills, and detain them there. Among several other instances, Debes * gives the following one of this practice :

“ Whilst Mr. Taale was priest in Osterøe, it happened that one of his hearers was carried away and returned again. At last the said young man being to be married, and every thing prepared, and the priest being arrived the Saturday before at the parish, the bridegroom was carried away ; wherefore they sent folks to look after him, but he

* *Færoæ et Færoa reserata.* Lond. 1676.

could not be found. The priest desired his friends to have good courage, and that he would come again; which he did at last, and related that the spirit that led him away was in the shape of a most beautiful woman, and very richly dressed, who desired him to forsake her whom he was now to marry, and consider how ugly his mistress was in comparison of her, and what fine apparel she had. He said also that he saw the men that sought after him, and that they went close by him but could not see him, and that he heard their calling, and yet could not answer them; but that when he would not be persuaded he was again left at liberty."

The people of the Feroes call the Nisses or Brownies *Niägruisar*, and describe them as little creatures with red caps on their heads, that bring luck to any place where they take up their abode.

It would appear from a story given by Thiele, from Svaboe's MS. Travels in the Feroes, that they have the same notion respecting the seals which the Shetlanders have. The Feroe belief is, that it is every ninth night the seal casts his skin and takes the human form.

The Neck called *Nikar* is also an object of popular faith in the Feroes. He inhabits the streams and lakes, and takes a delight in drowning people.

SHETLAND.

Well, since we are welcome to Yule,
Up wi' t', Lightfoot, link it awa', boys !
Send for a fiddler, play up Foula reel,
The Shaalds will pay for a', boys.

Shetland Song.

DR. HIBBERT's late valuable work on the Shetland Islands * fortunately enables us to give a tolerably complete account of the fairy system of these islands.

The Shetlanders believe in two kinds of Trows, as they call the Scandinavian Trolls, those of the land and those of the sea.

The former, whom they also term the *guid folk* and *guid neighbours*, they conceive to inhabit the interior of green hills. Persons who have been brought into their habitations have been dazzled with the splendour of what they saw there : all the interior walls are adorned with gold and silver, and the domestic utensils resemble the strange things that are found sometimes lying on the hills. These persons have always entered the hill on one side and gone out at the other.

They marry and have children, like their

* Description of the Shetland Islands. Edinburgh, 1822.

northern kindred. A woman of the island of Yell, who died not long since, at the advanced age of more than a hundred years, said, that she once met some fairy children, accompanied by a little dog, playing like other boys and girls on the top of a hill. Another time she happened one night to raise herself up in the bed, when she saw a little boy with a white nightcap on his head, sitting at the fire. She asked him who he was. "I am Trippa's son," said he. When she heard this she instantly *sained*, i. e. blessed herself, and Trippa's son vanished.

Saining is the grand protection against them; a Shetlander always sains himself when passing by their hills.

The Trows are of a diminutive stature, and they are usually dressed in gay green garments. When travelling from one place to another they may be seen mounted on bulrushes, and riding through the air. If a person should happen to meet them when on these journeys, he should, if he has not a bible in his pocket, draw a circle round him on the ground, and in God's name forbid their approach. They then generally disappear*.

They are fond of music and dancing. It is

* Edmonston's View, &c. of Zetland Islands. Edin. 1809.

their dancing that forms the fairy rings. A Shetlander lying awake in bed before day one morning heard the noise of a party of Trows passing by his door. They were preceded by a piper, who was playing away lustily. The man happened to have a good ear for music, so he picked up the tune he heard played, and used often after to repeat it for his friends under the name of the Fairy-tune.

The Trows are not free from disease, but they are possessed of infallible remedies, which they sometimes bestow on their favourites. A man in the island of Unst had an earthen pot that contained an ointment of marvellous power. This he said he got from the hills, and, like the widow's cruise, its contents never failed.

They have all the picking and stealing propensities of the Scandinavian Trolls. The dairy-maid sometimes detects a Trow-woman secretly milking the cows in the byre. She sains herself, and the thief takes to flight so precipitately as to leave behind her a copper pan of a form never seen before.

When they want beef or mutton on any festal occasion, they betake themselves to the Shetlanders' *scatholds* or townmails, and with elf-arrows bring down their game. On these occasions they delude the eyes of the owner with the

appearance of something exactly resembling the animal whom they have carried off, and by its apparent violent death by some accident. It is on this account that the flesh of such animals as have met a sudden or violent death is regarded as improper food.

A Shetlander, who is probably still alive, affirmed that he was once taken into a hill by the 'Trows. Here one of the first objects that met his view was one of his own cows, that was brought in to furnish materials for a banquet. He regarded himself as being in rather a ticklish situation if it were not for the protection of the Trow-women, by whose favour he had been admitted within the hill. On returning home he learned, to his great surprise, that at the very moment he saw the cow brought into the hill, others had seen her falling over the rocks.

Lying-in-women and "unchristened bairns" they regard as lawful prize. The former they employ as wet-nurses, the latter they of course rear up as their own. Nothing will induce parents to show any attention to a child that they suspect of being a changeling. But there are persons who undertake to enter the hills and regain the lost child.

A tailor, not long since, related the following story. He was employed to work at a farm-house

where there was a child that was an idiot, and who was supposed to have been left there by the Trows instead of some proper child, whom they had taken into the hills. One night, after he had retired to his bed, leaving the idiot asleep by the fire, he was suddenly waked out of his sleep by the sound of music, and on looking about him he saw the whole room full of fairies, who were dancing away their rounds most joyously. Suddenly the idiot jumped up and joined in the dance, and showed such a degree of acquaintance with the various steps and movements as plainly testified that it must have been a long time since he first went under the hands of the dancing-master. The tailor looked on for some time with admiration, but at last he grew alarmed and *sained* himself. On hearing this the Trows all fled in the utmost disorder, but one of them, a woman, was so incensed at this interruption of their revels, that as she went out she touched the big toe of the tailor, and he lost the power of ever after moving it.

In these cases of paralysis they believe that the Trows have taken away the sound member and left a log behind. They even sometimes sear the part, and from the want of sensation in it boast of the correctness of this opinion*.

* Edmonston *ut supra*.

With respect to the Sea-Trows, it is the belief of the Shetlanders that they inhabit a region of their own at the bottom of the sea *. They here respire a peculiar atmosphere, and live in habitations constructed of the choicest submarine productions. When they visit the upper world on occasions of business or curiosity, they are obliged to enter the skin of some animal capable of respiring in the water. One of the shapes they assume is that of what is commonly called a merman or mermaid, human from the waist upwards, terminating below in the tail of a fish. But their most favourite vehicle is the skin of the larger seal or Haaf fish, for as this animal is amphibious they can land on some rock, and there cast off their sea-dress and assume their own shape, and amuse themselves as they will in the upper world. They must, however, take especial care of their skins, as each has but one, and if that should be lost, the owner can never re-descend, but must become an inhabitant of the sub-pramarine world.

The following Shetland tales will illustrate this.

* Dr. Hibbert says he could get but little satisfaction from the Shetlanders respecting this submarine country.

GIOGA'S SON.

A BOAT'S-CREW landed one time upon one of the stacks with the intention of attacking the seals. They had considerable success; stunned several of them, and while they lay stupefied stripped them of their skins, with the fat attached to them. They left the naked carcasses lying on the rocks, and were about to get into their boat with their spoils and return to Papa Stour, whence they had come. But just as they were embarking there rose such a tremendous swell that they saw there was not a moment to be lost, and every one flew as quickly as he could to get on board the boat. They were all successful but one man, who had imprudently loitered behind. His companions were very unwilling to leave him on the skerries; perhaps to perish, but the surge increased so fast that after many unsuccessful attempts to bring the boat in close to the stacks, they were obliged to depart and leave the unfortunate man to his fate.

A dark stormy night came on, the sea dashed most furiously against the rocks, and the poor deserted Shetlander saw no prospect before him but that of dying of the cold and hunger, or of being

washed into the sea by the breakers, which now threatened every moment to run over the stack.

At length he perceived several of the seals, who had escaped from the boatmen, approaching the skerry. When they landed they stripped off their seal-skin dresses and appeared in their proper forms of Sea-Trows. Their first object was to endeavour to recover their friends, who lay stunned and skinless. When they had succeeded in bringing them to themselves, they also resumed their proper form, and appeared in the shape of the submarine people. But in mournful tones, wildly accompanied by the raging storm, they lamented the loss of their sea-vestures, the want of which would for ever prevent them returning to their native abodes beneath the deep waters of the Atlantic. Most of all did they lament for Ollavitus, the son of Gioga, who, stripped of his seal-skin, must abide for ever in the upper world.

Their song was at length broken off by their perceiving the unfortunate boatman, who, with shivering limbs and despairing looks, was gazing on the furious waves that now dashed over the stack. Gioga, when she saw him, instantly conceived the design of rendering the perilous situation of the man of advantage to her son. She went up to him and mildly addressed him, proposing to carry him on her back through the sea

to Papa Stour, on condition of his getting her the seal-skin of her son.

The bargain was soon made, and Gioga equipped herself in her phocine garb, but when the Shetlander gazed on the stormy sea he was to ride through, his courage nearly failed him, and he begged of the old lady to have the kindness to allow him to cut a few holes in her shoulders and flanks, that he might obtain a better fastening for his hands between the skin and the flesh.

This, too, her maternal tenderness induced Gioga to consent to. The man, having prepared every thing, now mounted, and she plunged into the waves with him, gallantly ploughed the deep, and landed him safe and sound at Acres Gio, in Papa Stour. He thence set out for Skeo, at Hamna Voe, where the skin was, and honourably fulfilled his agreement by restoring to Gioga the means of bringing back her son to his dear native land.

THE MERMAID WIFE.

ON a fine summer's evening, an inhabitant of Unst happened to be walking along the sandy margin of a voe*. The moon was risen, and by

* A voe is a small bay.

her light he discerned at some distance before him a number of the sea people, who were dancing with great vigour on the smooth sand. Near them he saw lying on the ground several seal-skins.

As the man approached the dancers, all gave over their merriment and flew like lightning to secure their garments; then clothing themselves, plunged in the form of seals into the sea. But the Shetlander, on coming up to the spot where they had been, and casting his eyes down on the ground, saw that they had left one skin behind them, which was lying just at his feet. He snatched it up, carried it swiftly away, and placed it in security.

On returning to the shore, he met the fairest maiden that eye ever gazed upon: she was walking backwards and forwards, lamenting in most piteous tones the loss of her seal-skin robe, without which she never could hope to rejoin her family and friends below the waters, but must remain an unwilling inhabitant of the region enlightened by the sun.

The man approached and endeavoured to console her, but she would not be comforted. She implored him in the most moving accents to restore her dress; but the view of her lovely face, more beautiful in tears, had steeled his heart.

He represented to her the impossibility of her return, and that her friends would soon give her up ; and finally, made an offer to her of his heart, hand, and fortune.

The sea-maiden, finding she had no alternative, at length consented to become his wife. They were married and lived together for many years, during which time they had several children, who retained no vestiges of their marine origin, saving a thin web between their fingers, and a bend of their hands resembling that of the fore paws of a seal ; distinctions which characterize the descendants of the family to the present day.

The Shetlander's love for his beautiful wife was unbounded, but she made but a cold return to his affection. Often would she steal out alone and hasten down to the lonely strand, and there, at a given signal, a seal of large size would make his appearance, and they would converse for hours together in an unknown language ; and she would return home from this meeting pensive and melancholy.

Thus glided away years, and her hopes of leaving the upper world had nearly vanished, when it chanced one day, that one of the children, playing behind a stack of corn, found a seal-skin. Delighted with his prize, he ran with breathless

eagerness to display it before his mother. Her eyes glistened with delight at the view of it ; for in it she saw her own dress, the loss of which had cost her so many tears. She now regarded herself as completely emancipated from thralldom ; and in idea she was already with her friends beneath the waves. One thing alone was a drawback on her raptures. She loved her children, and she was now about to leave them for ever. Yet they weighed not against the pleasures she had in prospect : so after kissing and embracing them several times, she took up the skin, went out, and proceeded down to the beach.

In a few minutes after the husband came in, and the children told him what had occurred. The truth instantly flashed across his mind, and he hurried down to the shore with all the speed that love and anxiety could give. But he only arrived in time to see his wife take the form of a seal, and from the ledge of a rock plunge into the sea.

The large seal, with whom she used to hold her conversations, immediately joined her, and congratulated her on her escape, and they quitted the shore together. But ere she went she turned round to her husband, who stood in mute despair on the rock, and whose misery excited feelings of compassion in her breast. " Farewell," said she to

him, "and may all good fortune attend you. I loved you well while I was with you, but I always loved my first husband better *.

The Water-spirit is in Shetland called Shoop-
iltee; he appears in the form of a pretty little
horse, and endeavours to entice persons to ride
on him, and then gallops with them into the sea.

* See "The Lady of Golloris," in Vol. II. of the Irish
Fairy Legends, with the notes.

ORKNEYS.

Harold was born where restless seas
Howl round the storm-swept Orcades.

SCOTT.

OF the Orcadian Fairies we have very little information. Brand * merely tells us, they were, in his time, frequently seen in several of the isles dancing and making merry; so that we may fairly conclude they differed little from their Scottish and Shetland neighbours. One thing he adds, which is of some importance, that they were frequently seen in armour.

Brownie seems to have been the principal Orkney Fairy, where he possessed a degree of importance rather beyond what was allotted to him in the neighbouring realm of Scotland.

“Not above forty or fifty years ago,” says Brand, “almost every family had a Brownie, or evil spirit, so called, which served them, to whom they gave a sacrifice for its service; as, when they churned their milk, they took a part thereof and

* Description of Orkney, Zetland, &c. Edinb. 1703.

sprinkled every corner of the house with it for Brownie's use ; likewise, when they brewed, they had a stone which they called Brownie's stone, wherein there was a little hole, into which they poured some wort for a sacrifice to Brownie. My informer, a minister of the country, told me that he had conversed with an old man, who, when young, used to brew and sometimes read upon his bible ; to whom an old woman in the house said that Brownie was displeased with that book he read upon, which, if he continued to do, they would get no more service of Brownie. But he being better instructed from that book which was Brownie's eyesore, and the object of his wrath, when he brewed, he would not suffer any sacrifice to be given to Brownie ; whereupon, the first and second brewings were spilt and for no use, though the wort wrought well, yet in a little time it left off working and grew cold ; but of the third browst or brewing, he had ale very good, though he would not give any sacrifice to Brownie, with whom afterwards they were no more troubled. I had also from the same informer, that a lady in Unst, now deceased, told him that when she first took up house, she refused to give a sacrifice to Brownie, upon which, the first and second brewings misgave, but the third was good ; and Brownie, not being regarded and rewarded as for-

merly he had been, abandoned his wonted service : which cleareth the Scripture, " Resist the devil and he will flee from you." They also had stacks of corn which they called Brownie's stacks, which, though they were not bound with straw ropes, or any way fenced as other stacks use to be, yet the greatest storm of wind was not able to blow any thing off them."

A very important personage once, we are told, inhabited the Orkneys in the character of Brownie.

" Luridan," says Reginald Scot, " a familiar of this kind, did for many years inhabit the island of Pomonia, the largest of the Orkades in Scotland, supplying the place of man-servant and maid-servant with wonderful diligence to those families whom he did haunt, sweeping their rooms and washing their dishes, and making their fires before any were up in the morning. This Luridan affirmed, that he was the *genius Astral* of that island ; that his place or residence in the days of Solomon and David was at Jerusalem ; that then he was called by the Jews Belelah ; after that, he remained long in the dominion of Wales, instructing their bards in British poesy and prophecies, being called Wrthin, Wadd, Elgin ; ' and now,' said he, ' I have removed hither, and, alas ! my continuance is but short, for in seventy years I

THE
FAIRY MYTHOLOGY.
ISLE OF RÜGEN.



Des Tagscheins Blendung drückt,
Nur Finsterniss beglückt;
Drum hausen wir so gern
Tief in des Erdballs Kern.

MATTHISSON.

Day's dazzling light annoys
Us, darkness only joys;
We therefore love to dwell
Deep underneath earth's shell.

THE
FORD FOUNDATION
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

ISLE OF RÜGEN.

WE now return to the Baltic, to the Isle of Rügen, once a chief seat of the Slavonian religion; but its priests were massacred by the Scandinavians, and all traces of their system effaced. Its fairy mythology now agrees with that of its Gothic neighbours, and Mr. Arndt*, a native of the island, has enabled us to give the following tolerably full account of it :—

The inhabitants of Rügen believe in three kinds of Dwarfs, or underground people, the White, the Brown, and the Black; so named from the colour of their several habiliments.

The White are the most delicate and beautiful of all, and are of an innocent and gentle disposition. During the winter, when the face of nature is cold, raw, and cheerless, they remain still and quiet in their hills, solely engaged in the fashioning of the finest works in silver and gold, of too delicate a texture for mortal eyes to discern. Thus they pass the winter; but no sooner does the spring return than they abandon their recesses,

* Arndt *Märchen und Jugenderinnerungen*. Berlin, 1818.

and live through all the summer above ground, in sunshine and starlight, in uninterrupted revelry and enjoyment. The moment the trees and flowers begin to sprout and bud in the early days of spring, they emerge from their hills, and get among the stalks and branches, and thence to the blossoms and flowers, where they sit and look about them. In the night, when mortals sleep, the White Dwarfs come forth, and dance their joyous rounds in the green grass, about the hills, and brooks, and springs, making the sweetest and most delicate music, bewildering travellers, who hear and wonder at the strains of the invisible musicians. They may, if they will, go out by day, but never in company; these daylight rambles being allowed them only when alone and under some assumed form. They therefore frequently fly about in the shape of party-coloured little birds, or butterflies, or snow-white doves, showing kindness and benevolence to the good who merit their favour.

The Brown Dwarfs, the next in order, are less than eighteen inches high. They wear little brown coats and jackets, and a brown cap on their head, with a little silver bell in it. Some of them wear black shoes with red strings in them; in general, however, they wear fine glass ones; at their dances none of them wear any other. They are very handsome in their persons, with clear light-coloured

eyes, and small and most beautiful hands and feet. They are on the whole of a cheerful, good-natured disposition, mingled with some roguish traits. Like the White Dwarfs, they are great artists in gold and silver, working so curiously as to astonish those who happen to see their performances. At night they come out of their hills and dance by the light of the moon and stars. They also glide invisibly into people's houses, their caps rendering them imperceptible by all who have not similar caps. They are said to play all kinds of tricks, to change the children in the cradles, and take them away. This charge is perhaps unfounded, but certainly, children who fall into their hands must serve them for fifty years. They possess an unlimited power of transformation, and can pass through the smallest keyholes. Frequently they bring with them presents for children, or lay gold rings and ducats, and the like, in their way, and often are invisibly present, and save them from the perils of fire and water. They plague and annoy lazy men-servants and untidy maids with frightful dreams; oppress them as the nightmare; bite them as fleas; and scratch and tear them like cats and dogs; and often in the night frighten, in the shape of owls, thieves and lovers, or, like Will-o'-the-wisps, lead them astray into bogs and marshes, and perhaps up to those who are in pursuit of them.

The Black Dwarfs wear black jackets and caps, are not handsome like the others, but on the contrary are horridly ugly, with weeping eyes, like blacksmiths and colliers. They are most expert workmen, especially in steel, to which they can give a degree at once of hardness and flexibility which no human smith can imitate ; for the swords they make will bend like rushes, and are as hard as diamonds. In old times arms and armour made by them were in great request : shirts of mail manufactured by them were as fine as cobwebs, and yet no bullet would penetrate them, and no helm or corslet could resist the swords they fashioned ; but all these things are now gone out of use.

These Dwarfs are of a malicious, ill disposition, and delight in doing mischief to mankind ; they are unsocial, and there are seldom more than two or three of them seen together ; they keep mostly in their hills, and seldom come out in the daytime, nor do they ever go far from home. People say that in the summer they are fond of sitting under the elder trees, the smell of which is very grateful to them, and that any one that wants any thing of them must go there and call them. Some say they have no music and dancing, only howling and whimpering ; and that when a screaming is heard in the woods and marshes, like that of crying children, and a mewing and screeching like that

of a multitude of cats or owls, the sounds proceed from their midnight assemblies, and are made by the vociferous Dwarfs.

The principal residence of the two first classes of the underground-people in Rügen is what are called the Nine-hills, near Ramin. These hills lie on the west point of the island, about a quarter of a mile from the village of Ramin in the open field. They are small mounds, or Giants' graves (Hünengräber), as such are called, and are the subject of many a tale and legend among the people. The account of their origin is as follows:

“ A long long time ago there lived in Rügen a mighty Giant named Balderich. He was vexed that the country was an island, and that he had always to wade through the sea when he wanted to go to Pomerania and the main land. He accordingly got an immense apron made, and he tied it round his waist and filled it with earth, for he wanted to make a dam of earth for himself from the island to the main land. As he was going with his load over Rodenkirchen, a hole tore in the apron, and the clay that fell out formed the Nine-hills. He stopped the hole and went on; but when he had gotten to Gustau, another hole tore in the apron, and thirteen little hills fell out. He proceeded to the sea with what he

had now remaining, and pouring the earth into the waters, formed the hook of Prosnitz, and the pretty little peninsula of Drigge. But there still remained a small space between Rügen and Pomerania, which so incensed the Giant that he fell down in a fit and died, from which unfortunate accident his dam was never finished."

The Dwarfs took up their abode in the Nine-hills. The White ones own two of them, and the Brown ones seven, for there are no Black ones there. These dwell chiefly on the coast-hills, along the shore between the Ahlbeck and Mönchgut, where they hold their assemblies, and plunder the ships that are wrecked on the coast.

The Neck is called in Rügen Nickel. Some fishers once launched their boat on a lonely lake. Next day when they came they saw it in a high beech-tree. "Who the devil has put the boat in the tree?" cried one. A voice replied, but they saw no one, "'Twas no devil at all, but I and my brother Nickel*."

The following stories Mr. Arndt, who is a native

* Deutsche Sagen, i. p. 70.

of Rügen, says he heard in his boyhood from Hinrich Vieck, the Statthalter or Bailiff of Grabitz, who abounded in these legends; "so that it is, properly speaking," says he, "Hinrich Vieck, and not I, that relates." We therefore see no reason to doubt of their genuineness, though they may be a little embellished.

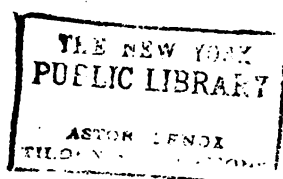
ADVENTURES OF JOHN DIETRICH.

THERE once lived in Rambin an honest, industrious man, named James Dietrich. He had several children, all of a good disposition, especially the youngest, whose name was John. John Dietrich was a handsome, smart boy, diligent at school, and obedient at home. His great passion was for hearing stories, and whenever he met any one who was well stored, he never let him go till he had heard them all.

When John was about eight years old he was sent to spend a summer with his uncle, a farmer in Rodenkirchen. Here John had to keep cows with other boys, and they used to drive them to graze about the Nine-hills. There was an old cowherd, one Klas Starkwolt, who used frequently to join the boys, and then they would sit down

together and tell stories. Klas abounded in these, and he became John Dietrich's dearest friend. In particular, he knew a number of stories of the Nine-hills and the underground-people in the old times, when the Giants disappeared from the country, and the little ones came into the hills. These tales John swallowed so eagerly that he thought of nothing else, and was for ever talking of golden cups, and crowns, and glass shoes, and pockets full of ducats, and gold rings, and diamond coronets, and snow-white brides, and such like. Old Klas used often to shake his head at him and say, "John! John! what are you about? The spade and scythe will be your sceptre and crown, and your bride will wear a garland of rosemary and a gown of striped drill." Still John almost longed to get into the Nine-hills, for Klas had told him that any one who by luck or cunning should get the cap of one of the little ones might go down with safety, and instead of their making a servant of him, he would be their master. The person whose cap he got would be his servant, and obey all his commands.

St. John's day, when the days are longest and the nights shortest, was now come. Old and young kept the holiday, had all sorts of plays, and told all kinds of stories. John could now no longer contain himself, but the day after the fes-





The little people were now whirling round & round in the dance.

tival he slipt away to the Nine-hills, and when it grew dark laid himself down on the top of the highest of them, where Klas had told him the underground-people had their principal dance-place. John lay quite still from ten till twelve at night. At last it struck twelve. Immediately there was a ringing and a singing in the hills, and then a whispering and a lisping and a whiz and a buzz all about him, for the little people were now some whirling round and round in the dance, and others sporting and tumbling about in the moonshine, and playing a thousand merry pranks and tricks. He felt a secret dread come over him at this whispering and buzzing, for he could see nothing of them, as the caps they wore made them invisible; but he lay quite still, with his face in the grass and his eyes fast shut, snoring a little, just as if he was asleep. Yet now and then he ventured to open his eyes a little and peep out, but not the slightest trace of them could he see though it was bright moonlight.

It was not long before three of the underground-people came jumping up to where he was lying; but they took no heed of him, and flung their brown caps up into the air, and caught them from one another. At length one snatched the cap out of the hand of another and flung it away. It flew direct, and fell upon John's head. The

moment he felt it he caught hold of it, and, standing up, bid farewell to sleep. He swung his cap about for joy, and made the little silver bell of it tingle, then set it upon his head, and—O wonderful!—that instant he saw the countless and merry swarm of the little people.

The three little men came slyly up to him, and thought by their nimbleness to get back the cap, but he held his prize fast, and they saw clearly that nothing was to be done in this way with him, for in size and strength John was a giant in comparison of these little fellows, who hardly came up to his knee. The owner of the cap now came up very humbly to the finder, and begged, in as supplicating a tone as if his life depended upon it, that he would give him back his cap. But "No," said John, "you sly little rogue, you'll get the cap no more. That's not the sort of thing that one gives away for buttered cake: I should be in a nice way with you if I had not something of yours, but now you have no power over me, but must do what I please. And I will go down with you, and see how you live below, and you shall be my servant.—Nay, no grumbling, you know you must. I know that just as well as you do, for Klas Starkwolt told it to me often and often."

The little man made as if he had not heard or understood one word of all this; he began all his

crying and whining over again, and wept, and screamed, and howled most piteously for his little cap. But John cut the matter short by saying to him, "Have done; you are my servant, and I intend to take a trip with you." So he gave up, especially as the others told him that there was no remedy.

John now flung away his old hat, and put on the cap, and set it firm on his head, lest it should slip off or fly away, for all his power lay in the cap. He lost no time in trying its virtues, and commanded his new servant to fetch him food and drink. And the servant ran away like the wind, and in a second was there again with bottles of wine, and bread, and rich fruits. So John ate and drank, and looked on at the sports and the dancing of the little ones, and it pleased him right well, and he behaved himself stoutly and wisely, as if he was a born master.

When the cock had now crowed for the third time, and the little larks had made their first twirl in the sky, and the infant light appeared in solitary white streaks in the east, then it went hush, hush, hush, through the bushes, and flowers, and stalks; and the hills rang again, and opened up, and the little men went down. John gave close attention to every thing, and found that it

was exactly as he had been told. And behold ! on the top of the hill, where they had just been dancing, and where all was full of grass and flowers, as people see it by day, there rose of a sudden, when the retreat was sounded, a bright glass point. Whoever wanted to go in stepped upon this ; it opened, and he glided gently in, the glass closing again after him ; and when they had all entered it vanished, and there was no farther trace of it to be seen. Those who descended through the glass point sank quite gently into a wide silver tun, which held them all, and could have easily harboured a thousand such little people. John and his man went down into such a one along with several others, all of whom screamed out and prayed him not to tread on them, for if his weight came on them, they were dead men. He was, however, careful, and acted in a very friendly way towards them. Several tuns of this kind went up and down after each other, until all were in. They hung by long silver chains, which were drawn and held below.

In his descent John was amazed at the wonderful brilliancy of the walls between which the tun glided down. They were all, as it were, beset with pearls and diamonds, glittering and sparkling brightly, and below him he heard the

most beautiful music tinkling at a distance, so that he did not know what was become of him, and from excess of pleasure he fell fast asleep.

He slept a long time, and when he awoke he found himself in the most beautiful bed that could be, such as he had never seen the like of in his father's house, and it was in the prettiest little chamber in the world, and his servant was beside him with a fan to keep away the flies and gnats. He had hardly opened his eyes when his little servant brought him a basin and towel, and held him the nicest new clothes of brown silk to put on, most beautifully made; with these was a pair of new black shoes with red ribbons, such as John had never beheld in Ramin or in Rodenkirchen either. There were also there several pairs of beautiful shining glass shoes, such as are only used on great occasions. John was, we may well suppose, delighted to have such clothes to wear, and he put them upon him joyfully. His servant then flew like lightning and returned with a fine breakfast of wine and milk, and beautiful white bread and fruits, and such other things as little boys are fond of. He now perceived, every moment, more and more, that Klas Starkwolt, the old cowherd, knew what he was talking about, for the splendour and magnificence he saw here surpassed any thing he had ever dreamt of. His

servant, too, was the most obedient one possible; a nod or a sign was enough for him, for he was as wise as a bee, as all these little people are by nature.

John's bedchamber was all covered with emeralds and other precious stones, and in the ceiling was a diamond as big as a nine-pin bowl that gave light to the whole chamber. In this place they have neither sun, nor moon, nor stars to give them light; neither do they use lamps or candles of any kind; but they live in the midst of precious stones, and have the purest of gold and silver in abundance, and the skill to make it light both by day and by night, though, indeed, properly speaking, as there is no sun here, there is no distinction of day and night, and they reckon only by weeks. They set the brightest and clearest precious stones in their dwellings, and in the ways and passages leading under the ground, and in the places where they had their large halls, and their dances and feasts, where they sparkle so as to make it eternal day.

When John was done his breakfast, his servant opened a little door in the wall, where was a closet with the most beautiful silver and gold cups and dishes and other vessels, and baskets filled with ducats, and boxes of jewels and precious stones. There were also charming pictures,

and the most delightful story-books he had seen in the whole course of his life.

John spent the morning looking at these things ; and, when it was mid-day, a bell rung, and his servant said, " Will you dine alone, sir, or with the large company ?"—" With the large company, to be sure," replied John. So his servant led him out. John, however, saw nothing but solitary halls, lighted up with precious stones, and here and there little men and women, who appeared to him to glide out of the clefts and fissures of the rocks. Wondering what it was the bells rang for, he said to his servant—" But where is the company ?" And scarcely had he spoken when the hall they were in opened out to a great extent, and a canopy set with diamonds and precious stones was drawn over it. At the same moment he saw an immense throng of nicely dressed little men and women pouring in through several open doors : the floor opened in several places, and tables, covered with the most beautiful ware, and the most luscious meats, and fruits, and wines, placed themselves beside each other, and the chairs arranged themselves along the tables, and then the men and women took their seats.

The principal persons now came forward, bowed to John, and led him to their table, where they placed him among their most beautiful maidens,

a distinction which pleased John well. The party too was very merry, for the underground-people are extremely lively and cheerful, and can never stay long quiet. Then the most charming music sounded over their heads; and beautiful birds, flying about, sung most sweetly: and these were not real birds but artificial ones, which the little men make so ingeniously that they can fly about and sing like natural ones.

The servants of both sexes, who waited at table, and handed about the gold cups, and the silver and crystal baskets with fruit, were children belonging to this world, whom some casualty or other had thrown among the underground-people, and who, having come down without securing any pledge, were fallen into the power of the little ones. These were differently clad from them. The boys and girls were dressed in snow-white coats and jackets, and wore glass shoes, so fine that their steps could never be heard, with blue caps on their heads, and silver belts round their waists.

John at first pitied them, seeing how they were forced to run about and wait on the little people; but as they looked cheerful and happy, and were handsomely dressed, and had such rosy cheeks, he said to himself—"After all, they are not so badly off, and I was myself much worse when I had to

be running after the cows and bullocks. To be sure, I am now a master here, and they are servants ; but there is no help for it : why were they so foolish as to let themselves be taken and not get some pledge beforehand ? At any rate, the time must come when they shall be set at liberty, and they will certainly not be longer than fifty years here." With these thoughts he consoled himself, and sported and played away with his little play-fellows, and ate, and drank, and made his servant and the others tell him stories, for he would know every thing exactly.

They sat at table about two hours: the principal person then rang a little bell, and the tables and chairs all vanished in a whiff, leaving the company all on their feet. The birds now struck up a most lively air, and the little people danced their rounds most merrily. When they were done, the joyous sets jumped, and leaped, and whirled themselves round and round, as if the world was grown dizzy. And the pretty little girls that sat next John caught hold of him and whirled him about ; and, without making any resistance, he danced round and round with them for two good hours. Every afternoon while he remained there he used to dance thus merrily with them ; and, to the last hour of his life, he used to speak of it with the greatest glee. His language was—that the joys

of heaven, and the songs and music of the angels, which the righteous hoped to enjoy there, might be excessively beautiful, but that he could conceive nothing to equal the music and the dancing under the earth, the beautiful and lively little men, the wonderful birds in the branches, and the tinkling silver bells on their caps. "No one," said he, "who has not seen and heard it, can form any idea whatever of it."

When the music and dancing were over it might be about four o'clock. The little people then disappeared, and went each about their work or their pleasure. After supper they sported and danced in the same way; and at midnight, especially on starlight nights, they slipped out of their hills to dance in the open air. John used then, like a good boy, to say his prayers and go to sleep, a duty he never neglected either in the evening or in the morning.

For the first week that John was in the glass-hill he only went from his chamber to the great hall and back again. After the first week, however, he began to walk about, making his servant show and explain every thing to him. He found that there were in that place the most beautiful walks, in which he might ramble along for miles, in all directions, without ever finding an end of them, so immensely large was the hill that the

little people lived in, and yet outwardly it seemed but a little hill, with a few bushes and trees growing on it.

It was extraordinary that, between the meads and fields, which were thick sown with hills, and lakes, and islands, and ornamented with trees and flowers in the greatest variety, there ran, as it were, small lanes, through which, as through crystal rocks, one was obliged to pass to come to any new place; and the single meads and fields were often a mile long, and the flowers were so brilliant and so fragrant, and the songs of the numerous birds so sweet, that John had never seen any thing on earth at all like it. There was a breeze, and yet one did not feel the wind; it was quite clear and bright, and yet there was no heat; the waves were dashing, still there was no danger; and the most beautiful little barks and canoes came, like white swans, when one wanted to cross the water, and went backwards and forwards of themselves. Whence all this came no one knew, nor could his servant tell any thing about it; but one thing John saw plainly, which was, that the large carbuncles and diamonds that were set in the roof and walls gave light instead of the sun, moon, and stars.

These lovely meads and plains were, for the most part, all lonesome. Few of the underground-

people were to be seen upon them, and those that were, just glided across them, as if in the greatest hurry. It very rarely happened that any of them danced out here in the open air; sometimes about three of them did so; at the most half a dozen: John never saw a greater number together. The meads were never cheerful, except when the corps of servants, of whom there might be some hundreds, were let out to walk. This, however, happened but twice a week, for they were mostly kept employed in the great hall and adjoining apartments, or at school.

For John soon found they had schools there also; he had been there about ten months, when one day he saw something snow-white gliding into a rock, and disappearing. "What!" said he to his servant, "are there some of you too that wear white, like the servants?" He was informed that there were; but they were few in number, and never appeared at the large tables or the dances, except once a year, on the birthday of the great Hill-king, who dwelt many thousand miles below in the great deep. These were the oldest men among them, some of them many thousand years old, who knew all things, and could tell of the beginning of the world, and were called the Wise. They lived all alone, and only left their chambers to instruct the underground children and the at-

tendants of both sexes, for whom there was a great school.

John was greatly pleased with this intelligence, and he determined to take advantage of it: so next morning he made his servant conduct him to the school, and was so well pleased with it that he never missed a day going there. They were taught there reading, writing, and accounts, to compose and relate histories and stories, and many elegant kinds of work; so that many came out of the hills, both men and women, very prudent and knowing people, in consequence of what they were taught there. The biggest, and those of best capacity, received instruction in natural science and astronomy, and in poetry and riddle-making, arts highly esteemed by the little people. John was very diligent, and soon became a most clever painter and drawer; he wrought, too, most ingeniously in gold, and silver, and stones; and in verse and riddle-making he had no fellow.

John had spent many a happy year here without ever thinking of the upper world, or of those he had left behind, so pleasantly passed the time—so many an agreeable playfellow he had among the children.

Of all his playfellows there was none of whom he was so fond as of a little fair-haired girl, named Elizabeth Krabbin. She was from his own village,

and was the daughter of Frederick Krabbe, the minister of Rambin. She was but four years old when she was taken away, and John had often heard tell of her. She was not, however, stolen by the little people, but came into their power in this manner. One day in summer, she, with other children, ran out into the fields: in their rambles they went to the Nine-hills, where little Elizabeth fell asleep, and was forgotten by the rest. At night, when she awoke, she found herself under the ground among the little people. It was not merely because she was from his own village that John was so fond of Elizabeth, but she was a most beautiful child, with clear blue eyes and ringlets of fair hair, and a most angelic smile.

Time flew away unperceived: John was now eighteen, and Elizabeth sixteen. Their childish fondness was now become love, and the little people were pleased to see it, thinking that by means of her they might get John to renounce his power, and become their servant; for they were fond of him, and would willingly have had him to wait upon them; for the love of dominion is their vice. But they were mistaken; John had learned too much from his servant to be caught in that way.

John's chief delight was walking about alone with Elizabeth; for he now knew every place so

well that he could dispense with the attendance of his servant. In these rambles he was always gay and lively, but his companion was frequently sad and melancholy, thinking on the land above, where men lived, and where the sun, moon, and stars shine. Now it happened in one of their walks, that as they talked of their love, and it was after midnight, they passed under the place where the tops of the glass-hills used to open and let the underground-people in and out. As they went along they heard of a sudden the crowing of several cocks above. At this sound, which she had not heard for twelve years, little Elizabeth felt her heart so affected that she could contain herself no longer, but throwing her arms about John's neck, she bathed his cheeks with her tears. At length she spake—

“Dearest John,” said she, “every thing down here is very beautiful, and the little people are kind, and do nothing to injure me, but still I have always been uneasy, nor ever felt any pleasure till I began to love you; and yet that is not pure pleasure, for this is not a right way of living, such as it should be for human beings. Every night I dream of my dear father and mother, and of our church-yard, where the people stand so piously at the church-door waiting for my father, and I could weep tears of blood that I cannot go

into the church with them, and worship God as a human being should; for this is no Christian life we lead down here, but a delusive half heathen one. And only think, dear John, that we can never marry, as there is no priest to join us. Do, then, plan some way for us to leave this place; for I cannot tell you how I long to get once more to my father, and among pious Christians."

John too had not been unaffected by the crowing of the cocks, and he felt what he had never felt here before, a longing after the land where the sun shines, and he replied,

"Dear Elizabeth, all you say is true, and I now feel that it is a sin for Christians to stay here; and it seems to me as if our Lord said to us in that cry of the cocks, 'Come up, ye Christian children, out of those abodes of illusion and magic; come to the light of the stars, and act as children of light.' I now feel that it was a great sin for me to come down here, but I trust I shall be forgiven on account of my youth; for I was a child and knew not what I did. But now I will not stay a day longer. They cannot keep *me* here."

At these last words, Elizabeth turned pale, for she recollected that she was a servant, and must serve her fifty years. "And what will it avail

me," cried she, "that I shall continue young and be but as of twenty years when I go out, for my father and mother will be dead, and all my companions old and gray; and you, dearest John, will be old and gray also," cried she, throwing herself on his bosom.

John was thunderstruck at this, for it had never before occurred to him; he, however, comforted her as well as he could, and declared he would never leave the place without her. He spent the whole night in forming various plans; at last he fixed on one, and in the morning he despatched his servant to summon to his apartment six of the principal of the little people. When they came, John thus mildly addressed them:

"My friends, you know how I came here, not as a prisoner or servant, but as a lord and master over one of you, and of consequence, over all. You have now for the ten years I have been with you treated me with respect and attention, and for that I am your debtor. But you are still more my debtors, for I might have given you every sort of annoyance and vexation, and you must have submitted to it. I have, however, not done so, but have behaved as your equal, and have sported and played with you rather than ruled over you. I now have one request to make. There is

a girl among your servants whom I love, Elizabeth Krabbin, of Rambin, where I was born. Give her to me, and let us depart. For I will return to where the sun shines and the plough goes through the land. I ask to take nothing with me but her, and the ornaments and furniture of my chamber."

He spoke in a determined tone, and they hesitated and cast their eyes to the ground; at last the oldest of them replied:

"Sir, you ask what we cannot grant. It is a fixed law, that no servant should leave this place before the appointed time. Were we to break through this law, our whole subterranean empire would fall. Any thing else you desire, for we love and respect you, but we cannot give up Elizabeth."

"You can and you shall give her up," cried John in a rage; "go think of it till to-morrow. Return here at this hour. I will show you whether or no I can triumph over your hypocritical and cunning stratagems."

The six retired. Next morning, on their return, John addressed them in the kindest manner, but to no purpose; they persisted in their refusal. He gave them till the next day, threatening them severely in case of their still proving refractory.

Next day, when the six little people appeared before him, John looked at them sternly, and made no return to their salutations, but said to them shortly, "Yes, or No?" And they answered with one voice, "No." He then ordered his servant to summon twenty-four more of the principal persons with their wives and children. When they came, they were in all five hundred, men, women, and children. John ordered them forthwith to go and fetch pickaxes, spades, and bars, which they did in a second.

He now led them out to a rock in one of the fields, and ordered them to fall to work at blasting, hewing, and dragging stones. They toiled patiently, and made as if it was only sport to them. From morning till night their task-master made them labour without ceasing, standing over them constantly, to prevent their resting. Still their obstinacy was inflexible; and at the end of some weeks his pity for them was so great, that he was obliged to give over.

He now thought of a new species of punishment for them. He ordered them to appear before him next morning, each provided with a new whip. They obeyed, and John commanded them to strip and lash one another till the blood should run down on the ground, and he stood looking on as grim and cruel as an eastern tyrant. Still the

little people cut and slashed themselves, and mocked at John, and refused to comply with his wishes. This he did for three or four days.

Several other courses did he try, but all in vain ; his temper was too gentle to struggle with their obstinacy, and he began now to despair of ever accomplishing his dearest wish. He began now to hate the little people whom he was before so fond of ; he kept away from their banquets and dances, and associated alone with Elizabeth, and ate and drank quite solitary in his chamber. In short, he became almost a perfect hermit, and sank into moodiness and melancholy.

While in this temper, as he was taking a solitary walk in the evening, and, to divert his melancholy, was flinging the stones that lay in his path against each other, he happened to break a tolerably large one, and out of it jumped a toad. The moment John saw the ugly animal, he caught him up in ecstasy, and put him into his pocket and ran home, crying, " Now I have her ! I have my Elizabeth ! Now you shall get it, you little mischievous rascals ! " And on getting home he put the toad into a costly silver casket, as if it was the greatest treasure.

To account for John's joy you must know that Klas Starkwolt had often told him that the underground people could not endure any ill smell, and

that the sight or even the smell of a toad made them faint and suffer the most dreadful tortures, and that by means of stench and these odious ugly animals, one could compel them to any thing. Hence there are no bad smells to be found in the whole glass empire, and a toad is a thing unheard of there; this toad must therefore have been inclosed in the stone from the creation, as it were for the sake of John and Elizabeth.

Resolved to try the effect of his toad, John took the casket under his arm and went out, and on the way he met two of the little people in a lonesome place. The moment he approached them they fell to the ground, and whimpered and howled most lamentably, as long as he was near them.

Satisfied now of his power, he next morning summoned the fifty principal persons, with their wives and children, to his apartment. When they came, he addressed them, reminding them once again of his kindness and gentleness towards them, and of the good terms on which they had hitherto lived. He reproached them with their ingratitude in refusing him the only favour he had ever asked of them, but firmly declared he would not give way to their obstinacy. "Wherefore," said he, "for the last time, think for a minute, and if you then say No, you shall feel that pain which is to you and your children the most terrible of all pains."

They did not take long to deliberate, but unanimously replied "No;" and they thought to themselves what new scheme has the youth hit on, with which he thinks to frighten wise ones like us, and they smiled as they said No. Their smiling enraged John above all, and he ran back a few hundred paces, to where he had laid the casket with the toad, under a bush.

He was hardly come within a hundred paces of them when they all fell to the ground as if struck with a thunderbolt, and began to howl and whimper, and to writhe, as if suffering the most excruciating pain. They stretched out their hands, and cried, "Have mercy! have mercy! we feel you have a toad, and there is no escape for us. Take the odious beast away, and we will do all you require." He let them kick a few seconds longer, and then took the toad away. They then stood up and felt no more pain. John let all depart but the six chief persons, to whom he said,

"This night between twelve and one Elizabeth and I will depart. Load then for me three waggons, with gold, and silver, and precious stones. I might, you know, take all that is in the hill, and you deserve it, but I will be merciful. Farther, you must put all the furniture of my chamber in two waggons, and get ready for me the handsomest travelling-carriage that is in the hill, with six

black horses. Moreover, you must set at liberty all the servants who have been so long here that on earth they would be twenty years old and upwards, and you must give them as much silver and gold as will make them rich for life, and make a law that no one shall be detained here longer than his twentieth year."

The six took the oath, and went away quite melancholy, and John buried his toad deep in the ground. The little people laboured hard and prepared every thing. At midnight every thing was out of the hill, and John and Elizabeth got into the silver tun, and were drawn up.

It was then one o'clock, and it was midsummer, the very time that twelve years before John had gone down into the hill. Music sounded around them, and they saw the glass hill open, and the rays of the light of heaven shine on them after so many years; and when they got out they saw the first streaks of dawn already in the east. Crowds of the underground-people were around them busied about the waggons. John bid them a last farewell, waved his brown cap three times in the air, and then flung it among them. And at the same moment he ceased to see them; he beheld nothing but a green hill, and the well-known bushes and fields, and heard the church clock of Rambin strike two. When all was still, save a few larks, who were tuning their morning songs, they all fell on

their knees and worshipped God, resolving henceforth to lead a pious and a Christian life.

When the sun rose, John arranged the procession, and they set out for Rambin. Every well-known object that they saw awaked pleasing recollections in the bosom of John and his bride; and as they passed by Rodenkirchen, John recognized, among the people that gazed at and followed them, his old friend Klas Starkwolt, the cowherd, and his dog Speed. It was about four in the morning when they entered Rambin, and they halted in the middle of the village, about twenty paces from the house where John was born. The whole village poured out to gaze on these Asiatic princes, for such the old sexton, who had in his youth been at Moscow and Constantinople, said they were. There John saw his father and mother, and his brother Andrew, and his sister Trine. The old minister, Krabbe, stood there too, in his black slippers and white nightcap, gaping and staring with the rest.

John discovered himself to his parents, and Elizabeth to hers, and the wedding-day was soon fixed, and such a wedding was never seen before or since in the island of Rügen; for John sent to Stralsund and Greifswald for whole boat-loads of wine and sugar and coffee, and whole herds of oxen, sheep, and pigs were driven to the wedding. The quantity of harts and roes and hares

that were shot on the occasion it were vain to attempt to tell, or to count the fish that was caught. There was not a musician in Rügen and Pomerania that was not engaged, for John was immensely rich, and he wished to display his wealth.

John did not neglect his old friend Klas Starkwolt, the cowherd. He gave him enough to make him comfortable the rest of his days, and insisted on his coming and staying with him as often and as long as he wished.

After his marriage, John made a progress through the country with his beautiful Elizabeth, and they purchased towns and villages and lands until he became master of nearly half Rügen, and a very considerable count in the country. His father, old James Dietrich, was made a nobleman, and his brothers and sisters gentlemen and ladies—for what cannot money do?

John and his wife spent their days in doing acts of piety and charity. They built several churches, and they had the blessing of every one that knew them, and died, universally lamented. It was Count John Dietrich that built and richly endowed the present church of Ramin. He built it on the site of his father's house, and presented to it several of the cups and plates made by the underground-people, and his own and Elizabeth's glass shoes, in memory of

what had befallen them in their youth. But they were all taken away in the time of the great Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, when the Russians came on the island, and the Cossacks plundered even the churches and took away every thing.

THE LITTLE GLASS SHOE.

A PEASANT, named John Wilde, who lived in Rodenkirchen, found one time a glass shoe on one of the hills where the little people used to dance. He clapped it instantly into his pocket and ran away with it, keeping his hand as close on his pocket as if he had a dove in it; for he knew that he had found a treasure which the underground-people must redeem at any price.

Others say that John Wilde lay in ambush one night for the underground-people, and gained an opportunity of pulling off one of their shoes by stretching himself there with a brandy-bottle beside him, and acting like one that was dead drunk; for he was a very cunning man, not over scrupulous in his morals, and had taken in many a one by his craftiness, and, on this account, his name was in no good repute among his neighbours, who, to say the truth, were willing to have as little to do

with him as possible. Many hold too that he was acquainted with forbidden arts, and used to carry on an intercourse with the fiends and old women that raised storms, and such like.

However, be this as it may, when John had gotten the shoe, he lost no time in letting the folk that dwell under the ground know that he had it. So at midnight he went to the Nine-hills, and cried with all his might, "John Wilde, of Rodenkirchen, has got a beautiful glass shoe. Who will buy it? Who will buy it?" For he knew that the little one who had lost the shoe must go barefoot till he got it again, and that is no trifle, for the little people have generally to walk upon very hard and stony ground.

John's advertisement was speedily attended to. The little fellow who had lost the shoe made no delay in setting about redeeming it. The first free day he got, that he might come out into the daylight, he came as a respectable merchant, and knocked at John Wilde's door, and asked if John had not a glass shoe to sell? "For," says he, "they are an article now in great demand, and are sought for in every market." John replied that it was true he had a very little little, nice, pretty little glass shoe, but it was so small that even a Dwarf's foot would be squeezed in it; and that God Almighty must make people on

purpose for it before it could be of any use; but that, for all that, it was an extraordinary shoe, and a valuable shoe, and a dear shoe, and it was not every merchant that could afford to pay for it.

The merchant asked to see it, and when he had examined it, "Glass shoes," said he, "are not by any means such rare articles, my good friend, as you think here in Rodenkirchen, because you do not happen to go much into the world. However," said he, after hemming a little, "I will give you a good price for it, because I happen to have the very fellow of it." And he bid the countryman a thousand dollars for it.

"A thousand dollars are money, my father used to say when he drove fat oxen to market," replied John Wilde, in a mocking tone; "but it will not leave my hands for that shabby price; and, for my own part, it may ornament the foot of my daughter's doll. Harkye, friend: I have heard a sort of little song sung about the glass shoe, and it is not for a parcel of dirt that it will go out of my hands. Tell me now, my good fellow, would you happen to know the knack of it, that in every furrow I make when I am ploughing I should find a ducat? If not, the shoe is still mine, and you may inquire for glass shoes at those other markets."

The merchant made still a great many attempts,

and twisted and turned in every direction to get the shoe ; but when he found the farmer inflexible, he agreed to what John desired, and swore to the performance of it. Cunning John believed him, and gave him up the glass shoe, for he knew right well with whom he had to do. So the business being ended, away went the merchant with his glass shoe.

Without a moment's delay, John repaired to his stable, got ready his horses and his plough, and drove out to the field. He selected a piece of ground where he would have the shortest turns possible, and began to plough. Hardly had the plough turned up the first sod, when up sprang a ducat out of the ground, and it was the same with every fresh furrow he made. There was now no end of his ploughing, and John Wilde soon bought eight new horses, and put them into the stable to the eight he already had—and their mangers were never without plenty of oats in them—that he might be able every two hours to yoke two fresh horses, and so be enabled to drive them the faster.

John was now insatiable in ploughing ; every morning he was out before sunrise, and many a time he ploughed on till after midnight. Summer and winter it was plough, plough with him evermore, except when the ground was frozen as hard as a stone. But he always ploughed by him-

self, and never suffered any one to go out with him, or to come to him when he was at work, for John understood too well the nature of his crop to let people see what it was he ploughed so constantly for.

But it fared far worse with himself than with his horses, who ate good oats and were regularly changed and relieved, while he grew pale and meagre by reason of his continual working and toiling. His wife and children had no longer any comfort of him ; he never went to the alehouse or the club ; he withdrew himself from every one, and scarcely ever spoke a single word, but went about silent and wrapped up in his own thoughts. All the day long he toiled for his ducats, and at night he had to count them and to plan and meditate how he might find out a still swifter kind of plough.

His wife and the neighbours lamented over his strange conduct, his dullness and melancholy, and began to think that he was grown foolish. Every body pitied his wife and children, for they imagined that the numerous horses that he kept in his stable, and the preposterous mode of agriculture that he pursued, with his unnecessary and superfluous ploughing, must soon leave him without house or land.

But their anticipations were not fulfilled. True it is, the poor man never enjoyed a happy or con-

tented hour since he began to plough the ducats up out of the ground. The old saying held good in his case, that he who gives himself up to the pursuit of gold is half way in the claws of the evil one. Flesh and blood cannot bear perpetual labour, and John Wilde did not long hold out against this running through the furrows day and night. He got through the first spring, but one day in the second, he dropped down at the tail of the plough like an exhausted November fly. Out of the pure thirst after gold he was wasted away and dried up to nothing; whereas he had been a very strong and hearty man, the day the shoe of the little underground-man fell into his hands.

His wife, however, found after him a considerable treasure, two great nailed up chests full of good new ducats, and his sons purchased large estates for themselves, and became lords and noblemen. But what good did all that do poor John Wilde?

THE WONDERFUL PLOUGH.

THERE was once a farmer who was master of one of the little black ones, that are the blacksmiths and armourers; and he got him in a very

curious way. On the road leading to this farmer's ground there stood a stone cross, and every morning as he went to his work he used to stop and kneel down before this cross, and pray for some minutes.

On one of these occasions he noticed on the cross a pretty bright insect, of such a brilliant hue that he could not recollect having ever before seen the like with an insect. He wondered greatly at this, yet still he did not disturb it; but the insect did not remain long quiet, but ran without ceasing backwards and forwards on the cross, as if it was in pain and wanted to get away.

Next morning the farmer again saw the very same insect, and again it was running to and fro, in the same state of uneasiness. The farmer began now to have some suspicions about it, and thought to himself, "Would this now be one of the little black enchanters? For certain, all is not right with that insect; it runs about just like one that had an evil conscience, as one that would, yet cannot, go away:" and a variety of thoughts and conjectures passed through his mind; and he called to mind what he had often heard from his father, and other old people, that when the underground-people chance to touch any thing holy, they are held fast and cannot quit the spot, and are therefore extremely careful to avoid all such things.

But he also thought it may as well be something else ; and you would perhaps be committing a sin in disturbing and taking away the little animal ; so he let it stay as it was.

But when he had found it twice more in the same place, and still running about with the same marks of uneasiness, he said, " No, it is not all right with it. So now, in the name of God !" and he made a grasp at the insect, that resisted and clung fast to the stone ; but he held it tight, and tore it away by main force, and lo ! then he found he had, by the top of the head, a little ugly black chap, about six inches long, screeching and kicking at a most furious rate.

The farmer was greatly astounded at this sudden transformation ; still he held his prize fast and kept calling to him, while he administered to him a few smart slaps on the buttocks : " Be quiet, be quiet, my little man ! if crying was to do the business, we might look for heroes in swaddling clothes. We'll just take you with us a bit, and see what you are good for."

The little fellow trembled and shook in every limb, and then began to whimper most piteously, and to beg hard of the farmer to let him go. But " No, my lad," replied the farmer, " I will not let you go till you tell me who you are, and how you came here, and what trade you know, that

enables you to earn your bread in the world." At this the little man grinned and shook his head, but said not a word in reply, only begged and prayed the more to get loose; and the farmer found that he must now begin to entreat him if he would coax any information out of him. But it was all to no purpose. He then adopted the contrary method, and whipped and slashed him till the blood ran down, but just to as little purpose; the little black thing remained as dumb as the grave, for this species is the most malicious and obstinate of all the underground race.

The farmer now got angry, and he said, "Do but be quiet, my child; I should be a fool to put myself into a passion with such a little brat. Never fear, I shall soon make you tame enough."

So saying, he ran home with him, and clapped him into a black, sooty, iron pot, and put the iron lid upon it, and laid on the top of the lid a great heavy stone, and set the pot in a dark cold room, and as he was going out he said to him, "Stay there, now, and freeze till you are black! I'll engage that at last you will answer me civilly."

Twice a-week the farmer went regularly into the room and asked his little black captive if he would answer him now; but the little one still obstinately persisted in his silence. The farmer had now, without success, pursued this course

for six weeks, at the end of which time his prisoner at last gave up. One day as the farmer was opening the room door, he, of his own accord, called out to him to come and take him out of his dirty stinking dungeon, promising that he would now cheerfully do all that was wanted of him.

The farmer first ordered him to give him his history. The black one replied, "My dear friend, you know it just as well as I, or else you never had had me here. You see I happened by chance to come too near the cross, a thing we little people may not do, and there I was held fast, and obliged instantly to let my body become visible; so, then, that people might not recognise me, I turned myself into an insect. But you found me out. For when we get fastened to holy or consecrated things, we never can get away from them unless a man takes us off. That, however, does not happen without plague and annoyance to us, though, indeed, to say the truth, the staying fastened there is not over pleasant. And so I struggled against you, too, for we have a natural aversion to let ourselves be taken in a man's hand." "Ho, ho! is that the tune with you?" cried the farmer: "you have a natural aversion, have you? Believe me, my sooty friend, I have just the same for you; and so you shall be away without a moment's delay, and we will lose no time in making

our bargain with each other. But you must first make me some present." "What you will, you have only to ask," said the little one: "silver and gold, and precious stones, and costly furniture—all shall be thine in less than an instant."—"Silver and gold, and precious stones, and all such glittering fine things will I none," said the farmer; "they have turned the heart and broken the neck of many a one before now, and few are they whose lives they make happy. I know that you are handy smiths, and have many a strange thing with you that other smiths know nothing about. So come, now, swear to me that you will make me an iron plough, such that the smallest foal may be able to draw it without being tired, and then run off with you as fast as your legs can carry you." So the black swore, and the farmer then cried out, "Now, in the name of God; there, you are at liberty," and the little one vanished like lightning.

Next morning, before the sun was up, there stood in the farmer's yard a new iron plough, and he yoked his dog Water to it, and though it was of the size of an ordinary plough, Water drew it with ease through the heaviest clay-land, and it tore up prodigious furrows. The farmer used this plough for many years, and the smallest foal or the leanest little horse could draw it through

the ground, to the amazement of every one who beheld it, without turning a single hair. And this plough made a rich man of the farmer, for it cost him no horse-flesh, and he led a cheerful and contented life by means of it. Hereby we may see that moderation holds out the longest, and that it is not good to covet too much.

THE LOST BELL.

A SHEPHERD'S boy belonging to Patzig, about half a mile from Bergen, where there are great numbers of the underground-people in the hills, found one morning a little silver bell on the green heath, among the Giants'-graves, and fastened it on him. It happened to be the bell belonging to the cap of one of the little Brown ones, who had lost it while he was dancing, and did not immediately miss it, or observe that it was no longer tinkling in his cap. He had gone down into the hill without his bell, and having discovered his loss, was filled with melancholy. For the worst thing that can befall the underground-people is to lose their cap, then their shoes; but even to lose the bell from their caps, or the buckle from

their belts, is no trifle to them. Whoever loses his bell must pass some sleepless nights, for not a wink of sleep can he get till he has recovered it.

The little fellow was in the greatest trouble, and searched and looked about every where; but how could he learn who had the bell? For only on a very few days in the year may they come up to the daylight; nor can they then appear in their true form. He had turned himself into every form of birds, beasts, and men; and he had sung and rung, and groaned and moaned, and lamented and inquired about his bell, but not the slightest tidings, or trace of tidings, had he been able to get. For what was worst of all, the shepherd's boy had left Patzig the very day he found the little bell, and was now keeping sheep at Unruh, near Gingst: so it was not till many a day after, and then by mere chance, that the little underground fellow recovered his bell, and with it his peace of mind.

He had thought it not unlikely that a raven, or a crow, or a jackdaw, or a magpie, had found his bell, and from his thievish disposition, which is caught with any thing bright and shining, had carried it into his nest; with this thought he had turned himself into a beautiful little bird, and searched all the nests in the island, and had sung before all kinds of birds, to see if they had

found what he had lost, and could restore him to his sleep ; but nothing had he been able to learn from the birds. As he now, one evening, was flying over the waters of Ralov and the fields of Unruh, the shepherd's boy, whose name was John Schlagenteufel (Smite-devil), happened to be keeping his sheep there at the very time. Several of the sheep had bells about their necks, and they tinkled merrily, when the boy's dog set them trotting. The little bird, who was flying over them, thought of his bell, and sung, in a melancholy tone,

Little bell, little bell,
Little ram as well,
You, too, little sheep,
If you 've my Tingletoo,
No sheep's so rich as you,
My rest you keep.

The boy looked up and listened to this strange song which came out of the sky, and saw the pretty bird, which seemed to him still more strange :—“ Odds bodikins !” said he to himself, “ if one but had that bird that 's singing up there, so plain that one of us would hardly match him ! What can he mean by that wonderful song ? The whole of it is, it must be a feathered witch. My rams have only pinchbeck bells,—he calls them rich cattle ; but I have a silver bell, and he sings nothing about me.”

And with these words he began to fumble in his pocket, took out his bell, and rung it.

The bird in the air instantly saw what it was, and was rejoiced beyond measure. He vanished in a second—flew behind the nearest bush—alighted and drew off his speckled feather-dress, and turned himself into an old woman dressed in tattered clothes. The old dame, well supplied with sighs and groans, tottered across the field to the shepherd's boy, who was still ringing his bell, and wondering what was become of the beautiful bird. She cleared her throat, and coughing up from the bottom of her chest, bid him a kind good evening, and asked him which was the way to Bergen. Pretending then that she had just seen the little bell, she exclaimed, "Good Lord! what a charming pretty little bell! Well! in all my life I never beheld any thing more beautiful! Harkye, my son, will you sell me that bell? And what may be the price of it? I have a little grandson at home, and such a nice plaything as it would make for him!" "No," replied the boy, quite short, "the bell is not for sale. It is a bell, that there is not such another bell in the whole world. I have only to give it a little tinkle, and my sheep run of themselves wherever I would have them go. And what a delightful sound it has! Only listen, mother!" said he, ringing it:

"is there any weariness in the world that can hold out against this bell? I can ring with it away the longest time, so that it will be gone in a second."

The old woman thought to herself, "We will see if he can hold out against bright shining money." And she took out no less than three silver dollars, and offered them to him; but he still replied, "No, I will not sell my bell." She then offered him five dollars. "The bell is still mine," said he. She stretched out her hand full of ducats: he replied, this third time, "Gold is dirt and does not ring." The old dame then shifted her ground, and turned the discourse another way. She grew mysterious, and began to entice him by talking of secret arts, and of charms by which his cattle might be made to thrive prodigiously, relating to him all kinds of wonders of them. It was then the young shepherd began to long, and he now lent a willing ear to her tales.

The end of the matter was, that she said to him, "Harkye, my child! give me the bell, and see! here is a white stick for you," said she, taking out a little white stick which had Adam and Eve very ingeniously cut on it, as they were feeding the herds of Paradise, with the fattest sheep and lambs dancing before them; and there

was the shepherd David too, as he stood with his sling against the giant Goliath. "I will give you," said the old woman, "this stick for the bell, and as long as you drive the cattle with it they will be sure to thrive. With this you will become a rich shepherd: your wethers will always be fat a month sooner than the wethers of other shepherds, and every one of your sheep will have two pounds of wool more than others, and yet no one will be ever able to see it on them."

The old woman handed him the stick. So mysterious was her gesture, and so strange and bewitching her smile, that the lad was at once in her power. He grasped eagerly at the stick, gave her his hand, and cried, "Done! Strike hands! The bell for the stick!" And cheerfully the old woman struck hands, and took the bell, and went like a light breeze over the field and the heath. He saw her vanish, and she seemed to float away before his eyes like a mist, and to go off with a slight whiz and whistle that made the shepherd's hair stand on end.

The underground one, however, who, in the shape of an old woman, had wheedled him out of his bell, had not deceived him. For the underground-people dare not lie, but must ever keep their word; a breach of it being followed by their

sudden change into the shape of toads, snakes, dunghill-beetles, wolves, and apes; forms in which they wander about, objects of fear and aversion for a long course of years before they are freed. They, therefore, have naturally a great dread of lying. Fritz Schlagenteufel gave close attention and made trial of his new shepherd's-staff, and he soon found that the old woman had told him the truth, for his flocks, and his work, and all the labour of his hands prospered with him and had wonderful luck, so that there was not a sheep-owner or head shepherd but was desirous of having Fritz Schlagenteufel in his employment.

It was not long, however, that he remained an underling. Before he was eighteen years of age, he had gotten his own flocks, and in the course of a few years was the richest sheep-master in the whole island of Rügen; until at last, he was able to purchase a knight's estate for himself, and that estate was Grabitz, close by Rambin, which now belongs to the lords of Sunde. My father* knew him there, and how from a shepherd's boy he was become a nobleman, and he always conducted himself like a prudent, honest, and pious man, who had a good word from every one. He brought up his sons like gentlemen, and his daughters like ladies, some of whom are still alive and accounted people

* Mr. Arndt's or Hinrich Vleck's?

of great consequence. And well may people who hear such stories wish that they had met with such an adventure, and had found a little silver bell which the underground-people had lost.

THE BLACK DWARFS OF GRANITZ.

Nor far from the Ahlbeck lies a little mansion called Granitz, just under the great wood on the sea-coast called the wood of Granitz. In this little seat lived, not many years ago, a nobleman named Von Scheele. Towards the close of his life he sunk into a state of melancholy, though hitherto a very cheerful and social man, and a great sportsman. People said that the old man took to this lonesome way of living from the loss of his three beautiful daughters, who were called the three fair-haired maidens, and who grew up here in the solitude of the woods, among the herds and the birds, and who had all three gone off in the same night and never returned. The old man took this greatly to heart, and withdrew himself from the world, and all cheerful society. He had great intercourse with the little black people, and he was many a night out of the house, and no one knew where he had been; but when he came

home in the gray of the morning, he would whisper his housekeeper, and say to her, "Ha, ha! I was at a grand table last night."

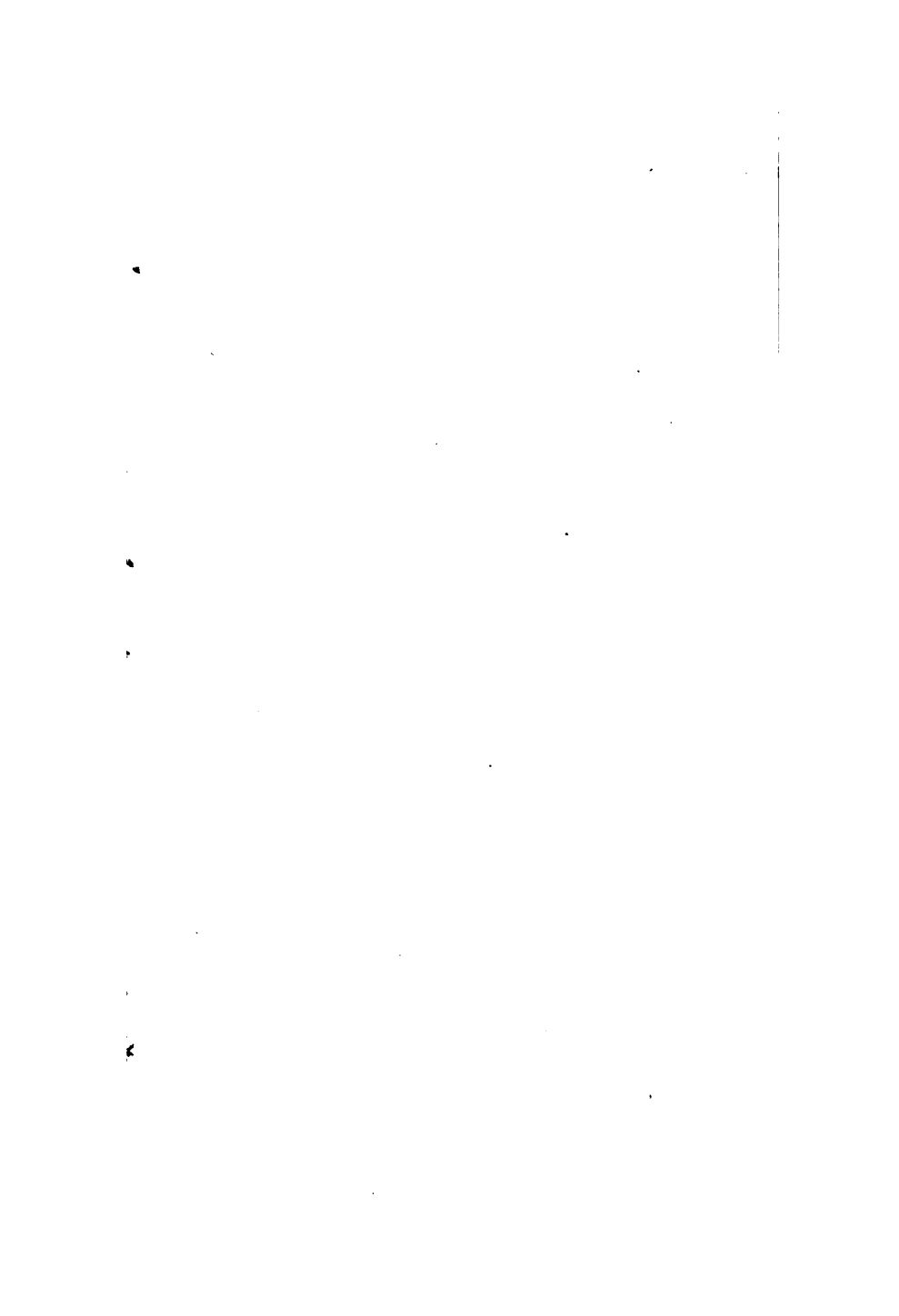
This old gentleman used to relate to his friends, and confirm it with many a stout trooper's and sportsman's oath, that the underground-people swarmed among the fir-trees of Granitz, about the Ahlbeck, and along the whole shore. He used often, also, to show to those whom he took to walk there, a great number of little foot-prints, like those of very small children, in the sand, and he has suddenly called out to his companions, "Hush! Listen how they are buzzing and whispering!"

Going once with some friends along the sea-shore, he all of a sudden stood still, as if in amazement, pointed to the sea, and cried out, "My soul! there they are again at full work, and there are several thousands of them employed about a few sunken casks of wine that they are rolling to the shore; oh! what a jovial carouse there will be to-night!" He then told his companions that he could see them both by day and by night, and that they did nothing to him; nay, they were his most particular friends, and one of them had once saved his house from being burnt by waking him in the midst of a profound sleep, when a firebrand, that had fallen out on the floor, was

just on the point of setting fire to some wood and straw that lay there. He said that almost every day some of them were to be seen on the sea-shore, but that during high storms, when the sea was uncommonly rough, almost all of them were there looking after amber and shipwrecks, and for certain no ship ever went to pieces but they got the best part of the cargo, and hid it safe under the ground. And how grand a thing, he added, it is to live under the sand-hills with them, and how beautiful their crystal palaces are, no one can have any conception who has not been there.



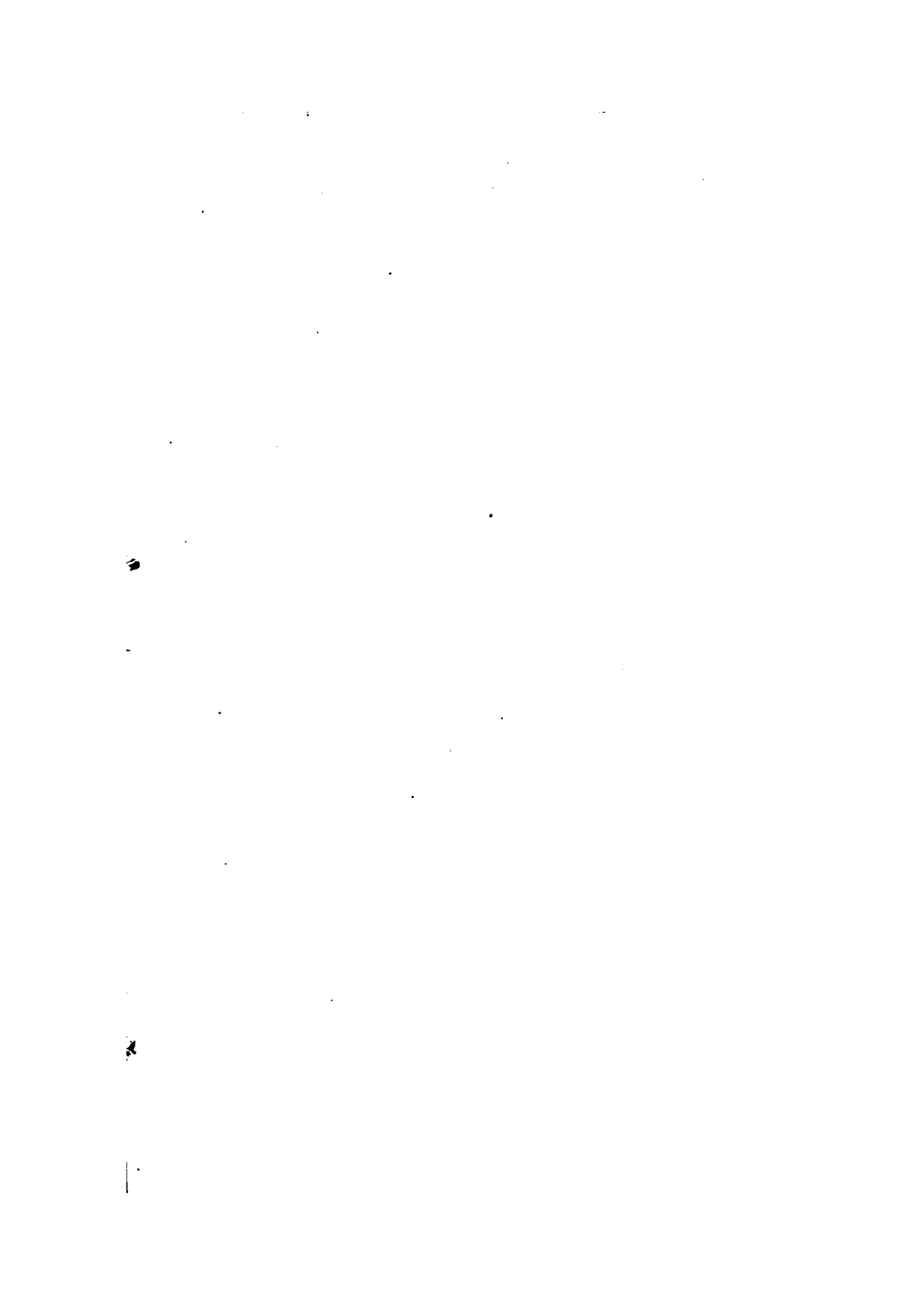
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